Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

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In a world where time is broken, Titan's roam freely, and everyone is going insane, the only solace is with your friends. Even if, sometimes, they aren't where you left them. AoT, SnK, whatever you are, welcome to Yggdrasil!

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Strike at Dawn: Part 1

A/N: Well, this was unexpected.

Alright, as much as I would love to enter the backstory in the Author's note, it is poor form to do so, so allow me to set it up in the first snippet.

Yggdrasil. The bastion of reality, a great, multidimensional computer that baffled the minds of the whole of reality. Within its code lay the foundation for not merely worlds, but an entire multiverse. Worlds of magic, ninjas, ghosts, ponies, realms that few could comprehend, and fewer could manipulate. By its very nature, its protection and operation fell into the hands of gods and goddesses, from across a million pantheons: Greek, Celtic, Norse, Hindu, Shinto, and thousands more that mere mortals could not comprehend. Within the great trees metaphorical arms was cradled the whole of reality, a twelfth dimensional beauty that contained all that was, is, and ever shall be.

And then *something* fucked it up.

In a yoctosecond, all of reality was thrown into chaos. The pantheons rallied together in a desperate attempt, interacting with the great tree the only way they knew how: with desperate coding, patches and, finally, a single, crude and even cruel compromise.

The Loops.

The loops were conceived in the final days of the stabilization, an attempt to hold the few remaining, unstable worlds together. With trepidation, seven worlds were selected, and within those worlds, seven beings were selected to stabilize the loops.

Harry Potter. Ranma Saotome. Naruto Uzumaki. Lina Inverse. Usagi Tsukino. Ichigo Kurosaki. And Shinji Ikari.

These seven humans were so blessed and so cursed to witness an eternity, unending, immortal, and forever within their home worlds, trapped within a single time period, though with some differences every now and again. In time, these worlds stabilized and the so christened *Anchors* were allowed to meet both each other, and the gods that ran their worlds. Thus, they were given three rules:

Don't go insane.

Try not to crash your loops.

And whatever you do, DO NOT ASCEND TO GODHOOD!

And so, this knowledge granted, the original seven Anchors were returned to their respective worlds, each to contemplate their own immortality. A gift and a curse.

And within the world of one Keiichi Morisato, the gods toiled. They brought new worlds into the loops, oversaw the creation of new Anchors and new *loopers* , beings that would regularly, but not always, travel through time with the Anchors. The gods became witness to their lives and how they changed the worlds around them, turning from prisoners of a time and space into masters of their time and space. And as they brought more and more worlds into creation, they met a single, fateful realm, with a strange, unassuming name.

Mega Man.

The gods turned their gaze upon this world, tried to bring it into the looping multiverse. But with each failed attempt, the world grew more unstable, until, one fateful day, a final attempt to loop it ended in disaster: the attempt failed, the world that had been fused to Mega Man obliterated in truly spectacular fashion. The shockwave enveloped all of Yggdrasil, crashing every loop in existence, and

destroying what remained of the failed world that, suddenly, never was.

As the loopers came together in eulogy, the Gods returned to their work, humbled. Together, they continued their work, silently and desperately bringing new worlds online in an attempt to minimize the damage of The Crash. But alas, some worlds had also felt the blow, and in one case, had its long, amazing and tragic history obliterated.

One world, named Attack on Titan.

Ganesha nodded to the humming, death blue computer screen. "You see my problem, yes?"

Hephaestus nodded in worried affirmation. "I do admit, I've seen similar scenarios, at least in part, but this one world has to be the worst yet, all the worst issues. High mortality rate, low sanity across the board, and the gaps in even our knowledge... damn."

Ganesha ran a hand across his trunk and groaned in frustration. With the failed attempt at looping the Mega Man worlds, several new loops had to be activated pronto, and this world had been ordained by Zeus to his care. However, as each attempt failed, and each failure destabilized the loop further, Ganesha was realizing that Zeus hadn't given him a loop: he'd dumped it on him. "We can't rely on a stable anchor, can't use a proxy anchor like the Triforce, can't kick start it with a fused loop..."

The god of the forge clasped his hands together and opened up a simulation program with his mind. As he watched, the current anchor candidate, Eren Yeager, flew around on what could best be described as steampunk web shooters, trying to kill giant zombie kaiju with duel swords, before transforming into one, only to be shot at by the soldiers of Wall Maria. "This loop... it has so much potential. So many brilliant people, so much consideration of the human condition. Of what great and terrible things they can do." With a

cracking of his joints, Hephaestus began typing. "We must get this world looping."

Ganesha nodded in thoughtful agreement, staring at the appearing code as his partner began formulating a new looping scenario, thoughtful. 'We have to find a system to keep the anchor alive until the end. So way of ensuring that at least that one person...' The thought cracked into her head like lightning, illuminating the possibilities in a single, glorious flash. "EUREKA!"

Hephaestus turned to the elephant god, who spoke in fervent, rapid words. "We've been going about this all wrong. We've been trying to get a single anchor established, but if we select several, and require that each be awake for a loop, then we triple the power of the anchor. They can rely upon each other: become a team. If we can select the correct team, establish the best possible loopers, then maybe, just maybe, we can begin. Not one solid anchor: three nebulous anchors"

Hephaestus nodded, seemingly agreeing. What he said then did not fill Ganesha with confidence.

"I'm sorry, but you've deafened me. Could you explain that again?"

Armin ambled up to Annie Leonheart, smiling in the most disarming manner he could manage. The mood, set helpfully by a slight breeze, a cool summer wind, and the wide expanse of grass around them, helped. "Hey, Annie, I've been meaning to ask you something."

The blonde saboteur, Titan shifter, and possibly Marco's murderer was totally unaffected by Armin's charms. "What do you need Armin?"

Armin's left eye flashed into the strange, archaic symbol of his hypnotic Geass. ***"I was wondering if you could kill yourself. Would you kindly?"***

Annie didn't even fight herself as she reached down for her sword and drew it. Armin naturally turned away, and began searching for a discrete place to throw up.

Most soldiers considered Captain Levi Ackerman to be Humanity's greatest weapon, a tool of unmatched power and ferocity that was unleashed unto the Titans with extreme prejudice. Many had seen his work, his power. Many more had heard of it, in the quiet, awed tones that only the truly inspired could conjure. Not a small number owed their lives to this great, powerful man.

As for the few soldiers that weren't "most soldiers", they were currently in awe of one Mikasa Ackerman as she worked her deadly trade in Trost.

The half Asian teenager landed a few feet away from the gathered soldiers, casually drinking and taking bets from the safety of the rooftop. "Reload." With one word, Mikasa managed to conjure a dozen blades from her fellows, before, with a blade in each hand and one in her teeth, launching herself back into the fray. None of the assembled rushed to help her, since she had currently racked up a total Titan kill count not merely unheard of, but so unbelievable that they few officers that did arrive to try and order their men to assist her were stunned into silence as they took in the gigantic pile of Titan corpses, near literally a mountain of them.

On the front lines, Mikasa shattered another set of blades killing the Colossal Titan, all the while casually deciding that, when the time came;

' *I'll need to get some better swords.'*

Eren Yeager watched as the Armored Titan, alias one Reiner Braun, charged at the gate of Wall Maria, feverish thoughts running through his head.

'I have power.'

The Armored Titan was closing in.

'I can change things.'

The cobblestone roadway shattered underneath the Titan's feet.

'I can choose to help, or to destroy.'

The Soldiers were turning, running for the closing gate.

'I will destroy him.'

Eren cocked back an arm.

'They said I was crazy.'

A massive, green forearm shot forward and halted the Armored Titan in its tracks.

'Well who's crazy now!?'

Aloud, he roared.

"EREN SMASH!"

1.2 zeusdemigod131 (Ben Ten)

Attack on To'kustar

Year 845

Mikasa Ackerman, Eren Jaeger, and Armin Arlet watched in horror as the skinless head of an enormous titan appeared over Wall Maria. Citizens ran in panic around them, and as the wall shook from what

they assumed was a kick they knew that the walls were nothing more than a cage, and humanity was-

"I still don't see what all the fuss is about." The three friends watched as a red fin rose above the titans head, followed by a red and white head, and a portion of the creature's chest.

"What is that thing!?" Mikasa shouted.

"Did it just, talk?" Armin wondered.

"I fought squids bigger than this guy." The titan slowly turned to see the creature standing behind it, when it saw it, its eyes went wide.

The creature smiled and grabbed the titan by its head, lifting the entire thing off the ground, much to the Titans dismay. "Mind if I ask you something?" Positioning its hands on the center of the titans back and the nap of its neck, the creature turned around. "I know you're an abnormal or something, and feel free not to answer this, but can you fly?"

The titan continued to squirm, trying to escape.

"Guess there's only one way to find out then," The creature took a few giant steps away from the wall and stopping a good distance from the city, began to spin, a feat quite impressive for a being of its size, and tossed the titan into the distance, the great beast hissing as it flew.

The creature whistled as it watched the titan fly, then mimicked a crashing sound as it disappeared over the horizon.

Then it did the last thing anyone expected, it turned back around, smiled, and waved at the city, before hitting a strange symbol on its chest and disappearing in a flash of green.

Inside the walls, everyone had stopped panicking and were in a state of shock and disbelief.

"What... what just happened?" Armin asked aloud.

No one had an answer.

"Really Ben? You're not gonna tell them anything?" Gwen asked her cousin, now that they were safely within Wall Maria, she was wondering just what his plan was for this Loop.

"Nah," Ben answered, leaning back in his chair. "If that thing shows up again, I'll just go Way Big and drop kick him into orbit."

"But what about the rest of those things?" Kevin asked. "They're still outside the wall."

Ben shrugged and his cousin glared at him. "Ben." She said.

The bearer of the Omnitrix sighed and twiddled his watch. "Fine, this weekend I'll head out and do some population control as Diamondhead, I doubt these things can bite through crystal."

A few days later, Gwen and Kevin watched as Ben encased titan after titan in a crystal cocoon, his assumption that they wouldn't be able to eat him had actually turned out right, slightly to Kevin's disappointment, as he had bet Gwen that something akin to a kid chewing on rock candy was going to happen.

Meanwhile, atop Wall Maria, Dot Pixis watched as some crystal... thing, attacked titan after titan.

"Cadet," He turned to one of the guards. "When he's done down there see if you can recruit him." The eccentric officer grinned. "That's exactly the kind of man I want on my personal detail."

1.3

Eren stood at the edge of Wall Rose, carefully and deliberately plugging in his guitar. Behind him, Mikasa plugged in her own base, while Armin finished setting up the drums. Surrounding them were most of the 104th, some abjectly terrified of the massive hole Bertolt had kicked in the wall, most drawing swords and concluding that Eren, Mikasa and Armin had gone mad.

Through the sun glared hole stepped a Titan, great maw smiling, rank hair shaking with each step, stone cracking beneath it. With a roar of ferocity the 104th...

Was promptly silenced by Eren, letting loose a guitar rift that travelled down the wire and through the speakers, slamming the Titan with a rarified wall of hard rock.

Eren shifted gears and opened up a Nirvana track, The Man who Sold the World. The softer tones washed over the approaching Titans, vibrating them with pulses of sound. Armin modulated the sounds, down shifting to shake the Titans on an atomic level. Several Titans literally melted.

And then Mikasa began her solo, and very neatly and decisively destroyed the Titans.

As the mini band wound down, several of the less terrified or amazed members of the 104th began calling for an encore. Amongst them, Dot Pixis had somehow located a cigarette lighter and was waving it in an appreciative motion.

Mikasa cocked an eyebrow at Eren, who exchanged a glance with Armin. The point decided, the three started up again, this time going for a more...

Metal approach.

Several hours later, the Survey corp finished rounding up the last of the Titans that the Shiganshina Trio's metal had brainwashed. Most

were able to keep straight faces, but between the face paint, the hairdos, and the tee-shirts, several had to retire every few minutes to get the chuckles out of their system.

1.4 XeroM52 (Skull Girls)

Skullgirls

"My, my, what a dreadful world I find myself in." Eliza, celebrity diva and Parasite Host for Sekhmet, said as she looked around the surrounding area. "I wonder if I'll find something worthy of eating." Ever since she began Looping, she had taken this as an opportunity to 'expand her horizons', discover exciting new things, view beautiful places, and met exotic creatures to eat them. Sure people took an exception of her feeding, but what they ignored is that she couldn't control herself. She needed to consume blood for her to keep on living, to keep looking this young and healthy.

"Hm. They treat me like a monster." Heck, everyone kept telling her she was just Dio Brando in female form. "Mh…Dio-Darling, I miss you so." She didn't mind the comparison since Dio was such a beautiful man, with a body sculpted by the gods themselves and a charm that surpassed the devil itself. "I can't wait to meet you again…" Despite her 'inclination' towards him, Eliza knew that Dio was a man of insatiable ambitions while she just practiced Hedonism religiously; meaning that both of their natures prevented them from having 'something' more than what they had; 'Friends' with 'benefits' without necessarily being 'Friends'.

"But enough thinking about my 'stress reliever', I need to know where I am." Or see if they were other Loopers that would spoil her fun. It seemed that her name was doing been passed around and Loopers had been expecting her, ready to put her down. Luckily for her the Multiverse was big enough that there were people who still weren't privy of her identity.

"Mm…grassy plains and lots of trees as far as I can see…" Meaning she had to 'walk' by herself. "Mou…Why can't Albus and Horace be here with me? They could carry my around." Eliza complained while pouting. Only plebeians walked towards they wanted to go; she was a Queen, she should be carried by those beneath her. "Once again I'm forced to endure such woes."

Suddenly Eliza felt how the ground beneath her started to rumble. "A tremor?" she wondered for just a second. "No. The rhythm is different, this feels like…" like footsteps. Turning around she found a massive bipedal creature ten times her stature that resembled humans, except for the lack of sex organs, and the strange deformities that plagued its body.

"What an ugly creature you are." Eliza turned her head disgusted by the sight of the approaching creature. "And by the looks of it you are but a mindless beast." Her suspicions were proven by the creature lack of intelligent response. "Well, beggars can't be choosers I suppose…you are going to be my means of transport this Loop."

The creature, known by others as a Titan, kept on walking towards Eliza, not really understanding anything besides his desire to consume humans.

"I guess I'll have to train you before you can even be useful." Eliza said with disappointment but also slight intrigue. It had seen a LONG time since she had trained a pet before. "Now, kneel!" she ordered as she lifted and then brought her hand down. The Titan who had been mindlessly walking came to a sudden stop before dropping on his knees and into the floor.

"That's lying down, but good first try." She commented before giving another order. "Now kneel!" After her command was given, the Titan moved unnaturally until it managed to kneel correctly. "Good! Now how about you give me your hand?" she asked as if talking with a dog.

The Titan, if it could be capable of intelligent thought, would've wondered why was it that his body was moving all on its own and against his own will. But since he really couldn't question anything, he let himself follow what his body dictated him to do and he offered his hand to the woman.

"Good boy." Eliza felicitated him as she hopped onto his open palm. "Now, carry me while you walk…over there!" she commanded while pointing to a random direction. "Let's hope we find civilization or something to eat, you…" Eliza trailed off for a second. "I might have to think of a name for you." Well, if he managed to last more than two weeks, she might give him one. "Now go!" And with that Eliza was carried by the massive Titan in look for some people to eat.

' *This Bloodbending sure comes in handy.'*

1.5 (Legend of Zelda)

Sometimes, you just knew that you were in for a really, really bad loop. Sure sometimes that realization came too little too late, but every so often, Link's impressively well-developed sense of danger informed him of such facts. Other times though, it was the world around him that managed to inform him of its general level of suck.

This loop had the distinction of filling both categories within a matter of seconds. Yes, Link was in for a hard loop.

Link Awoke in an alley, smaller than usual and clothed in a few raggedy coats and moth eaten pants. Neither really did much to disguise the fact he felt as though he had been sleeping in dank alleys for most of his life, but they certainly helped keep him warm. Above him, the sun had already sunk low in the west, forcing the city walls to cast long shadows, while a cool breeze swept through the street, indicating twilight was almost upon them.

Link got to his feet and took stock of his body. Small, with short arms and legs, and an oversized head in comparison. All were indicators of youth, and thus he guessed his age to be about twelve. Link then turned his scrutiny outwards, scanning the cobbled street, checking the area against his own encyclopedic knowledge of technological eras.

Large houses, crammed close together, with only a handful of unlit torches that would provide illumination at night...

...Wait, walls?

It was then that Link's loop memories kicked in, as he stared in gob-smacked awe of what his mind told him where 50 meter tall stone walls, constructs so enormous that until his Awakening in the loop, he had revered them as gifts from god, if not gods themselves.

'Those things are huge... And they surround an entire NATION!'

Link continued to stare at the impressive feat of human engineering, utterly amazed at the constructs before him, so completely engorged by the shocked and entrancing wonder that the enormous wall, absolutely lost in awe of what his memories deemed Wall Rose...

...that he completely missed the twelve year old blonde being beaten up by three guys not twenty paces to the left him.

Of course, when said blonde cried out in pain from a particularly vicious right hook to the jaw, Link had enough sense to turn and see that someone was being beaten up in a rather one-sided three on one fight. Thus, Link took the necessary actions.

Namely, he got a running start and kneed the guy who was holding the blonde in the face, leaving a sickening crack as he broke the bullies' nose and knocking the bully off the blonde and onto the cobblestone street.

Link didn't really do what he did next in any particular way, certainly not in any manner that would require or suggest an adjective to be present to describe the action; he just stepped between the bullies and the blonde, intent to stop them from hurting the kid.

"Hey, wants the big deal bozo?" The lead bully growled from on the street. "Get out of our way so we can teach that little heretic a lesson."

Link rolled his eyes and slipped into a fighting stance. Three kids versus the Hero of Hyrule with hundreds of years of experience? Get real, they were going down.

"STOP THAT!"

Link, the blonde, and the bullies all turned in the direction of the horse, youthful shout. Running down the road were two more kids. "WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DOING?!"

The bullies lined up all grins and muscle, looking like a ludicrous impression of a phalanx. "It's Eren. This time around, he's out for our blood, the little prick," one of the bullies said. Another was more observant however.

"He's got Mikasa with him! WE'RE SCREWED!"

And just like that, the bullies ran like cowards, leaving Link and the blonde to wonder what was happening. The boy, Eren, stopped and smirked, red faced and huffing. "Ohh...look at them...the mere sight of me and they scurry like rats." Eren sucked in another breath to satiate his burning lungs.

"N-not quite," the blonde said, actually quite surprising Link with his voice. He had thought... But the blond continued. "They ran away when they saw Mikasa, more like... ow."

Link stepped back as Eren and the Asian girl, Mikasa crowded in on their friend. "Hey, you okay Armin?" Eren stuck out his hand, but

Armin, instead of taking it... tear up. Armin struggled up, leaning heavily on buildings wall.

"I don't need help to stand..." Armin got up and looked at Link. "Thanks...?"

Link just shrugged. "You're welcome."

Eren glanced from Armin to Link and coughed into his hand. "Maybe we should get out of here..."

"...and then I told them that humanity would need to go outside one day. That's when they started hitting me." Armin, Eren, Mikasa and Link sat forlornly by the long river that ran through the town of Shiganshina, brooding. Link checked the story against his loop memories, and growled angrily and with shame at himself. His memories told him he had been an orphan, a street urchin, for his entire memorable life, quietly raising himself and living off of scraps he could find and, when that was too hard for him, from charity at the local Wallist church.

His feelings stemmed not solely from Armin's little speech about how he'd been beaten, but also from his memories telling him that, had he not woken up literally a minute before Eren and Mikasa arrived, he probably would've joined in the bullies beating. Suffice to say, his pre-awake self-had been a bit of a jerk.

"Thank you, for helping me."

Link jolted out of his introspection. The three kids were all looking at him, various degrees of gratitude and confusion etched in their faces. "We never did ask you name..." Armin prompted.

Link shrugged. "Link."

Eren raised an eyebrow. "Why'd you help Armin, Link?"

Link mirrored the look. The three kids were all looking at him as if anyone showing genuine kindness or empathy to a complete stranger was well out of the norm. Of course, his loop memories quickly collaborated to remind him that it* was*. More evidently though, his memories told him that Armin was being heretical, suggesting that humanity leave the safety of the walls and venture out into 'their' territory.

It was then that Link remembered another fact about the walls. They were basically living through a zombie apocalypse, albeit, one where the zombies were three to fifteen meter tall monstrosities that weren't rotting and didn't come from a virus affecting humans.

"Hey, Link?"

Link jolted out of his thoughts again at Eren's voice. "Eh?"

Eren minutely glared at him. "Why. Did you. Help Armin?" Now Mikasa and Armin were fidgeting in apprehension.

Link shrugged. "I'm a nice guy. That's about it. Do I need a reason?"

The three ten year olds collectively blinked. Link rolled his eyes, laid back on the grassy riverbank, and decided to let his companions figure things out. Eren took Link's prompt and got into an argument with his sister, which lasted up until Armin said this:

"The wall may not have broken in one hundred years, but that's no guarantee that it won't happen today, and still..."

Link opened an eye and sat up, both actions done to more effectively glare at Armin. "Armin?"

The blond flinched at the strength of the glare, resulting in Eren and Mikasa glaring at Link. "Yes?"

Link leaned in. "You do know you've just doomed us all, right?"

BOOM

The ground shook and bucked for a moment, almost as if some great force had appeared to rend the very fabric of the peaceful life the walls tenuously held. The four children stood up.

"What was...?"

There, rising from a cloud of steam just beyond wall Rose, was a Titan. A monstrosity so huge that it just surpassed the wall's height of fifty meters. It dwarfed the humans cowering in its sight. With and almighty shift of its leg, the skinless, colossal monster readied, and then loosed a kick that effortlessly destroyed one hundred years of peace.

And a big chunk of the wall as well.

'Yup, this loop is gonna suck,' Link thought.

1.6 Crossoverpairinglover

It's great and massive head stood above the great wall Maria, an entity so terrifying that all who spotted it stopped in their tracks.

For one hundred years the wall had kept them at bay, giving them peace of mind, if always a semi state on unease. But now, that was over.

They were coming...

And with a massive kick, the wall fell.

"THE KANGAROOS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH!"

"RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"

"IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!"

The trio of loopers, however, weren't freaking out, and instead just stared in shock as titan sized Kangaroos hopped into Shiganshina.

"Kangaroos...we were brought to the edge of extinction by Kangaroos...MARSUPIALS!" Eren demanded in fury as they continued to hop inside "We are the superior mammals, we drive their kind to extinction, not the other way around! Who the hell is responsible for this!?"

"...Maybe the admin for those dragons is subbing, I heard they get strange shit like this all the time" Armin suggested "And Eren...why the hate on Marsupials all the sudden?"

"I have no desire to turn into a giant Kangaroo..." Eren began, before a piece of debris from a Kangaroo's actions slammed into him and caused him to bleed, followed by a massive burst of light from the now falling Eren.

As the 'Rogue Kangaroo', aka the Kangaroo counterpart to Eren's normal titan form, continued to brutalize any Kangaroo he came across with extreme prejudice, Armin looked to Mikasa, who had decided to sit this one out because she could tell Eren needed to vent his frustration out on the marsupial monstrosities "I take it this loop goes under the category of 'We don't talk about it again'"

"Correct"

"Just like that loop where someone was stealth anchoring, only you and I were awake and everyone's genders were..."

"Correct"

"Or that loop where Sasha was a Titan sh..."

"..."

"Okay okay, I'll stop talking about loops we agreed not to talk about again"

1.7 Crossoverpairinglover

The Mikasa Army

"...I don't know how I should react to this"

Even before he had begun looping, Eren had seen some pretty nasty stuff. Your mother being eaten by a gigantic freak of nature would do that to you.

Since he began looping, he had been a humanoid reindeer and a giant green rage monster, not to mention that rather strange loop called Eiken, though he would bet that it had been caused by Armin Geassing Annie

But this may be the strangest thing yet.

"Why are there three Mikasa's Eren?" Armin asked the golden question as the three (Who were around the age they were during the battle of Trost, yet the wall had yet to be breached and Eren's mother was still alive) Mikasas just blinked at them.

"I'm just as lost as you are" Eren admitted as the Mikasa to the right glared at the other two.

"Alright, what the hell are you two!"

"I could ask you the same question!" demanded the middle Mikasa

"What a fake scarf. To think you would go so far as to fake such a thing, you horrible people. Have you no sympathy?"

The left one's comment caused the other two Mikasas to pause, briefly hold their scarves in their hands as if the left Mikasa had just

stabbed their child in front of their eyes repeatedly, before they flew at left Mikasa in a rage that was normally reserved for Eren when dealing with large human consuming monsters, though only with fists.

As the three way brawl of the Mikasas waged, the two loopers just nervously starred.

"Eren, you know her better than anyone, why don't you just get them to stand still long enough for you to figure out which is the real one?"

"That's the problem, I'm not sure I can figure it out. They act far too much alike..."

"Well, than you give those fakes too much credit Eren"

Armin and Eren jumped in the air a few good feet, and the Mikasas ceased their fight (Which had one Mikasa in a headlock while kicking the non-restraining Mikasa who was going to punch the head locking Mikasa) to stare at the fourth Mikasa who had just appeared beside Eren as if she had always been there.

"Okay, what the hell Admins!?" Armin demanded

A few hours later, and there were now 20 Mikasas, all lined up like the Training Corps would as Eren walked in front of them, with a contemplative look on his face. For some level of simplicity, he had had Armin give them each a number, (Though not 1), as to be able to make things more simple.

"You all look the same, talk the same and react to people who accidentally drop their chamber pot waste on me the same way" Eren did his best imitation of a drill sergeant, trying not to recall that incident, or what happened to the poor guy who didn't watch where he threw his waste "However, there is one sure fire way to figure out which of you is the real Mikasa...you!" he pointed to Mikasa number

6 "What were we doing on the original go around when the Titans attacked!?"

"We were gathering firewood, after which we saw the Survey Corps return from a failed mission, saved Armin from some bullies, you got yelled out when I blurted out you were planning on joining the Survey Corps and you fell asleep under a tree"

Eren nodded, before he turned and pointed at Mikasa 18 "What did Sasha do during the first meeting of the 104th training corps!?"

"She was eating a potato she had taken from the mess hall. She offered part of it to the sergeant, who promptly banned her from meals for several days and made her run several laps"

Eren looked a little uneasy now "Mikasa 13, during the loop I was Bruce Banner..."

"I recruited you to help track down Loki in India, shortly after which you befriended Tony Stark, whose life you saved during the battle of New York. During said battle, you punched 5 leviathans to a pulp, got shot at approximately 5804 times by ground Chitauri troops and beat up Loki before calling him a puny excuse for a titan"

Armin looked terrified at this "...They all have the same memories..."

"And because Mikasa had been out of the house when the loop began, we can't even use that as a way to find the original Mikasa" Eren just looked depressed now at being unable to find his sister in all but blood, in a literal sea of her.

Of course, at the look of her brother looking that depressed, the Mikasa horde did stop plotting to kill each other in a duel to the death.

The only reason they didn't go over to physically comfort him is the fact that they sensed that would probably do more harm than good right now.

"So...how do you plan on explaining to your folks about their suddenly expanded family" Armin attempted to lighten the rather uneasy mood.

Kalura Yeager just glared at her husband at the sight of how she had suddenly gained at least two dozen daughters.

"...The rate is decreasing, I'm sure there will only be 50 of them at the most" Grisha admitted. Apparently there was something odd about the particularly anti-smallpox medicine he had put in the water supply.

Eren and the Mikasa horde resisted the urge to glare at him. Even after so many loops, they weren't exactly sure what he was up to. The problem with a loop filled with giant man eating monsters and a lot of instability means that even the most minute things could end the loop.

Killing Annie and the other shifters, not joining the Survey Corps, Eren titan shifting during the battle for Wall Maria, Armin inventing electricity...to say they rarely got far was an understatement.

Particularly when Eren had a bad habit of being executed after the Trost Battle.

"Eren, as your appointed Minister of the Interior, I have to tell you this was a bad call and it can't end well at all. Coups never end well"

"Oh come on Armin, the loop hasn't crashed yet"

King Eren the First, new Monarch of the Walls and his royal protection force of 49 Mikasas, strolled through his new castle (still being cleaned of the Military Police who had objected to the coup to remove the corruption in the walls by formerly greedy nobles) with Minster Armin, looking rather proud with himself.

It really was amazing what you could accomplish with 49 Looping Mikasas, a Titan Shifter and the Survey Corps deciding that they didn't care who was in charge.

The Colossal Titan stood tall over Wall Maria, looking rather terrifying and ready to cause untold destruction to all before him.

At least until a squad of Mikasa's stabbed him in the eye and caused him to fall off the wall, at which point non shifter Titans began to attack him.

The 'poor thing' promptly ran for his life

1.8 Detective Ethan Redfield

So Hannes is insane this loop," Eren asked to Mikasa as they passed beyond the guard station, just out of earshot.

The Asian shrugged, "I overheard the guards talking about it, suggesting that he had some bad malt beer a couple nights ago. After downing another drink, he started freaking out, going on about how the *'Titans would kill them all and such nonsense* .' He then started getting violent when the others tried to restrain him."

Eren shook his head, "We should see him, maybe talk to his commander and see if he can be moved to the interior. I'd hate to leave him languishing in prison when Maria falls."

Sadly, Maria almost always fell. If Eren managed to stop the colossus Titan, the Armored Titan would smash his way around the district instead. Furthermore, it was difficult to pin down Bertolt and Reiner's positions since they always changed. Most often, however, he would awake just as the Titan appeared above the wall in time to smash the entrance to the district.

Mikasa nodded, "We should also see him."

The two met up with Armin later that day and headed to the garrison headquarters. With a quick application of Naruto's transformation jutsu into Dot Pixis and two underlings, they were allowed entrance. After passing through into the holding cell, Armin, who took Pixis' appearance since he was more skilled at copying Pixis' character, dismissed the other Garrison soldiers. They looked on Hannes, who looked like a broken man. His eyes were vacant as he spoke in a hollow tone, "Come to mock me, the guy who lost his mind? Well get it over with. You'll get yours soon, when the Titans breach the wall, you'll see I was right."

The three exchanged glances, nodded as one and released their transformations. Hannes blinked as he looked up, life returning to his eyes along with surprise, "You guys, it can't be...how did you get in here?"

Armin bent over the soldier, "Hannes, do you remember a colossal titan breaching Wall Maria? Eren's mom's death? Being promoted to captain of wall Rose?"

Each one, Hannes eyes lit up as he nodded. The blonde haired boy gave a smile, "Well then, welcome to the loops. Time is repeating itself for us too."

Hannes sighed in relief, "So I'm neither crazy, nor have I been poisoned by bad beer. And I was eaten by a Titan too," wincing slightly at the memory, "Damn, that hurt."

Armin returned to the other two anchors, "We were probably replaced during your first loop then, since we don't let that titan eat you much anymore.

His eyes turned to the anchors, "Much?"

Eren shrugged, "We've had a few times you were evil, a titan infiltrator, or...well we don't mention the others. Don't ask, we don't like talking about it."

Hannes took it in as best as he could, but then the current situation caught up to him, "We can't let Maria fall! Hundreds will die here, and thousands in the coming weeks."

The three looked uncomfortable, "We're trying, even now, to find Reiner and Bertolt, but they're...elusive. Narrative causality is a powerful thing in some loops."

And then the screaming began. Eren cursed while Armin took on the disguise of Dot Pixis. A second later, the other two joined him. Mikasa looked at Hannes, "Follow our lead, and we'll explain everything after we've evacuated the district."

After ordering the release of Hannes into their care, the three anchors told Hannes to help evacuate the civilians. With another application of their Jutsu, the three sported survey cloaks and rushed to the breach to buy time for the district's evacuation

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1.9 (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic)

A mare and two stallions by the names of Titanic Hunter, Long Strategy, and one who was the proud owner of the absolutely badass name; Dreadnought Reaper. These were the casual names were Eren, Armin, and Mikasa. And right now, they were getting on stage quite reluctantly. "How did we get roped into this again Armin?"

The blond maned stallion shrugged as he pulled out a drum set. "I think it had something to do with your bet against Harry over who could annoy Umbridge more."

Eren tossed a spare guitar at the aforementioned wizard, who simply opened his subspace pocket and dropped the instrument in. "This is all his fault. Stupid wizards."

Mikasa plugged her own base into the stereos provided by Vinyl Scratch. "Should we lead with our theme?"

Eren chuckled smoothly. "Sure, why not. Armin?"

Armin smirked with a touch of confidence. "Let's do this. Mares and stallions, ladies and gentlemen, Guren no Yumiya!"

"Seid ihr das Essen? Nein, wir sind der Jäger!"

1.10 Crossoverpairinglover (Harry Potter)

Harry Potter idly was tapping his foot as these new loopers took far too long to get through the sorting...or should it be said...one particular looper.

There were three loopers who had their first Hogwarts loop this loop; Armin, Eren and Mikasa. They apparently came from a reality where giant human monsters were roaming around, eating every human in sight.

Sounded like a Zombie Apocalypse loop, only worse.

Anyway, Mikasa was first up under the hat, and had been under there for about 20 minutes.

The sounds of growling stomachs suggested that everyone else was growing hungry, and thus impatient.

Harry had no idea what was taking so long, perhaps Mikasa was a rather complicated person who the hat was deeply engaged in discussing the deep details of her psyche...

"Yeager, Eren" the Hat called out all of a sudden, as the crowds murmured for a moment as one of the other loopers ran out of the line and up to the hat, which was removed from Mikasa's head and placed on his own.

"Gryffindor" the hat quickly shouted out for Eren, which was placed back on Mikasa's hat, which shouted out "Gryffindor" quicker than it did with Malfoy for Slytherin.

With the murmurings continuing as the sorting attempted to get back on track (Despite the lengthy delay), Harry made a mental note to put effort on getting the Hat to start looping to speed this ceremony up (For baseline and non-baseline students alike)

If this ended up happening again, he was going to have to eat Goyle. Or was he just hungrier than normal after having looped as a solar powered robot, thus having not eaten in over 10 years.

The bonus of the hat mixing the students up every so often being both a potential boon, and problem of that choice.

1.11 Crossoverpairinglover and Wildrook (Harry Potter)

"You will write, 'I shall not suggest the murder of purebloods absolved of any criminal wrongdoings by a proper court of wizard law' 100 times Mr. Yeager. I must say, you are a rather disturbed little muggleborn wizard for even suggesting that"

The brown haired Gryffindor shrugged, before he did in fact reach for the quill.

"Well, at least you listen to proper authority once in a while..."

Dolores stopped talking, however, once he did take the first cut from the quill, which resulted in a big flash of red lightning that turned the

boy into some sort of giant monster with huge eyes that was staring her down.

The creature that was once the mudblood smirked as Dolores felt a great amount of panic at the face of the 'Compact Rogue Titan' form.

"In my defense," Eren replied, "she practically gave me a metaphorical gun in my hand with that thing and was just ASKING for me to pull the trigger. So I just decided to oblige her request."

"I don't recall her acting like a crazy duck and yelling 'Shoot me! Frogs' Legs is on the menu!'" Harry said.

1.12 Crossoverpairinglover

Equation?

594 divided by 2040 times 32.6434 minus Rogue Titan's weight squared by Colossal Titan height minus Potato to the 104th power times trans temporal geometric rule number eleven to the power of three dimensional Omni movement divided among 34 cadets plus 40495X to the power of royalty divided by 60 T multiplied by 3 plus Captain Levi's age to the power of Zoe's gender minus (Pixis divided by Armored Titan diameter)...

Eren had a dazed look in his eye from trying to read even part of the seemingly random list of things that Armin had filled an entire cave in that he had somehow managed to locate during their training period this loop (Which was really, really boring, even with shadow clones) while Mikasa just stared at Armin and his giant cave...something in confusion and not a minute amount of concern "What is...whatever that is?"

"It, is an equation" Armin simply stated

"You've been enjoying those High School fused loops too much" Eren muttered

"Oh come on Eren, this equation came to me in a dream. It's the answer"

Eren and Mikasa exchanged a concerned look "To if we need to visit that loop with those magical horses for that 'therapy' thing?"

"No, it's an equation for looping" Armin grinned.

'Or a loopy equation,' the concerned thought went through both their minds simultaneously.

"With this, I can figure out who's going to start looping next" Armin continued, sounding a bit out of character...he probably did need a break in a peaceful loop. Ponies, talking trains, maybe a nuclear loving Ghandi...something like that "Under every variable. Did you know...?"

As Armin began babbling about the best way to get Levi, Sasha, Ymir, Historia or a female Dot Pixis looping, his companions briefly considered mercy ending the loop and hoping for a fused loop with therapists around.

Eventually deciding against it, Mikasa had simply knocked Armin out and dragged him back to the cadet quarters to hopefully have him sleep off the crazy mad thinker routine, they arrived back to...a frankly strange sight.

Connie was out cold on the ground, with Sasha nibbling on his thin head of hair. Annie was spinning around like a caffeine crazed ballerina. Reiner was banging his head against a post repeatedly. Bertolt was on the roof for some reason, singing about moose. The sergeant was giving Krista/Historia an affectionate noogie, with the girl looking dizzy like someone who could not hold her liquor.

And Ymir...

"HIII!"

Was in their faces with a huge grin that was more appropriate on Luffy, rubber stretching effect included.

"HOW'S IT GOING!? DID YOU HAVE A GOOD WALK IN THE WOODS!? YOU MISSED DINNER, DINNER WAS GOOD! GOOD! OH, THE WORLD IS SUCH A HAPPY AND WONDERFUL PLACE, IT MAKES ME JUST WANT TO HUG EVERYONE!"

And she promptly did in fact hug the two of them, and the Armin that Mikasa was carrying under her arm like a small bag of flour.

The two 'sane' cadets exchanged concerned looks.

Something weird was going on. There had been something in that food they missed while they went out and got rid of the future Trost 'Commander' Gorman (AKA, the guy who abandoned trainees to the Titans), that Armin had stayed behind to eat to work on his research.

Hopefully it was temporary...Ymir's bear hugs hurt.

1.13 Crossoverpairinglover and Wildrook (Naruto)

"The match between Mikasa Uzumaki and Neji Hyuga will now begin!" the announcer in the Chunin Exams declared loudly as Naruto, who had woken up a few hours ago to find himself older (and Hokage, very awesome...though the fact he had Orochimaru sitting next to him disguised as the Kazekage while planning to kill him and raze Konoha to the ground did lessen that awesomeness)

It took him a moment to realize exactly what was about to happen.

Making a gesturing motion, his head ANBU (Harry as it was), appeared beside him in a teleportation jutsu/apparition, similarly aged up and wearing a stag mask.

"Correct me if I am wrong ANBU" Naruto continued to play the part (it was funnier that way) as he checked with his fellow looper "But didn't Miss Uzumaki promise on the heavily injured body of Eren Hyuga to avenge his brutal defeat by Neji?"

"Yes she did sir, though sadly Eren has yet to wake up from his coma" Harry replied in a trained tone of voice that masked the specifics of their conversation. The last thing they needed was a Looping Orochimaru because he got interested and then Murphy's Law acted against them.

"This is going to be a horribly bloody...oh my god!" Harry swore as he saw how ticked off Mikasa was this loop.

And he thought he was brutal in that variant loop where he clawed Neji's face off with Kyuubi Chakra (and without the hidden intent of removing the Caged Bird Seal permanently). Mikasa took the cake when it came to avenging Hinata or Hinata replacements.

He really hoped Neji didn't wake up this loop...this was probably a loop he'd want to sit out.

"For lack of a better term..." Neji muttered.

"Ow."

1.7 Crossoverpairinglover (Star Wars)

"...You know, this has happened before young man" Obi-Wan commented to the short blond apprentice he had gained for this loop (and unlike Anakin, he could in fact have other apprentices that were

not Ahsoka or another Skywalker without causing such horrors as Kiss Gunji, Kamina-Barriss and Russian Petro), who frowned as he took out several books from his subspace pocket.

"Perhaps, but has anyone taken such extensive notes on its effects in and after the loop it occurred in? Plus, no one had named it before."

Obi-Wan force grabbed some of the notes and began scrolling through the details of what was titled *'The Mikasa Glitch'.*
"Hmmm...you definitely took a lot of detailed notes, I'll give you that. Though, do you have anything to get the two of them to shut up?"

Those two in question were Anakin Skywalker, and a female Anakin Skywalker who currently had the male Skywalker in a headlock.

"Who the hell are you, imposter!"

"Imposter! How dare you! It is kind of obvious I am the real one, I don't have breasts!"

"Stop hitting yourself!" Obi-Wan shouted at them on impulse.

"Make me old man!" they both yelled, before they resumed glaring at each other in more fury.

The visiting looper, one Armin Arlert, (or was it Arlet) who had first written down the specifics of the Mikasa glitch turned a few pages in his notes and quoted; "Those affected by this glitch will be incredibly confused about why there are more of them than there are supposed to be. Violence is likely, particularly when they get into arguments about who is the real one or the looper in question is naturally prone to violence. The fact they all have the same memories and emotions makes this hard to determine outside of gender alteration."

Obi-Wan watched with a frown as Anakin and 'Annie' Skywalker continued trying to kill each other, their argument continuing to devolve; "There is no way you're me! Your breasts are too large!"

"What!? How dare you!"

At his new apprentice's odd look, Obi-Wan shrugged "Armin, in all the loops, Anakin has only shown attraction to his wife Padme, and she's rather petite"

The now named Armin nodded, but frowned "Shouldn't they have drawn their light sabers out by now?"

Obi-Wan frowned as he revealed the two identical blades in hand. "I am not stupid, the minute they remember they have these, or giant robots, its goodbye Mid Rim. Say...how did you keep 50 Mikasa's from killing each other...I may need that advice now that I think about it" he had gotten more and more horrified as he had talked, perhaps realizing how likely it was they could in fact blow up the Mid Rim.

"Well, as they are all fundamentally the same person, they were able to stop killing each other when they realized how much the situation horrified Eren"

"And Eren is..." Obi-Wan asked.

"Pretty much Mikasa's entire world."

Obi-Wan thought about for a moment. "Then in theory, Padme should be able to get those two to stop trying to..."

"Oh, it's on little girl! Deploy Unit 3!"

"So am I, little boy! Bring it on!"

"Oh crap!" Obi-Wan shouted just before the explosions began.

"Well congratulations Anakin...you broke the Mid AND Outer Rims in your intrapersonal conflict with Giant Robots that only ended when you two triggered a Spiral Nemesis! What do you have to say about

yourself?!" Obi-Wan demanded of Anakin at Eden Hall bar, with Armin behind him writing notes on the trans-gender Mikasa Glitch.

"She annoyed the hell out of me" Anakin defended himself.

"She was you Anakin"

"I don't like me all that much, I thought you knew that?"

"Those affected by the Mikasa Glitch are able to recall the memories of all their duplicates in the loop when it's over. So, Mr. Skywalker, what do you remember from your counterpart?" Armin posed the question.

"Well I feel as though I punched myself through Nal Hutta despite being the guy who threw the punch" Anakin admitted oddly.

1.13 Crossoverpairinglover (Twilight)

Leah Clearwater, one of the only native loopers to one of the unofficial punishment loops, frowned as she noticed the three teenagers who were taking a beach break.

A muscular, Asiatic female who was reclining on a beach chair in only her scarf, a pair of shades and a bikini, a short, blond haired and very feminine boy who was currently studying the ocean as if it was a magical thing that he had never seen before, and a brown haired, taller boy who was currently swimming.

"You know, the Volturi are currently after you three because of that Titan Shifter stunt," Leah deadpanned as Eren yelled from afar 'I REGRET NOTHING'. "Sure, Edward Cullen deserved to be stomped on, but do you really want a bunch of nearly indestructible human monsters trying to kill *you* obtain your powers?"

The three all stopped to stare at her. "We are on a vacation from nearly indestructible human monsters trying to kill us," Mikasa informed Leah. "You can't be serious."

"The bitch is," suddenly from all around the four appeared a squad of sparkling freaks of nature. "Kill the Werewolf, the others are coming with us to be turned into..."

The resulting battle didn't even take 3 minutes, as Mikasa and Eren literally took down the Volturi in their swimsuits with a pair of swords and a Titan shift (Alice ended up being thrown all the way into a mountain in Rural British Columbia)

They then resumed their vacationing activities as if nothing had ever happened.

Leah frowned, the thought, *'what the hell was she supposed to do now!? This was supposed to be 'brutally destroy the Volturi' loop...this was going to throw her entire loop plans off.'* running through her head.

1.14 Crossoverpairinglover (Dragon Ball Z)

When dealing with characters, one has to remember that characters may seem strong or weak only when compared to their category.

For example, a weak Jedi would still seem supernaturally terrifying if he or she was to find themselves in Danville causing Doctor Doofenshmertz trouble. On the other hand, should a powerful Magical girl from Madoka's all but erased timeline, such as Mami, was to find herself in the Marvel Universe against the Abomination... Abomination wins faster than you can say 'Charlotte Second Form'

Raditz is a similar case; for Raditz was a comparatively weak Saiyan. Saiyans are, on a baseline, more powerful than most

species. That means that a Raditz, looping or not, would actually be quite dangerous to most non loopers and even some rookie loopers.

Even the really scary non-loopers.

They knew not who the strange tailed warrior from the stars was who came down from sky to protect them, but he was a revered and all loved figure to the people of Wall Maria.

He was their protector, their benevolent guardian who, without memory bar the ability to fight and his name, took care of any Titan who got within the border of their fair cities.

He was Raditz, the God of Protection, slayer of Titans, currently doing what he does best.

"Be gone foul monsters!" the long haired fighter shouted as he flew straight into the belly of an average sized titan, which is to say big, lifted it into the air, sent it flying with a spin, then blasting it in the core on its neck, obliterating it as he fired more energy blasts at hundreds of Titans, all ripe for the slaughter like some sort of plague of the undead.

Raditz may remember nothing but his name and his battle skills, but he had a great love for these battles. He would be content to do this for the rest of time, and for the food the humans would give him for his success in battle.

"I feel happy for him" Goku noted from a version of Kami's lookout in the DBZ/Attack fused loop while eating a obscenely sized sub sandwich as the three anchors of this reality glared at him. "You have no idea how rare it is in any loop for my brother to get respect. Sure, he's usually a psychopath, but I'm the exception to my race's rule about morality."

"You said you'd teach us how to fight Titans like that Radish guy, not watch you eat that sandwich!" Eren complained as Goku finished the sandwich that was more food than what was fed to the entire Training Cadet core in a month (Even with Potato Girl)

"Do you really expect me to teach you techniques capable of destroying mountains on an empty stomach?"

1.15 Crossoverpairinglover (Pokemon)

Attack on Gardevoir

Ash and Pikachu hadn't even gotten that far into the loop before some new looper had them at sword point, a brown haired boy in some sort of European military get up with a Ralts on his shoulder who was wearing a miniature reddish scarf.

"Alright, what the hell sort of loops is this!" He demanded harshly. "Why is my sister some sort of...whatever this is!" he gestured to the Ralts on his shoulder, who was glaring at them in equal measure.

"A Ralts," Ash informed him.

"I repeat myself then, what sort of loop is this, and why is my sister whatever a Ralts is!"

"This is the Pokemon loops, a loop where we train and battle the creatures known as Pokemon to make them as strong as possible." Ash studied the boy for a moment "Hold on, you're one of the anchors of the Attack of Titan loop, right? Erik, Elk, Ethan..."

"Eren," the boy coolly informed Ash. "My sister here is Mikasa, and if you think I'm going to use my sister in some glorified dog fight..."

Ash and Pikachu sighed. Yes, there was occasionally a lot of unfortunate implications with Pokemon, but there was a lot of

differences between Pokemon battles and Dog/Cock/Darker and Edgier Poke loop fights. But sometimes this could be annoying to deal with.

But then again, most loopers figured out the difference after one loop.

"I've encountered Titans before, and I am sure you agree that they are horrifying monsters. You probably spent a lot of time gaining new powers to fight them." Ash noted the slight nod from them both. "Many loopers who have turned into Pokemon for a loop find themselves retaining abilities from their time as Pokemon. Mikasa there turned into a Ralts, a Pokemon that, when fully evolved, is capable of teleporting, defying gravity, using telekinesis and many other techniques. You see where this is going?"

Ash and Pikachu noted what seemed to be an animated, though telepathic, discussion between the two, which ended with the swords removed from their necks.

It would seem that Eren and Mikasa were going to be joining them on their 'Master Quest' this loop. Good thing too, considering that Brock and Misty had phoned in earlier about wanting to go out on their own this loop (Brock decided to go to medical school early and Misty was going to try and tame Kyogre)

Viridian City

"Prepare for Trouble..."

"Make it..."

Team Rocket's motto was interrupted when Eren, having bitten his hand, turned into a gigantic humanoid monster and glared down at them with glowing eyes, breaking the roof of the Pokemon Center in doing so (Which already had a hole in it from said trio).

"RUN AWAY!" Team Rocket promptly ran for it, and would not come back to bother them for the rest of the loop.

New Island

The green lit island, the base of Mewtwo (who was not awake this time around), was the destination for a select series of trainers chosen by Mewtwo to be the witnesses to the end of the world.

Most tried to fly over in the storm, or perhaps surf through it.

Ash, Pikachu, Eren and Mikasa, who was now a Gardevoir, simply teleported over with a subway sandwich apiece.

"So, this is the home of the strongest Pokemon," Mikasa, who had regained the ability to speak with the aide of Pikachu, noted as Pikachu frowned.

"Debatable, he and Arceus have been duking it out over who is strongest." with Arceus being Loop Aware, it wasn't all that lopsided. "Mewtwo generally agrees to use only his natural powers, and so far they are about 50/50. Though, yes, he is still the strongest Pokemon on the current plane of reality we are on when looping is not taken into account."

"I look forward to fighting him," Mikasa simply said.

"Please only do so if he is unawake," Ash asked. "The last time an awake Mewtwo battled Pikachu or Charizard, the Orange Islands looked like they had just met a Mikasa Glitching Lina Inverse army."

Which thankfully, had yet to happen.

Mikasa rolled her eyes at the comment about the glitch Armin named after her, as the mind controlled Nurse Joy approached them to let them in.

The next loop, after several hundred more battles

Sasha, Ymir, Krista and the rest of the graduates of Training Squad 104 (bar Eren, Armin and the trio of Annie, Bertolt and Reiner), just stared in amazement from on top of one of the town's buildings as Mikasa fought as a one woman army, maybe two, in Trost.

She seemed to almost teleport from Titan to Titan, and there weren't that many of them left after she had someone moved a boulder in front of the hole in the wall the Colossal Titan had set up with glowing blue eyes, almost telekinetic like.

"That, ladies and gentlemen, is why she is top of the class." Sasha stated the obvious.

Meanwhile her fellow part anchors were observing this from another roof top, with Eren holding a Silver League Conference Trophy and complete set of Battle Frontier symbols while his blond pal Armin was meditating, working on force powers he had obtained his last loop, which he had been unable to finish due to a pair of Skywalkers breaking the universe or something like that.

"Amazing, isn't she?" Eren mused.

"Mmmhh...it really is amazing what you must get up to when I'm not around" Armin thought he'd be pretty good at the strategy part of that 'Pokemon' loop Eren had been describing while Mikasa won the battle of Trost on her own, for fun.

"Well, you got to explore space with aliens, I think you have your own fun when we're not around." Eren joked

"It was quite fun actually, until the Spiral Nemesis" Armin admitted.

1.16 Detective Ethan Redfield (Log Horizon)

Training the Loopers, Hannes

Before every training session, Shiroe holds a meeting in their guild's dining room. Minori was allowed to sit in on this one, since it involved the person who replaced Touya, a blonde older man from a particularly nasty universe called Attack on Titan in the Hub.

Hannes

Human

Lv 15 Swashbuckler

Lv 20 carpenter

The strategist held a quill in hand and asked, "So what kind of training do you want?"

Hannes sighed, "Please train me in fighting with two blades."

Shiroe quirked his eyebrows, causing Hannes to elaborate, "I once replaced Levi as captain of Levi Squad, the best Titan slaying unit in the Survey Corps. Even though I tried doing what Eren told me and letting my loop memories and instincts guide me, I didn't survive my third encounter with the Titans. Loop memories seem to only go so far. Mikasa told me she took over for my position for the rest of the loop and things turned out alright. But I don't want to be a burden on them anymore. I want to be able to stand on their level and protect humanity."

Nyanta nodded, "Oya, oya, I can respect that, meow. I've been to your universe once, perhaps you could give me pointers on your 3D maneuver gear."

At this point, Minori shouted, "Shiroe, this is insane! I brought Hannes here when I saw your poster on the tree, and I thought you would help counsel him, not play along with them!"

Shiroe gave her a sad look, "Minori, if Hannes were actually insane, we would give him counseling. But he really is repeating time over and over again. Your brother in the universe I first started in was named Tohya."

Minori blinked in surprise as she whispered to herself, "Mom told me once that Hannes almost got named Tohya, but after a young German gentleman pushed her out of the way of a car during his first month of pregnancy. He was hit instead. She named him after that German man."

Shiroe acted like he didn't hear what she said, though his smile did drop a bit. When she turned her attention to him again, the strategist raised his hand to her, "Perhaps this will convince you."

He placed his hand above the table, mentally reaching into his subspace pocket and calling forth an item. A computer phased into existence. The girl's eyes bugged out, "This is-!"

The device whirled to life as Shiroe chuckled, "Loopers like us can carry items between loops in what we call a subspace pocket. Over time, it grows bigger and allows you to carry bigger and bigger items."

He held out his hand against a nearby wall, allowing an oaken door to materialize, "With enough practice, you can even enter your subspace pocket. Would you like to see?"

The door swung open, revealing a study packed with countless books, a portable electric generator, a desk where a laptop used to sit, and countless other items arranged neatly. Minori blinked several times, reaching through the door, but pulling her hand out, "I...this is too much, Shiroe. I need some time to take this all in."

She walked for the stairs to her bunk, turned for a second to Hannes. She opened her mouth to speak, but closed it and walked up the stairs. The tears in her eyes, however, left nothing that needed saying. After she left, Hannes lowered his head, to which Nyanta put

his hand on his shoulder, "Sometimes, the loops are not kind, Nya. I myself had a daughter named Konyan. She was a Cheshire cat in the human world, but she was sentient in this world. At the end of the loop, when I awake outside the game, I search for the same cat, and bring her into the game world. I hope one day to have her looping with us."

Hannes spoke in a mournful tone, "Loop memories are powerful. I remember when she looked after me at the hospital, the joy we had in playing this game where I could actually walk, her always standing up for me. I was there, but I wasn't. But that Hannes, loved her deeply. In many ways, I feel the same. But when the loop resets, I know I won't be there for her. Shiroe, when I return to my world, take care of Minori for me."

Shiroe nodded, "You don't even need to ask. Minori is like a sister to me too, and I would never let anyone hurt her."

The evening passed with Shiroe and Hannes discussing the finer points of their training, then Shiroe asked for some training in 3D gear since he had never visited the Titan Universe. Both Hannes and Nyanta were fine with it. After everyone else went to bed, Shiroe walked up the stairs, looking to the door where Minori rested. He paused at the door, uncertain as what to do, only for a female voice to echo from beyond, "Shiroe, would you come in, please?"

The strategist replied in the affirmative. Minori was still in her Kannagi outfit, sitting on her bed. Shiroe took a seat at the table, "Are you alright?"

Minori's eyes were red from tears, and silence reigned for several seconds. When she finally spoke, she asked, "What am I supposed to do? Hannes was my brother. I loved him like the world, and he's not even from this world."

Shiroe leaned back, "Not quite. The looper Hannes is indeed not from this world, but Hannes is still Hannes, no matter which world

he's in. He was born here, raised in this universe, and he only gained memories and abilities from another world. I feel he'll never stop being your brother, even when he's in his own world. He remembers those moments you spent with him, and he'll treasure them. Hannes comes from a brutal world, where humanity is trapped within three walls like a cage. He has seen friend after friend die every loop. Those times he spent with you will keep him sane, will get him through some of those more difficult moments, and knowing you're safe from a world like his will give him strength to go on."

The anchor spoke with such conviction it staggered her, "How...how can you say that with such conviction?!"

Shiroe's sad grin returned, "Because I've been to worlds like his. A world where chaos reigns and gods consider humans nothing more than pawns and playthings in their struggles to conquer the universe. A world where humanity is hanging on by just a thread in the face of a zombie virus. A world where atomic weaponry are but a fire crackers and entire mountains can be obliterated with but an application of force."

He ruffled her hair, "Those times spent in Theldesia, with the people of Akhiba, and especially my guild mates here in Log Horizon keep me sane, knowing I have a home I will be returning to one day, no matter if I have to wait a thousand years."

Minori gasped, "You've spent a thousand years in a loop before?"

The boy chuckled, "Remind me to tell you the time I was Prince of Equestria, a universe devoid of humans inhabited by sentient ponies, griffons and other mythical and real beings."

Minori thought for a second, then turned hesitant, "Could you...well, would you be willing...to tell me about Tohya?"

Shiroe's sad grin turned happier, "Anytime."

A year of training passed with Hannes skill evolving in leaps and bounds. Shiroe took him and the rest of Log Horizon guild to the cliffs beyond the Depths of Palm, just as the sun began rising. It probably wouldn't be long before the loop ended, and Shiroe enjoyed showing this place to visiting loopers as a final present to them. Hannes rested against the cool stone surface and let the ocean breeze wash over him, "I wonder if there's an ocean beyond the wall back home."

Shiroe shrugged, "Who knows? As the expansions continue, more of your baseline will be revealed. Until then, you should explore. Yggdrasil fills in those kinds of details. One loop, you may discover an ocean a thousand miles from the wall, maybe mountain ranges the next loop after and finally a desert larger than the Sahara."

Hannes gave a pleased grin, "Maybe I'll take Eren, Mikasa and Armin with me, steal a couple survey horses and ride as far as they'll take us."

"Um-"

Minori walked up, standing over Hannes, "Hannes, I...thank you for being my brother. I've thought a lot about it, and Shiroe was right. You're my brother, and I love you. Please, be careful when you go home, and someday...when you return here, you'll be my brother again...even if Tohya is my brother."

Hannes nodded, "Yeah, you can have more than one brother after all. You'll have to take care of me then too, since I'm a hopeless drunk back in my universe...baseline anyway."

This caused Minori to start lecturing her older brother, making Shiroe and the others of Log Horizon laugh.

1.17 Blazingen1 (Minecraft)

Attack on Titan/Minecraft

"What the hell is this house made of?" said an incredulous Eren.

-Stone, cobblestone and some wood- responded Steve, Anchor of the Minecraft loops.

They were currently in a fused loop between Eren's world and the world of Minecraft. It was obvious given the blocky nature of everyone present in his world. If they were in a Hub-world loop, then this would be classified as a Minecraft "Mod".

They were currently taking shelter in the Yeager home. There were Titans lurking outside the house, but they are unable to break the wood and stone blocks despite their large size and superior strength…. Huh.

From the inside, they saw the Armored Titan running towards the Wall Maria, blockyness and all, and crashed into the wall. Unlike usual, however, once it did, it got stuck between the walls, with the audible sound of "tck tck tck" repeatedly glowing red as it did, before it finally keeled over and vanished.

Due to the particular rules of Minecraft loops, the Titans, who are "mobs", can spawn randomly throughout the city. The upside to the laws of Minecraft, is that when one dies, they simply 'respawn' within their homes. Such, neither of Eren's nor Mikasa's family died.

Of course, the benefits of respawning were good, there was one small issue about it.

"No no no no NO NO NO!" was what Jean could say before he was killed by the blocky, blond 15m Titan mob.

"F**********K!" he yelled in frustration as he respawned back in his home. "My stuff! It took me forever to gather that those diamonds! AAARRRGGG! Why didn't I store them in an Ender Chest?!"

-I've been to this fused loop before. It is quite annoying to lose your items upon death, but at least no one dies.-

"So, the Titans here are merely 'pests'?" asked Armin.

-If you want to put it that way, yes. The economy is mainly driven by mining and the Survey corps are deployed for 'population control'. Going outside has become a hazard, but not a fatal one-

"Huh. So, why can't the Titans break through the blocks?"

Steve did a pretty good rendition of a shrug, which was impressive since he hardly ever moves his shoulders.

-Now, we can hunt the Titans the normal way, or…- he made his way to the chest, and pulled out various items he gathered from other Minecraft fused loops. Among them were RPGs, Machine Guns, the Royal Guardian Sword, and other cool items. -We can do it Minecraft Style.-

Eren, Armin and Mikasa glanced at each other, before grinning widely. This was going to be fun.

Eren Jeager pulled out five coins. "Five says that she's a guy this loop."

Armin chuckled and pulled out matching coins. "He's a girl, there's not doubt about it."

Mikasa cocked an eyebrow at her companions as they argued. "What are you two morons talking about?"

"Hanji's/Hange's gender." They answered in stereo.

Mikasa cocked an eyebrow and pulled out a single coin. "This coin says that Hanji is neither."

Eren laughed out loud. "You're on."

Three days later...

Eren sorted and put his winnings into his pocket. "And you said he was a girl. Just goes to show you guys, I'm the best gambler there is."

Armin scowled playfully. "Well, if you're so rich, then you're paying for drinks tonight." Mikasa made no comment, simply looking ever so slightly happy.

"You're darn right I am!"

And drinks were had.

1.1: I just want everyone to know, they're all doomed.

1.2: Aliens, Titans, what's the difference. They're all trolls.

1.3: Power of Rock!

1.4: So dark, so brilliant. I love it!

1.5: Link would probably be a total badass in this setting.

1.6: Attack on Down Under.

1.7: Jean, of course, only sees a potential harem.

1.8: He is insane, he just doesn't know about it. Welcome to Wonderland Hans!

1.9: Admit it, when you read 1.3, you knew this was coming.

1.10: Harry has seen this sort of thing before. It's always annoying.

1.11: This and 1.10 are actually the same loop.

1.12: It was probably weed. Yeah, that's it...

1.13: Eren, Armin and Mikasa would liven up Twilight a fair bit.

1.14: Evil can be redeemed... but sometimes it's just better to wipe their memory and give them what they want.

1.15: What can I say: Mikasa makes anything more awesome.

1.16: Hannes will be consistent and awesome. His name, will not.

1.17: Minecraft. What can I say.

1.18: It's as unknowable as Han's/Hannes name.

Strike at Dawn: Part 2

2.1 Crossoverpairinglover

Eren and Mikasa (step siblings this loop: Eren's dad married Mikasa's mom after Eren's mom and Mikasa's dad had died during a kidnapping gone wrong) Jaeger just stared in odd confusion over this variant of a 'no titan future loop'.

Their current family status made some level of...was sense the right word. But this...

This was bizarre, at least for Armin to deal with next loop.

"Oh, you're our new neighbors? Well, it is wonderful to meet you all. My name is Historia Reins, this is my wife Ymir and our son, Armin." the two older cadets were greeting their parents vigorously with a confused awake Armin trying to wrap his head around the whole thing.

"How does that even work?" Eren whispered to Mikasa. "How do two girls have a son? I mean sure, Armin and Historia look a lot alike, but he looks nothing like Ymir."

"Probably is biologically Historia's from a previous relationship who was adopted by Ymir, so he'd be their son, no two ways about it," Mikasa offered the idea. "Though that leads to the question of...who is Armin's father this loop?"

Meanwhile in prison, a short prisoner in jail for attempting to clean a national monument sneezed...because he was dusting his cell as he did hourly, not because Armin was an Ackerman this loop.

Annie Leonheart felt the burn of her muscles with each sequence of moves, the cool spring air soaking her lungs with each deep inhalation, the buffeting wind as, with each strike, her body moved through the air to attack her imagined opponent. As she ran through the final motions, Annie breathed a silent breath of relief. Her skills were, in her mind, as sharp as they had been when her father had trained her. It was almost a comfort to know at least that was consistent behind the high walls of humanity.

That, and one other thing. Despite the slow march of man's development of the land, even within Wall Maria there remained scraps of pure, unspoiled land. The trees rustled with the warm wind, leaves against each other. Somewhere far or close, a bird chirped. In here, away from the Titans, away from humans, alone and isolated, there was a certain beauty to it. Annie had never liked crowds, rarely cared for friends, and only remained by Bertolt and Reiner's side because she knew them.

Them... and Eren.

Annie fell into another form, but her stance was ruined when she heard the familiar sounds of someone shouting. 'Oh joy.'

Out of the trees strode Mikasa and Armin Arlert, who, obviously, were arguing. Armin, for some reason, was trying to talk Mikasa out of something, while the Eren's sister was ignoring him to her hearts content. Annie went back to her motions, content to let them argue, but not taking an eye off them.

"Mikasa, I know that you're angry, but it was last loop, it's over, it's past, please don't take this out on her, she's innocent...er, but she didn't do it. You saw how torn up she was, even if the loop ended right there. She didn't know, it was an accident Mikasa, you know that. Mikasa stop right now, please, you don't need to do this, I really want to see if there are any more expansions and we can't do that reliably if she's not... here..."

Annie fell out of her stance as Armin and Mikasa came into easy hearing range, obviously unaware of how good her hearing was. Annie angled her body towards Mikasa and Armin, turned just enough to tell them that she was going to talk if they needed her, but far enough back to show she really, really didn't want to. "What?"

Mikasa stopped a few feet away, actually just outside of good grappling range, but Annie noted that she was close enough for a sword strike. That Mikasa didn't have any swords visibly on her person didn't ease her observation. "Annie... there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

Annie flinched involuntarily, not from the perceived accusation, but from the shockingly cold tone. Mikasa was a woman of many things: self-expression was not one of them. That she could convey such an incredibly strong emotion, even one that was as nebulous as this, was a very, very big red flag in Annie's book. She would need to act. "Yes?"

Mikasa didn't seem to move; it didn't look like she even flinch. One moment she was relaxed and still, the next she was following through with a long swing of a pairing blade. And then she was back to her relaxed stance. "I was wondering Annie..."

Annie remained still. She had to remain perfectly still. Fear was welling up inside her, a ghost feeling, but she told herself to ' *Remain STILL* '. If she did, then perhaps she could fool herself into thinking she could still feel her whole body.

"Would a Titan shifter regenerate, if you cut off their head?" Mikasa leaned back and with a showy flourish, kicked Annie's body out from under her, knocking the decapitated corpse over and sending the severed head rolling away.

Mikasa turned around, trying to ignore Armin's vaguely sickened expression. When she realized she couldn't, all she said was; "she killed..." Mikasa's voice broke.

Armin sagged, but rested a hand on Mikasa's shoulder. "Eren's alright. That's what makes the loops so great: we don't need to worry about being apart from one another anymore. We'll always have each other."

Mikasa blinked away a few tears and wrapped an arm around Armin. "Thank you." A slight smile graced her features. "You've been taking lessons from Eren, haven't you?"

Armin chuckled somberly. "Mikasa, that was all me. He's inspirational; I'm just comforting."

The two friends walked away, leaning on each other, silently disappearing into the forest. And out in the meadow, Annie continued to tell herself to remain still.

It wasn't to stop herself from falling. It was to stop herself from screaming.

2.3 Wildrook and Me.

"Why am I the bitch?" Eren asked Armin as he was in 02 handling the 6th Angel with Armin.

"Pray you don't run into her," Armin replied. "Besides, if you get in close, I can probably will it to open its lips for us to fire!"

"When Jean starts looping," Eren said, "he must NEVER know about this."

Later...

Armin gulped down his anxiety. Piloting the Evangelions was possibly the singularly most painful and stressful activity he had ever endured, more so then even his first life in the walled city. It had the

terrible side effect of dredging up far too many painful memories. And this was ignoring the frightening similarities to becoming a Titan, and the apparent fact that his mother was locked within Unit One. It was little wonder that Shinji, Rei and Asuka had been the first to try and escape the loops.

In light of that, even Asuka's... unpleasantness was understandable.

But now, Armin Ikari was to face down what was possibly the greatest and most terrible threat to humanity to ever walk within Tokyo Three. A creature that had singularly driven Shinji far deeper into depression then Rei's death or Asuka's coma. A creature that, if they so choose, could simply kill humanity.

And lo and behold, there he was, sitting upon the crumbling rubble of a stone Angel. Kaworu Nagisa was staring into the distance, humming ever so silently the Ode to Joy. Armin summoned whatever courage he could and addressed him. "Hello?"

Kaworu turned, the sun playing off his beautiful, angelic features with a rare intensity. "Oh, yes... you must be Armin Ikari. The Third Child."

Armin gulped again, trying to focus his mind, though it was a very weak attempt. "Well, I, uh... are you time traveling?"

The angel of free will blinked. "I... beg your pardon?"

Having visibly thrown the Angel, Armin rallied. "Are you a time traveler? A looper?"

The angel of free will seemed to digest the question, before hopping off his pedestal and walking ever so slowly towards Armin. The blond was starting to feel a panic attack building up. *'Oh walls, oh walls, oh walls, oh walls...'*

"Arumin..." The angel stretched the R into its' full Japanese pronunciation. Armin gulped and looked up, looking into Kaworu's

strikingly red eyes. Suddenly, Kaworu grabbed Armin by the shoulders. "Armin, help! I'm being set up to end the world!"

Armin blinked in confusion. "Er..."

Kaworu was looking like he was having a panic attack. "It's me, Jean!"

Well *that* solved more than a few issues. Armin calmed down as the visage of Kaworu melted into his longtime friend and comrade. "Welcome to the loops Jean."

'That ceiling... it's so...'

"Familiar."

"Welcome back to the land of the living Eren."

Eren sighed and mustered the strength to turn his head. Mikasa was sponging his forehead, as if she was wiping something off. Wait... "Armin... he didn't..."

"Do you really think he would?" Mikasa murmured in an inflectionless tone. Her usual stoicism had been reinforced after the sixteenth angel. But already a few cracks were showing. "But to answer your question, no, you just had a fever."

Eren sighed and tried to recline further. "Trust me, after this hell of a loop, I'd understand." A wry grin crossed his face. "With a face like this, who wouldn't want to-?"

Mikasa stuffed the sponge in Eren's mouth.

Presently, the pilot of Unit 2 mustered the strength to sit up, and promptly began to try and leave his bed. Mikasa was a step ahead of him though, forcing him back down. "You need to wait Eren. You're still too weak."

Eren fought against his sister's hold. "I'm fine Mikasa. I've had worse you know."

Mikasa very suddenly was holding Eren much closer. "You've had worse than this before? You've had worse than a mind rape before?" Eren forced down his sudden guilt at bringing up his earlier trauma.

That said, he continued, if only to put Mikasa's mind to rest. "I have... a few loops back, there was a stealth anchor for our home..." Eren held up his right arm. "I broke my wrist and you and Armin weren't there."

Mikasa immediately decided that Eren was healthy enough for some physical abuse.

That settled, Mikasa did concede to Eren's request, helping him to his feet and supporting him as they left the stifling confines of Eren's room for some more sociable company in the long-term ward.

In the ward, one Hannes Suzuhara had engrossed himself in one of several science books; currently the third in a series of biology books. Setting the book aside, the crippled boy greeted his visitors with a smile and a hello. "What can I do for you kids? Interest you in some tea?"

Eren chuckled as Mikasa got him a chair. "Hans, you're addicted to the stuff. You know I don't like it."

Hannes shrugged in good nature. "It's the premier beverage of the country. When in Rome."

"Do as the Roman's do," Mikasa concurred, pouring herself and Hannes a cup. Hannes gladly accepted his cup and smiled at Eren, before a look of shock crossed his features. "Damn. I'll never get used to body swapping in loops."

Eren shrugged, flicking a lock of his, or rather, her red hair away. "Trust me, you should have seen our One Piece loop. You wouldn't

have even known who I was replacing."

The trio made small talk from there. How Hannes' impromptu education was going, what Eva piloting was like, whether or not Eren or Mikasa had tracked down the latest issue of the Attack on Titan manga, and how Hannes had brewed their tea.

The small talk ceased though, when Armin returned with his guest. "Guys, you're not going to believe this."

Kaworu however took one look at the red head in the room and promptly fell to his knees. "Asuka... I've planned this for over a thousand years, but I've never learned the words I needed to say until today. Asuka, will you marry me?"

No one spoke. Kaworu cracked a goofy grin. "Just kidding! It's Jean."

Eren kicked Jean in the nuts. "You horse faced prick! Don't ever do that again!"

Jean laughed it off. "Hello to you to Eren. How's womanhood?"

Mikasa grabbed Eren before he did something drastic, like hulk out. "Eren, you'll pull something if you strain yourself like this."

"And we'll be out our only good pilot, not considering Jean here, and he doesn't have any training," Armin added intellectually. "And that's not considering the fact that this is only his second loop."

Jean winked at the other loopers. "So, god trees, time travel, end of the world, crazy alternate shit; I miss anything?"

Mikasa passed Jean a cup of tea, which he sampled and handed to Armin with a sick look on his face. The blue haired girl pulled a sword out of her subspace pocket. "Did you explain pockets, Armin?"

Armin pulled out a light saber hilt. "Already a step ahead of you. But..." Armin winced. "How are we going to break *that* to him."?

"Armin's going to kill you Jean," Eren said, leading to many groans, an even paler Jean and a huge grin on Eren's face.

Jean recomposed himself and growled at Eren. "Bitch."

Eren laughed. "Blame the Loops Jean. They're the real bitch."

2.4 Wildrook

Eren was glaring at Asuka.

"I take it you heard of how I acted in baseline?" she asked him.

"I had no manhood and I felt like I wanted to go Titan at that very moment," Eren replied. "Try being in MY position."

"You're not the one dealing with clones of Wondergirl that should be locked in a Water Tower," Asuka retorted. "And yes, I admit, I can be a handful...oh, shut up."

They didn't even say anything and yet she can sense the retorts.

"At this point," Armin muttered, "I had to Geass the Angel so Toji wasn't harmed."

"Thanks for that," Toji replied.

"I kind of envy you, though," Shinji said. "I couldn't do anything originally."

"It's not your fault. Your Dad forced the Dummy Plug. Honestly, I'd be surprised if there was a consensus to let the bastard rot."

2.5

The barracks rustled with activity as the still in training 104th began their morning duties. In the mess hall, Jean sipped water, letting the turbid, lukewarm liquid trickle down his throat, wincing all the way. "Damn I miss Tokyo Three."

Eren passed Jean a roll. "Good food. Clean water. And a war against unbeatable aliens? Give me the walls any day."

Jean chuckled, remembering with vague sense the feeling of being crushed between Unit One's armored hands. "Amen to the walls. Better the devil you know."

Eren nodded, but seemed to deflate from the comment. "But we don't know... anything. Nothing makes any sense here."

Jean cradled his drink tenderly. "Yeah. No consistency, even in the baseline." Jean couldn't even begin to describe the mess the world was. Everything seemed to change, every time they came back. Even his name was different this time: Jean, that is, pronounced to rhyme with Bean, instead of how he remembered it: rhyming with Sean. "Hellish place, this is."

Eren chuckled darkly. "Albert Camus, he was a famous writer, wrote that the essence of absurdism is a balancing act between man's search for meaning in life... and the universes lack of meaning. Combine that with the essence of horror: the totality of the unknown and man's desperate search to either understand it, or overcome it, or simply pray that it doesn't notice us. That's our loop in a nutshell."

Jean studied the grain of the wooden table, thoughtful and depressed. "You really think that?"

Eren shrugged. "It's Armin's latest theory. Give me a few days; I'll make a pretty good speech out of it."

Jean scowled, equal parts annoyed and impressed. "You prick."

Eren held up his tankard. "Horse faced bastard."

Jean nodded. "To horse faced bastards and ginormous pricks."

Eren clinked his cup against Jean's. "To eternity, and the loops."

2.6 Gamerex27

"Mikasa," Armin said, as they stood atop Wall Rose, "Do you...ever think we go *too far?"*

His fellow Anchor shook her head. "With our world," she said, "there's no such thing. Whatever it takes to take down the Titans."

"That's...not what I meant," Armin said. "I meant with the pranks."

"What do you mean?"

"Well..." Armin was cut off by the thundering of Titanic footsteps. Bertolt, in his Titan form, was fleeing for his life from Eren, his pursuer howling savagely, and swinging the colossal salt shaker with pure hatred in his eyes.

"I mean stuff like *that* . Eren's taking him down with a *salt shaker!* "

Mikasa blinked, then shrugged. "Again, it seems to be working," she noted, as Bertolt screamed in agony from several house-sized grains of salt hitting his exposed flesh. "Try using the pepper next time!"

As Eren gave her a thumbs-up with his free hand, Armin sighed. "I mean, are we starting to lose it? Would *any* sane person think to take down a Titan with *sodium chloride?* And don't get me started on what you convinced Sasha to pull last Loop!"

"I admit," Mikasa said, "I *was* surprised that a giant Snickers bar actually got the Titans to go away. It *was* hard to barter for all the ingredients, but you can't argue with the results we attained."

"This morning," Armin said, "I caught myself thinking of a way to stop them. I wanted to *turn the ruins of Wall Maria into a rock mecha* . I don't even know *how* to *begin* to do that without something like Spiral Power? And where would we *ever* get the materials, or manpower, or *anyone willing to help* with a scheme like that?!"

"Look," Mikasa said, a tinge of annoyance sneaking into her normally emotionless voice, "all the visiting Loopers that came here said that everyone starts to lose it in the Loops. Did you really think we were going to live for trillions of years without starting to snap a little?"

"No, but..." Armin sighed, hanging his head. "I...just don't want to end up like Sakura. I mean, I was thinking about... *experiments* earlier. I caught myself...and I was scared. Scared about what might happen if I don't try to reign myself in."

Armin head Mikasa walking closer. "Sakura went insane because no one was there to stop her," his fellow Anchor added. "But most of the time, all three of us are Awake. Trust me, if any of us ever start to lose it, the rest of us can reign them in."

The group's strategist looked up, smiling. "Thanks, Mi-"

He was cut off by an earth-shattering thud sending the earth itself into violent convulsions. Thrown off of the wall, they barely managed to get their 3DMGs working in time to avoid a painful and early end to their Loop.

"Speaking of which," Mikasa said as they landed on a nearby roof," I think we should probably talk to Eren right now." She pointed at their friend, who had produced an oversized chef's hat, a spit, and some building-sized barrels of herbs and spices from seemingly nowhere. "Unless he's cooking for some nonhuman Loopers for another day, we might need to talk him out of cannibalism."

"GAH! EREN, STOP!" Armin leapt off of the roof, followed by Mikasa, sporting a rare smile on her face.

2.7 Wildrook

"Of all the armor," Eren muttered, "WHY USE THE FREAKING EVANGELIONS!?"

"Because they're the only ones that support Titan Sized Clothing," Mikasa replied. "That, and Red's more your color than Purple or Orange."

2.8 Crossoverpairinglover

"You know, I really have to express how glad I am that we got to meet. As we continue to push forward through uncertain times, I am glad to know that I'll have such brave and strong companions as you. You, me, Goku, Naruto, Luffy, Simon and everyone else. The four of us will be seeing a lot of one another, and I feel that's the way it should always be"

"...What the hell are you talking about!?" Eren demanded of the visiting Toonami Operation Module.

"Oh, this and that and a few more things." the robot normally abbreviated as T.O.M replied "Hopefully you'll understand soon. After all, you're my opening act"

"...We are not doing the band thing again...now start making sense before I introduce you to my Titan Form!"

2.9

Trost was filled to bursting. Thieves roamed the streets in packs whenever the guards were out of sight. The starving, displaced refugees had long stopped begging for food; no one had any. What

few rations could be produced were either being distributed to everyone else, or hoarded by the nobles. Inside the rotten cesspool that the walls had become, Eren Yeager, Armin Arlert and Mikasa Ackermann were having a debate.

"It was Jean."

"Eren, what I felt wasn't Jean. The ping was too far away to be him."

"Oh come on Armin. You can't really expect a ping to travel for light years. It's not possible."

"Says the man who can become a humanoid monstrosity," Mikasa interjected in Armin's favor.

Eren shrugged. "That doesn't have anything to do with this and you know it. He says that he felt a ping from light years away. That's imposs-"

A star destroyer dropped out of light speed directly above Trost.

"-ible." Eren's reply faded into the stunned, horrified silence of the district. Above the walls, more ships appeared, many disgorging with several small drop ships and X-wings. A few landed gently on the walls, while others landed beyond humanity's boundaries. Most though, landed inside the district.

In the intervening moments between the start of the screaming and total hysteria taking hold, a loud, low, slow and surprisingly comforting voice boomed from the drop ships.

"Greetings citizens of Wall Rose. For those few of you who are Awake enough not to panic, allow me to introduce myself. I am an emissary of the reformed galactic empire, whom is here to represent our people while we assist in planetary evacuations. Now, there is no cause for alarm, because we only have your survival and safety in our interests. Suffice to say, and from examining the information we have recovered from your world..."

"To decline us is to remain stagnant. To accept us is to choose to no longer live in fear of the Titans. That is all."

The voice cut out with an audible crackle. A moment later, a far louder crack heralded Darth Vadar's apparition, a shadow clone henge'd into his original form. "Hey Armin."

"Hey Anakin," the gray Jedi in training returned.

"How's life?"

"Oh, you know. Terrible, exhaustive, hellish. The usual." Armin shrugged. "Oh, where are my manners? This is Eren and Mikasa, my family."

Eren gently shook the former supervillain's proffered hand. "Nice to meet you mister Vadar."

"Likewise," Mikasa said when she shook Anakin's hand. "Where's the prime Anakin?"

The clone pointed at an overdesigned descending shuttle. "Figured we show up and evacuate. Zombie loops are *never* fun."

"Okay. Thanks." The foursome watched as the fighters began pulling off showy maneuvers and firing into the air. "So... what's with the show?"

Anakin chuckled. "Darth Vadar can't just visit a planet."

"What! You cannot be serious?"

Darth Vadar was having a ball, repossessing the planet. Most of the citizenry had jumped at the offered supplies of food, ample living space, clean water, and the exceptionally advanced technology. The exception though, was the few people that had supplies of food,

ample living space, clean water, and advanced technology. Ergo, the nobles.

"We've held our positions for decades. You can't simply take this away from us!" the noble shouted at him. Several more within the court echoed his sentiment. A few though remained silent. Behind Vadar, a voice piped up.

"The people are fleeing the walls en masse. You can remain, but you'll be the only ones. Its simple economics: they don't like what you're selling, and now there's a new product on the market."

Vadar chuckled raspily. "Thank you mister Reeves, for your accurate summation."

More shouts echoed from the dissenters, but a few were exchanging frightened looks and pulling their aides closely in for discussion. At the front of the court though, King Fritz rose from his throne, almost as disinterested as usual. The speaking instantly ceased. After a single moment to assess the mood of the room, the king spoke.

"There cheap beer?"

"Yes," the Sith lord declared.

"I'm cool with this." And thus, the Fritz dynasty submitted to the Galactic Empire.

Three Weeks Later

Armin slowly twisted his duel ended light sabers in a simple demonstration form. Around him a crowd of refugees cheered at his fluid moves while his grandfather sobbed in pride and happiness. Inside the crowd, Eren and Mikasa had pulled out video cameras to record for later viewing, while in the ships bridge, Darth Vadar happily declared that, when the Death Star was finished, that the planet they were leaving would be subject to the first test firing.

All in all, a good loop.

"So how did he do it?"

"Hmm?" Armin glanced up from his light saber practice to see Jean a few feet off to his left, an inquisitive look on his face.

That both were floating approximately 60 meters above the ground thanks to Armin's spare Iron Man suit and Jean's angel powers was a fact that was totally irrelevant.

Jean pulled out a few pictures from his subspace pocket and handed them to Armin. The photos showed Eren, snarling ferociously while a mob of Titans went after a titanized Reiner and Bertolt. "Eren's commanding the Titans, and I want to know how he's doing it."

Armin shrugged and pocketed his sabers. "We've tried to study it, but we haven't succeeded in duplicating it's occurrence outside of that specific battle. It's a myst-."

"Bullshit," Jean interrupted. He pulled more photos out, demonstrating dozens of different battles and fights from across the few loops he had been awake for so far. "The loops are not a mystery. Nothing in the loops is a mystery, they're time loops. Things are repeating. Common threads, repeated occurrences, hell a *line graph* would show you what was more likely. Come Armin, you're the smartest guy I know. You have to have looked into this at some point."

Armin winced and floated over to a cloud, sitting down on it and patting a small seat next to him, which Jean took with some trepidation. "Jean... well that's the thing. We've tried to study our loop, all of it. We've been working on this for centuries, but we've never made any headway." Armin pulled a few pictures from his own pocket. "Do you see these? These photos were taken from the inside of the basement of Eren's house."

"Why does one of them have a star on the back of his left shoulder?" Jean asked him.

"Whoops, wrong photos," Armin replied, bringing up the right ones.

"OH DEAR GOD, THAT'S HIDEOUS!"

Armin nodded. "Titan's doing the Time Warp. Eren thinks it's in reference to something he said before Bertolt took down Wall Maria in the base line. If we're lucky, someone else will Anchor, and he'll say it to Mikasa before the Wall falls. We don't know what it means, but... he asks Mikasa if her hair was supposed to be shorter."

"Alright..." Jean flipped out another picture, an eyebrow raising in disbelief. "What is this?"

Armin tapped the photo. "That's a poker table. That loop Grisha was running a secret gambling ring out of his basement."

Jean searched through the photos with greater urgency, pulling out a different picture. "And this?"

"That was a loop where Grisha had set up a system to create clones of Mikasa, like Rei. It was pretty interesting."

Jean stared at the dozens of different photos, the epiphany hitting him gently. "It changes every loop..."

Armin nodded. "Every loop we open it. We need a spare key, from our pocket though. Grisha won't open it for us."

Jean glanced up from a photo labeled 'Grisha and Carla's sex dungeon.' "Why not?"

Armin shrugged. "It's a loop constant. He do anything to stop anyone from opening it. He'll declare Eren insane, destroy the key, beg for his life... anything to keep others out of there. And we need the key to get in. If we force the door, the loop crashes."

Jean handed the pictures back a thought. The wind ruffled his hair, cloud drifting lazily around him and Armin. In the distance, dark thunderheads formed against the blue sky, lacing the air with ozone and freshness. "Wow."

Armin adjusted his gauntlet absentmindedly. "Exactly. Things vary between some loops in some worlds. Here everything changes. Names, genders, abilities, histories, alliances, everything. There is no consistency. Little foreknowledge. And a lot of bad luck."

Jean sighed. "Amen to that Armin. Amen to that."

Armin nodded, the spare iron man gauntlets he had gotten from Tony Stark kicking in and letting him hover away. "You gotta just go with the flow. Survive and help others survive. It's the only way to get through the loops."

Jean nodded as Armin floated off, before hopping off the cloud and using his AT-field to float himself down. If that was life in the loops...

He could live with it. But there was something he wanted to know. "Hey Armin!?"

"What!?" The Jedi shouted back.

"When's Marco going to start looping!?"

"Eventually!"

That was the only answer anyone could give in the loops. Eventually.

2.11 Detective Ethan Redfield

"Uh, Jean, what are you doing?"

Armin stepped through the door to the Survey Corps headquarters. There in the common room, Jean was strumming on a guitar Armin

knew he didn't own. Jean looked up, "Well, since these loops will be going for awhile, thought I'd pick up a hobby, something to keep me sane."

He cleared his throat and began as his fingers played with practiced ease,

Please don't kill us, please, because we really don't want to die.

And if you do not kill us, we will bake you lots of pies!

(One two three four!)

Please dont kill us please, we wanna help you out,

Please don't kill us, please, we know you have your doubts!

But if you let us live, JAEGER can help plug up the wall!

He'll use his powers for the good of humanity,

If you don't shoot us with cannonballs, YEAH!

He launched into a guitar solo. Several survey corps members came inside to see what the commotion was. Jean was so caught in his music, he didn't notice.

Please don't kill us, please, we don't want to die.

And if you do not kill us, we will...bake...you...lots...of...pieeessss!

GOODNIGHT TROST!

With that, he ended the song, as the corps started clapping and muttering to themselves. Armin was also clapping, "Where did you learn that one."

Jean didn't respond right away as the survey Corps members returned to their work, then replied, "My first stealth anchor loop. It

was a couple loops ago. Actually, *you* taught it to me and had me convince the Garrison not to kill you, Mikasa and Erin after Erin's first Titan shift. Just out of nowhere, shouted for me to save them with the power of song. Reiner handed me an electric guitar he... *borrowed* ...from a nearby music shop."

Jean concentrated for a moment as the guitar faded into his subspace pocket, "It was a weird loop. Erin didn't seem to take losing his mother as well as he did baseline and snapped. Anytime anyone mentioned titans, he would start chanting the word, *Titans,* over and over again."

Meanwhile:

"Hey Meekasa, can you be racist if you're the only Japanese person alive?"

Mikasa shrugged. "I don't know Eren. I don't know."

Eren laughed at the irony. Armin tried to comfort him. Mikasa simply acknowledged that it had happened.

Jean didn't like it all. "Of all people, why Jean Grey? Why not Jean Luc Picard? Why a girl?! DAMN YOU LOOPS!"

2.13 Crossoverpairinglover

"There, done"

Mikasa looked over what Armin had concocted for this loop with some level of unease "Are you sure...this is safe?"

Her short and intelligent friend hopped down from his perch: the deactivated welder still in his hand before being quickly stashed back

into his pocket "I'm sure it is. I'm sure this will solve everything...assuming Eren doesn't get carried away"

Armin promptly looked up "You hear me Eren, do not get carried away with that thing!"

Eren, in his Titan form, nodded, before lowering his back as to allow the large laser cannon attached to it to charge up just as a trio of Titans stumbled towards him.

ZAP

BOOM

SIZZLE

Annie watched as the laser beam refracted across her skin and nearly killed Eren. *'I don't get it.'*

2.14 Wildrook

Eren, Mikasa, Armin, and Jean were in shock at the guy who had moving blades.

"Did he just..." Jean muttered.

"He's moving faster than Mikasa," Armin replied.

"I know one thing," Eren said. "SOMEONE'S going to want that guy on the Survey Corps."

Mikasa, however, was cautious. "We might have a problem," she said, looking at Eren.

Armin and Jean got the message and cringed...and Eren groaned.

"Yeah, pray you guys don't end up as Titan Shifters around this guy," he replied.

"Jean, how's your AT Field?" Armin asked the half-Angel.

"He's not invited, I can tell you that," Jean replied.

Armin nodded. "You're on defense. Mikasa, you and I will cover Eren as he seals the hole in the wall in Titan Form. Eren, make sure he doesn't see you."

"No need to tell me twice," Eren replied, getting ready to bite down on his hand. "He's worse than me repeating the word 'Titans' over and over in a blind rage. Heck, I'm pretty sure HIS Titans are different."

"Well, someone DID get the name from Greek Mythology before we got closed in the walls. You think he'd have a beef with Mythology in general?"

"GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" the bald man yelled, going through the blood of the fallen.

"Does the pile of Titan Corpses answer your question?" Jean asked Armin, sarcastically.

2.15

Jean stared at the massive camp of civilians that had sprung up around the barracks. A vast number of people, shouting in reverence, prayer, and piety had assembled around the building housing a big chunk of the Survey Corp, or ad this loop called them, the Scouting Regiment. "Eren, what the Wall am I looking at?"

A potted plant next to Jean popped off its' pedestal as Eren straightened enough to reveal his apparently divine head. "Rouge

Titan Cult."

"Rouge... Titan cult? Really?"

Eren shrugged, more frustration then malice in his posture. "They show up every now and again. Usually they'll spring up whole-cloth when I do to* well in the battle of Trost. I've seen a few instances where they just show up period. But the first time they got formed, and most of the times after that, Armin did it."

Jean dislodged a grappling hook that a Titanist had thrown up to his window. "Right... Armin did this."

Armin popped out of a hidden wall panel. "Did not... at least, not this time."

Eren glared at his best friend while Jean handled the grappling hooks. "Sure you didn't. Just like that time where your little project didn't* turn us into manifestations of the Walls."

"That also wasn't me," Armin clarified as Jean screamed at a guy whose hook had hit him in the head. "And besides Eren, there's bound to be a good way to use them."

Mikasa flipped down from her hiding place in the rafters. "Armin, when the Titanist Cult shows up, there's a fifty-fifty chance it'll spark a civil war and kill one of us."

"Fifty-fifty's not such bad odds when you think about it," Jean pointed out. "At least not compared to our usual streak of luck."

Mikasa continued. "The other half of the time, they crack open the Walls and we have to deal with the colossal Titan's inside them."

"Oh." Jean cut another hook off his window sill, glaring down at the assembled Cult. "So what do we do now?"

The carpet next to him stood up, Hans dusting himself off and ignoring Eren's glare. "Usually we skip town and head for

Shiganshina. There's this great bar that's filled with some quality beer in the district."

Jean groaned. "Is liquor all you think of?"

The captain of Trost's garrison chuckled. "Hehehe, nah. I just appreciate a bit of fine wine ever now and again. And I want to see what this loop's variation of Eren's basement is."

"Can't be stranger then my mom eating a sandwich," Eren murmured, recalling the loop where Carla Jaeger had been discovered in the ruined confines of her basement, alive and well, and eating a sandwich. The assembled loopers chuckled.

Jean sliced another grappling hook, then did a double take. "Wait, what the hell is Hannes doing here? Why are you hiding?"

Hans shrugged, a flicker of shame crossing his face. "I couldn't save Carla this loop. The cultists usually twist that into making me the Anti-Titan or something. They'll hang me if Eren doesn't save me, and he's not exactly in a charitable mood right now."

"Oh I'm feeling charitable Hans. Why don't you head outside and see what happens to you." The malice in Eren's tone was palpable.

"I think I'll pass," Hans muttered.

Out in the crowd, several shouts of "The teacher is here, the teacher is here," and variations of such began to rise. Above the horde of Cultist's, Annie Leonheart dodged grappling hooks in her (as this loop called it) Omni-Directional Maneuver Gear, shouting for them to leave her alone. Jean helpfully shouted that the window was open, and the blonde saboteur landed next to him.

"Eren, control your cult," Annie growled. Eren shrugged, for a moment more than happy to let his old mentor deal with the cultists. Annie rolled her eyes and left for the inner halls of the barracks, looking for food and relief from the crowd.

Jean cocked a finger after Annie. "Seriously, if you hate her so much why do you let her teach you anything?"

Eren shrugged again. "She usually has different techniques and styles from loop to loop. It helps me stay fresh. The cultists probably recognized my fighting style as her own this loop; it's pretty distinctive."

Jean caught a grappling hook mid arc and threw back at the cultist who threw it at him. "This is ridiculous."

Armin chuckled. "No. It's glorious*."

"IT WAS YOU THIS LOOP!" Eren and Mikasa screamed, jumping the blond who had sic'd a cult on them. Jean and Hans watched the fight, both experiencing some level of bemusement.

"Are they always like this?" Jean asked.

"Trust me, you should have seen them as kids," Hans answered.

2.16

Eren curled up a little more on his bunk, suppressing his shuddering form as well as he could as he tried to sleep in the trainees barracks. Unfortunately, the young man that had shared his bunk for countless eons wasn't so blind to his issues. "Eren, you've been jumpy... yaawwww, all loop. What's the matter?" Armin half asked, half yawned.

Eren forced his shaking to subside for a moment before replying. "I'm fine Armin. Just some bad memories from last loop, okay."

Armin sat up sleepily. "You've replaced your fair share of girls before Eren: replacing Sakura wasn't so bad."

"Says you... and how would you know, you didn't replace her," Eren countered with silent ferocity.

Armin lifted a finger in exposition. "You're far more comfortable talking about it. Which means whatever you're really going through is much worse. So if you want to talk, then talk. If you don't, then talk anyway."

Eren curled up on his bed roll. "Shut up Armin. You don't know what's happening."

Armin rested a hand on Eren's back. "Eren, I know something's up. Please tell me... so I can get some sleep."

Eren groaned and rolled over. "You just had to say please didn't you? You know I can't resist you when you say please."

Armin ruffled his friend's hair. "Well, I could ask you to say no when I say please."

A smirk danced across Eren's face in the dim moonlight that filtered through the slats in the roof. "Now why would I do that?"

Armin's hand wrapped around Eren's shoulders. "So, what's happening this loop?"

Eren took a deep breath and waved it out as a sigh, trying not to meet Armin's gaze. "...You know that Inception loop we went through a while back, where Hobbes taught us how to unlock repressed memories to figure out if Inception had taken place?"

Armin nodded wordlessly, already not liking when the story was going.

"Well... I'd been going through the loops doing that. I wanted to see if I could recall... that dream I have, in the baseline. The one where I wake up crying, and can't remember anything... except that Mikasa's supposed to have longer hair."

Armin nodded again. "Yeah...the Admins said that it may have been time travel. That your dream was part of the reason they couldn't get a bead on who would survive."

Eren curled up a little more, tears dancing in the sides of his eyes. "When I did this loop... I... I..." It was too much; Eren broke down sobbing.

Armin wordlessly pulled his friend into a tight embrace, trying to quell the outpouring with his presence. Eren's form was wracked with the force of his crying, but somehow he remained quiet enough to hide the noise from the rest of the snoozing soldiers.

Slowly, Eren's sobs tapered off, the young man regaining some control over himself. As the crying died out, Eren tried to extradite himself from Armin only to find himself locked by the blond's arms. "You're going to tell me everything Eren. Then I'll let you go."

Eren gulped and quietly admitted what he had been dealing with all loop. "It's all fake. Everything. Our bond isn't real. We're aren't... we aren't real friends Armin."

Eren's brother pulled him closer into his chest and allowed Eren to continue.

"It was a time traveler. He staged everything. I came from the future... we lost the war. We lost everything. My father tried to set everything right though; he had a Titan in the basement. One that could send people back in time, into their old bodies for a few years. I went back... and I met you and Mikasa. You were the perfect strategist; the man that nearly won us the war, but Annie killed you in Stohess. Mikasa was the perfect soldier, the last of the Ackerman line of warriors. Unbeatable, she slayed over a hundred Titans, all alongside her brother, the late and Great Corporal Leviticus Ackerman." Eren nuzzled against Armin's chest, trying to block tears again. "I was the perfect weapon."

"Alone, all three of us almost won against the Titans. Together we'd be unstoppable. I was the one who sent the slavers to Mikasa's house that night. I was the one who helped the Military Police find out about your parent's hot air balloon. It was me. I made us who we were... and when it was all over, I cried about it. I wouldn't live to see what you would do. I was afraid to die. I was... I'm..." Armin rested a hand on Eren's head, stopping Eren's last sentence. For a moment Armin was indecisive, but looking at his friend's distraught form, rallied.

"Eren, I want you to hear something. Just stop... and listen." Armin wiggled up his bedroll and pressed Eren into his chest. In the silence, Eren could just make out a faint noise; a then pulsing noise.

"That's my heart Eren. It's a heart that belongs to you and Mikasa. To you both, and not the man that put it in your hands. We've been through thousands of loops together, spent thousands of years together. You know as well as I do that your time traveling isn't a constant across our universe. This didn't happen in our first loop, and it won't be the true ending to our last. I know that it's strange that we three would end up together. That the three perfect people to fight the Titans are the closest of friends, but I'm willing to say that it's a coincidence rather than admit that we were put together to be soldiers. Eren, you are my and Mikasa's nakama: we're stronger the brothers, closer than lovers, more dear then friends, and our bond is one that will never break through out eternity."

"I know that what that future you did can seem unforgivable, but Eren, I do forgive you. And I'm glad that he allowed us to share a bond like this, even if it isn't true for this loop, because in the whole of the universe, it is our greatest truth and constant."

Eren and Armin remained there. The moon rolled through the night as the hours passed. Eren spent his night listening to Armin's heartbeat, digesting his words. An answer finally bubbled up from within. "Thank you Armin."

Armin patted Eren's head. "It's my pleasure."

Eren nuzzled in a little closer to his friend. "You want some Italian?"

Armin blinked in surprise. "Isn't it a little late for Italian?"

Eren chuckled ever so softly. "What can I say, I have an appetite for the stuff. I have some stuff in my pocket I want to try. What do you say?"

Armin thought it over, and chuckled himself. "I'm pretty sure the kitchens are deserted tonight. We'll head there for Italian. But you must promise me something Eren."

Eren sighed as the playful edge left his voice. "Yeah... I'll tell Mikasa in the morning. After Italian."

And so, the two left for the kitchens, and enjoyed their Italian there, a load off their backs.

2.17

"Hey, Mikasa-"

"No."

Jean froze in surprise at Mikasa's sudden cancellation of their conversation. "But you don't even know what I'm going to say."

Mikasa looked at Jean from across the small clearing she was meditating in, watching the leaves idly spiral downward. "You were going to ask me out on a date. I know that, because this isn't the first time you've asked me in this meadow Jean. I come here, and you ask me for a date. I use to say yes, but you could never believe that I was truly yours. You always felt threatened by Eren. And when you weren't you walled be off, kept me from others. You were the worst boyfriend you could be. If the relationship continued after Trost though, you loosened up. You became humble. But you also saw

how you treated me. You felt guilty, terrible, remorseful. You spent days away from me, and when I did see you, you'd apologize and leave. You always broke it off after Trost, if I didn't leave you myself."

"But...?"

Mikasa slowly shook her head. "Jean, I tried to be with you. It didn't work. I came to realize that we'd never work. As a looper, we'd barely see each other. I'm sorry Jean, but it's impossible now." Mikasa nodded, both to herself and to Jean, and returned to her meditation.

Jean watched as the girl that he thought he had loved sat upon a small rock, before turning around, and wiping the tears away, left.

A/N:

2.1: Ain't nothin' wrong with havin' two mommies.

2.2: At least she can't remember that once the loop resets.

2.3: If Shinji was perpetually angry, he'd essentially be Eren.

2.4: Gendo's a prick. That is all.

2.5: Run some water, slit your wrists, climb in. You're bleeding to death, but hey: it's warm.

2.6: The infamous stir craze.

2.7: He'd do well dressed as Santa Claus.

2.8: TOM will have his programs. one way or another.

2.9: Armin's gotten around to being a good friend to Anakin. Vadar will always be evil though.

2.10: Secrets, thy name is Yggdrasil!

2.11: Titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan titan.

2.12: Jean Grey or Jean Kirchstein. Both are strange.

2.13: Frickin L-TITAN!

2.14: You know your a rage-o-holic when Eren raging-for-titans Yeager thinks you're going too far.

2.15: Mikasa's scarf grants strength and bravery in combat.

2.16: Brotherly love.

2.17: Shot through the heart, but she's too late, Mikasa gives love... a bad name.

Strike at Dawn: Part 3

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 3

A/N: A minor issue with timing prevented me from correctly formatting this chapter for quite a while. The issue is now resolved.

3.1

'This is the strangest loop ever,' Eren thought.

"THIS IS THE BEST LOOP EVER!" Jean shouted from his position on Eren's shoulder plating. The Titan shifter rolled his eyes and entered engagement range of a seven meter class Titan.

The fight was doomed to never occur though, as a barrage of cannon fire caught the Titan across the back, just before a sharp neck chop crushed its nape. Eren and his crew collectively groaned as the blonde female Titan once again stole their kill. Annie, for her part, almost managed to actually smile at her rival and boyfriend, while her crew of Mina, Hitch and Marlo exchanged whoops and high fives.

'Yeah, this is one freaking weird loop,' Eren concluded.

The history of the variant they were in went as such: apparently a guy named Kyklo who was supposed to have invented 3DMG/ODMG in the baseline... well, didn't. Instead, he discovered five exceptional human beings who were capable of transforming into Titans, and with careful practice, preparation, and no small

amount of political manipulation, got his pet project of allied Titans off the ground and working for the Garrison.

Fast forward fifty years and the five Titan shifters remained the most important and powerful weapons in humanity's arsenal against the Titans. For years each one was carefully hand-picked by a body of generals and doctors to bear the burden of being mankind's greatest weapon. Each Titan, The Rogue, The Dancer, The Knight, The Maiden, and The Colossus, had been regarded as heroes, even saviors of mankind.

Then, as it often did, everything went to hell at Shiganshina.

The Beast Titan showed up and scaled the wall, slapping everything with a strange miasma that turned half the district into Titans, before ripping the gates apart. The shifters and the army fought bravely, but one by one the Shifters fell, consumed by their enemies.

Eren barely recalled the event himself, primarily because he hadn't been awake when it had happened. But when he did awaken, a year before Trost, he, Mikasa and Armin had formed a few theories. Those theories had been only been refined when two things were recalled.

The first was the announcement that Annie, Bertolt, Reiner, Ymir and Eren, all survivors of the fall of Wall Maria, had been administered the Titanization serum while they had been unconscious and were now conscripts. Following that, they were informed that each would be assigned a specific crew of raw recruits about their age. Armin had very quickly put the dots together: all five had been turned into Titans by the Beast Titan, and had eaten the previous shifters, and since transferring the powers would mean devouring innocent children, no one wanted to tell the children why they had been chosen or why they couldn't back out.

It was a heartless, cruel move, but it also happened to be the only 'good idea' anyone could conjure up at the time. And it also allowed Eren to revel in a true rarity: a Titan Armor loop.

"Eren, we have a twelve meter class Titan three blocks south and one block east," Armin shouted from the large steel crown that functioned as both a lookout post for him and a helmet for Eren.

Shaken from his recollections, Eren nodded minutely and began to walk towards the spotted Titan. Along his shoulders, Mikasa and Jean finished loading cannons with grape shot, the sole woman on Eren's crew taking a moment to engage the shoulder cannons, long barreled cannons that resembled an Eva's shoulder fins.

Eren moved carefully and deliberately, keeping a mostly constant speed and focusing on long strides to minimize vertical movement. Though his crew was tied into long cables that ran between his shoulders and neck, a bad movement when they weren't prepared would knock out any usual human.

Thankfully, they weren't usual humans.

The Titan roared at Eren, staggering towards him like a drunk five year old. Eren clenched a fist over a reinforced steel wedge below his knuckles and with a text book strike drove the titanic blade through the neck of the Titan. Suffice to say, the Titan stopped roaring.

Mikasa pulled the firing cord on her cannon and obliterated the Titan's nape, killing it. Eren turned deliberately, just fast enough to notice another Titan making a lunge at him. This one was stopped, not by any attack by Eren, but by Jean's AT field. Roaring his own defiance, Eren switched styles and smashed the Titan's head with a Hulk infused blow, sending the cranium soaring.

Mikasa rapped her fist against the deployed shoulder cannon, slightly miffed that she hadn't been able to use it more in battle. Mikasa typically preferred blades in the field, or failing that some sort of magical attack, but being incapable of wielding either without arousing suspicion was a novelty for her. So was being in proximity of such huge guns. Mikasa would admit to herself and no one else

(other than Eren or Armin, if the asked) that she was starting to really enjoy the idea of "superior fire power."

Armin called out. "White and red smoke signals! Turn west and advance into the country." Eren turned on his heel and started to stomp outside to the outskirts of the abandoned town outside Wall Rose. Jean cast a furtive glance towards Annie, still fighting off the Titans, before forcing himself to return his focus to the more immanent battle.

On the edge of the village, Ymir and duking it out with a small quartet of Titans. The Armored and Dancing Titans were back to back, cannons blasting at the monsters and knives prepped to hack away at the hot flesh of their foes. As the crew of Eren watched, a particularly hungry Titan made the foolish move of attacking their flanks. A single, swift, powerful and coordinated blow decapitated the Titan and ruined its nape, felling it.

Eren didn't waste a single moment after that. Moving in, he shifted to the left, opening a firing line for Mikasa. The Titan down her range, a large blonde with a severely oversized head, had its stomach and chest blasted. A second charged, even as the remaining Titan was turned into a mess of meat by Reiner's cannons. Eren swung hard and crushed the enemy Titan's nape, raising an arm and blocking the opposite Titan.

For a moment neither Shifter nor Titan managed to gain a foothold on each other, a fact rectified when Armin pulled out a 5-centimeter gauge double barreled shotgun and blew its eyes out. The stunned and agonized Titan flailed, but a blow to its nape was enough to bring it down. Eren finally delivered a single stomp to its nape and killed it.

'Strange loop... but not a bad one. Not a bad one at all.'

Headquarters was a refurbished warehouse, carefully prepped and rebuilt to support the needs of the pseudo-military operation that ran

out of it. It contained its own foundry to repair and forge armor and cannons, training grounds for sparring on human and Titan scales, and of course bedding for the shifters, their crews, and any corps that so chose to camp out the night, along with several docking ports to hold the armor when it was empty. It also came with a large, semi-unlit, imposing office that acted as the office of one Grisha Yeager.

Eren, Ymir, Annie and Reiner were arrayed before the commander as he examined the reports impartially, reading out a few passages as he saw fit. "Has regularly disregarded orders in favor of engaging targets. Refuses to act in concert with fellow soldiers. Has made repeated romantic advances upon fellow corpsman. Acts in manners that endanger crew and command. Needlessly insults Titans."

Annie growled to herself. "Commander-"

"Leave." Grisha said it with the same dispassionate mumble that he had read the report in, but the words fell like a pile driver regardless. The Shifters winced collectively and turned to leave, but Eren stopped at a few words from his father. "Eren, remain."

With more than a few awkward goodbyes and worried looks, Reiner and the girls left, abandoning Eren to his father. As the door clicked shut, Eren turned to face the man that had ran when Shiganshina fell. For a moment, father and son shared the silence. Grisha broke it first.

"Romantic advances on a fellow corpsman. I take it your bet remains that Ymir will win Miss Renz's heart."

Eren shrugged. "She had a history with Ymir. Sure Reiner's more personable, and even a fair bit more open about it, but Christa knows who she likes and who she loves."

Grisha smiled and opened a file drawer underneath his desk, extracting a bottle of whiskey from it. "To your health?"

Eren took a proffered glass of the liquor. "You know, if we keep this up, it will stunt my growth, ruin my bone structure and probably have harmful effects on my kidneys in the long term." The Shifter kicked back a glass. "I love my metabolism."

Grisha smiled and sipped his own glass of the potent amber liquid. "I love it too. To think that your healing factor is so extreme as to cure the effects of alcohol so quickly... I honestly have no idea why you would drink it to begin with."

Eren shrugged, a little smile dancing onto his face. "I don't try to get drunk. I drink it for the taste."

"Might as well read Playboy for the articles then." Grisha smirked as Eren spat out his drink in sheer shock, before breaking into hysterics. "Really Eren, it's great that you love life like you do. You really are something rare in the world: an idealist." A genuine fatherly smile graced Grisha's face. "I'm so proud."

Eren shrugged it off. "Yeah, yeah... shut up dad."

3.2

"Hey Eren?"

"Yes Armin?"

"Do you have the feeling that we missed the party?"

Eren glanced back at his friend with a look of such searing suppressed rage at Armin's horse fainted. Armin, being a very long time friend of Eren's, simply acknowledged the emotion and chocked it up, quite accurately, to mild annoyance. "No Armin, I don't think we missed a party. Why would you think that, when we're surrounded by Titan corpses!"

Indeed, Eren, Armin, Mikasa, the entire survey corps, most of the Garrison, a brigade of military, and about ten percent of the total number of humanity were walking forward, ever so cautiously passing the innumerable corpses of felled Titans. To the minute, not a single live Titan had been seen, baring a single exception; a somewhat feminine Titan, dressed as a school girl, tied to two very strong trees, and left to the machinations of an oversized squid.

To say the mental scars were deep was an understatement.

But as the procession approached the edge of Wall Maria, the reports were confirmed, at least in part. Wall Maria's gate was in fact sealed again, its barricade drawn. Hans, unawake, quickly entered the guardhouse and worked the mechanism, raising the gates.

With trepidation, the people of the walled city reentered the district of Shiganshina for the first time in five years.

Eren glanced around, more than a bit amazed. Though the district looked to be in ruins, the houses still stood. The wind still whistled through the streets. And in the distance, just as the survey corps had determined just weeks ago, the breach in the far gate was sealed. Somehow, even though he had lifted in the district for centuries, a pang of emotions, fear, hope, longing, pain, swept through his chest and gripped his heart. Next to him, a man dropped to his knees. A priest began pontificating. Erwin let out a minute, cautious chuckle.

Eren let out a sigh of relief as similar reactions swept through the civilian crowd. "Well Armin, I don't know how... in the world that got there."

Armin, and then Mikasa, the some of the 104th, then all of the 104th training regiment, then the survey corps, then the garrison and military police, then the civilians all turned to look. What they saw amazed and astounded those assembled. It drew long groans from the military. It got more than a few shouts from the citizens. The priests all fainted.

On the far Eastern wall, a mural had been painted, depicting an androgynous person, surrounded by worshiping Titans, both rendered in rich colors. The androgen was stretched lavishly on a bed of steam Titan flesh, winking seductively at the crowd. Underneath all of this was the epitaph: HANGE WAS HERE. Below that, in bold kanji, were the words: RANMA WAS HERE.

Levi, the most perceptive of the assembled, experienced a fit of emotion, dismounted his horse, and began ramming his head into a near wall.

3.3

How does one tell a loop is seconds away from being ruined? Perhaps it's a disturbance in the force. Sometimes a certain chill runs up the spine. And once in a while, raw intuition is the deciding factor. But for this loop, the little show was enough.

Eren pointed at the massive gray fin that paced back and forth in front of the gate. "Is that a shark?"

"Yes," Mikasa answered tentatively.

"And are all Titan's half shark this loop?"

Armin nodded with more than a touch of worry in his posture.

Eren pumped his fist in triumph. "Yes! The Rogue Shark, here I come!"

At that second, the Colossal Shark, as it was later dubbed, kicked in Wall Maria, sending rocks flying across the sky...

"DESTINY, THY NAME IS ER-!"

...Followed by a gush of water that wiped Shiganshina off the map and killed Eren before he could comment.

As it turned out, Sharks were fish. Meaning that they needed water to survive, and thus making the walls act as massive dykes.

Eren never did get that good at swimming.

3.4 ScyBlade

Armin watched the interactions of Mikasa's family. This Loop, she was born to a well-liked Noble family. Her three new family members were clearly Loopers, they had pinged almost immediately upon the start of the Loop. And she inherited their white hair. Unlike most Nobles, this family had a history of actively fighting the Titans. And never losing any member of the team they were on.

Eren still lived in the same house as Mikasa. One of the perks of having a doctor for a father. Apparently, Mikasa's family had been living in the same town as baseline because Titans had a preference to attack that town this Loop. For the record, Eren's mother was working as Mikasa's personal maid.

Now, the interaction was not what one would call normal. They were killing the Titans that would arrive at this point. And it was quite an Elegant Show of Death. Mikasa and her parents were practically teleporting (Armin believed it was actual teleportation) around the battlefield so much that there always appeared to be two of each of them.

Mikasa was doing her usual Dance of Death. She was also wearing a blue outfit that was both stylish and presented a noble air. Armin also suspected it would do a better job at protecting her than the standard issue military garb would.

Her father, named Vergil, was more of an Angel of Death. He had started wearing a blue long coat, but had immediately dissolved it into darkness, leaving only a vest with a strange crest on its back. His elegance was one of precision attacks that rarely necessitated more than two strikes to down any Titan. And he did so with STYLE! He also apparently had an instant-death radius thanks to ethereal blades. His double also was a bit more white than himself.

Her mother was Trixie Lulamoon. Armin recognized her from the Ponies' Loop, and was expecting explosions. There was not a one in sight. Instead, it was more Stage Magician in style. Illusions, doves, throwing cards, and a sword-cane (unicorn themed, Armin noted). She had the smallest body count, but she was handling any Titan that made it past the wall. She had a clear look of disgust any time she had to kill.

...Apparently, Vergil married into her family. Odd.

Eren had shifted into his Titan form, and was fighting alongside his in-loop 'bash brother', and Mikasa's in-loop brother, Nero. What the two lacked in elegance, they made up in teamwork. And Nero clearly had a sense of style to boot. He also had manifested a rather large samurai-esque phantom with a bit of an angel theme. Much like Vergil, he had ethereal blades attacking any Titan in range.

Now, Armin was not being stupid, or idle for that matter. He was coordinating all this since the three guests had little actual experience fighting alongside each other. In-loop memories could only go so far too. He was also coordinating the camera crew that was recording all this.

3.5 Myself, The Burper, and Wildrook

Eren, Mikasa and Armin were sitting on the river bank in Zhiganshina, watching the water flow past tranquilly, Armin reading a book, Mikasa knitting, and Eren fishing.

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where people can't read.

"Hey Eren, what's this word right here, in my book?"

"I don't know Armin. I've never seen anything like it."

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where fish are dogs.

Eren stared at the slobbering fish in his lap, which began licking his face.

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where people occasionally mistake their hand for a Titan.

Eren looked down at his fishing rod, then grabbed his gutting knife and stabbed his hand. "Titan! Die Titan!"

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where Connie is a genius.

...oh look, there's nothing here.

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where everything is made of shrimp.

Armin yawned and nibbled on his sandwich. "Boring…"

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where Titans are Squirrels.

Eren started wondering where his nuts were. And if he could borrow Armin's or Mikasa's.

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where girls are always on fire.

Eren fished gutting his fish and strung it up over Mikasa's head. The oriental girl wondered when lunch would be finished.

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where Black Tea is illegal.

Levi shot past the three, screaming something about the revolution and the doom of mankind.

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where thinking about Titans makes your head heavy.

Eren gave his fishing pole a shake, thought a little, and fell in. "Argh!"

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where thinking about Titans make your head float.

Eren flew off into the sky. "Later Armin! Later Mikasa!"

MEANWHILE in a parallel universe where Badasses make wormholes.

Mikasa yawned, then vanished in a burst of light.

MEANWHILE in the main universe.

Armin looked at the second Mikasa, and slammed his book shut. "Damn it, not again!"

3.6 Detective Ethan Redfield

Wall Maria stood an impressive 50 meters. It was a powerful vantage point, where you could see for miles around. No Titan could approach without being spotted by members of the Garrison, if they had enough personnel to guard the entire perimeter of the massive fortification. Instead, they built towns at four locations along the wall, where Titans would be drawn to the gathered human settlement.

Armin lay prone above the gaping hole that had once been the gateway to the town of Trost. In front of him rested a 50BMG Sniper rifle. Already slotted in the port was a magazine filled with incendiary, armor-piercing rounds, specially modified with a conjuration spell

from the Harry Potter Loops. The clip would conjure additional rounds even as the magazine ran dry. In addition, he also coated each round in a small protego spell that would dissipate after impact with the target. Two reasons for this: first, to reduce air friction and drag, meaning the bullet would travel further along a straight path. Second, so the round wouldn't explode until it was deeper within the titan, making it more likely for the shot to kill the target.

As he looked down the scope, his theory came to mind, that as long as he hit the nape and severed the vertebrae of the human pilot within (though no human remains after being absorbed), the Titan would die. Already, a 10 meter Titan was wondering slowly towards the hole in the wall. He laid his scope on where the Adam's apple would be, lining up the shot to pierce the back of the neck. Finally, he allowed his mind to take in all the elements of a sniper, the wind direction, distance and weather, as he had learned from his time as Usopp.

With a twitch of his finger, the rifle's barrel gave a massive *crack* ! as the shot exploded from the barrel at high velocity. The round cut through the air at an impressive speed unmatched by anything in his home universe. The shot tore through the Titan and knocked it off its feet. Armin pumped his fist at the successful hit and picked up a pair of binoculars he laid to the side. For a moment, nothing happened, then the entire titan started steaming. The blonde gave a small smirk as he shouted for Jean to watch the horizon for more Titans.

No one was going to die this loop, not if Armin could help it.

3.7 Crossoverpairinglover

"...So, how does being the American President work, exactly?"

"Well, from what I've seen from the times Padme's been elected on the left side of things: they basically are the face of government and are major factors in treaty and social changes. However, despite

having no control of Congress, they are always blamed for anything going wrong there."

Armin gulped as the party below him was cheering for him having successfully won the nomination for being the next presidential candidate (he missed what party it was exactly). To his left was Anakin Skywalker, who was taking the role of his looping political adviser. To his right was Jean, who was the Vice President candidate.

Whose idea was this!?

He looked at Anakin in an accusatory gaze.

"Not me. I don't use the Force to help people win public office or political votes. I'm pretty sure Padme would kick me out for that, even if she never loops, if I ever tried that. I'm just here to keep you from embarrassing yourself."

"...Do you think it's cruel to get Armin elected to public office?" Eren inquired of Mikasa as the two continued their DisneyWorld vacation.

"No, not at all. So, do we do FantasyLand or TomorrowLand next?"

"TomorrowLand" Eren quickly decided.

3.8

This was one of those supposedly rare but actually common situations that could best be described with the words 'bet gone wrong'.

It had all started out the day after the winter solstice, and one of the first days where the cadets could leave the training fort and head out into the city. Naturally, like all teenagers, most slipped out into the

night and began horsing around, sneaking into bars, going on dates and faking their way into strip clubs. For Jean, Eren and Armin, it was a rare time when the Anchors suspended their customary no drinking morals and hit the town and the liquor hard. All it took were a few Henge jutsu's to hide their age and they were free for the night. One bar turned into two, blurred into three, and Armin just lost track after four.

Yes, Eren, Jean and Armin proceeded to try and drink at every pub, bar, and restaurant serving alcohol that night. Party goers, waiters and waitresses, and a few brew masters would later claim they had seen the trio, all at different locations, all through-out the night. Word eventually got back to Shadis, who performed his customary chewing out, and then subtly congratulated the three for somehow surviving the ingestion of such a vast quantity of booze. The tale probably would have made the rounds later the next evening, and slowly but surely grow into its own, monolithic tale that would last for years within the camp, perpetuated, mutated and codified for successive generations of soldiers.

It would have... had it not been for what else* happened that night.

Eren groaned and shifted, his hangover slowly vanishing underneath the oppressive power of his metabolism. "Err... what happened?" Eren opened his eyes and shut them against the searing pain that lacerated his brain as the even the poor light was agony. Slowly but surely though, Eren managed to reopen his eyes, and blinked to rid himself of the double image.

Except that no matter how much or how hard he blinked, the double image remained. It was like he was looking down into the street, but was also looking at the inside of his arm. He was surrounded by houses and muscle.

The metaphorical penny dropped off the allegorical cliff Eren was standing on. The fifteen meter cliff. The hot, fifteen meter cliff.

Eren had titanized.

'Oh crap oh crap oh crap oh crap!'

The drunken haze was evaporating quickly, and Eren, being the experienced looper he was, made his best decision of the night: run. The method in which he implemented the decision, EI, from within his Titan form, was one of his dumber moves. He was, after all, still fairly drunk.

The fifteen meter tall Titan sprinted down the streets, dodging left and right and over civilians and towns folk, all of whom were screaming in terror. Eren did his best to ignore the tinny, shrill noises they were making and tried to clear the gate. It was just when he was within line of sight of the gate outside of Trost that Eren saw something very terrifying; a little girl, stopped and staring at him.

Eren hit the brakes, massive feet planting themselves on the dusty road. The stones barely slowed him down, the boy in the massive beast willing himself to fall back to grab as much ground as he could. The girl was fifty meters away... thirty... ten...

Eren screeched to a halt, his colossal nose inches away from the girls face. The girl stared at him. He stared back at her. And then she began to cry.

Eren reacted as he thought was best, which is to say, poorly. Reaching into his pocket, he snatched up something (which he would later realize was a flashlight) and handed it to the girl. The little girl stopped crying, surprised by the sudden offering of a gift. Eren handed the flashlight to her, his massive fingers dwarfing her whole body, before standing up and running like hell through the gate.

The tale of the Gift Titan would soon make the rounds, despite the Wall Cult's many attempts to squash it. Eventually it would become an institution, a little gift exchange time. Giving gifts to the children of the walls, to reassure them that life could and would get better. And as for the infamous Gift Titan, well...

(Three years later)

"Wow..." Connie stared at the fifteen meter class Titan that was fighting on the side of humanity. "BEST GIFT EVER!"

3.9

The quidditch pitch was empty, bar one inconceivably ancient being (and yes, that word means what you think it means), two ludicrously ancient beings, and three relatively old, but not ancient, beings. Above the six gathered, the cold grey skies of Scotland domed the pitch, sealing the world into the chilly autumn afternoon of the pitch.

Down in the pitch, two woman faced each other. One was a bushy haired girl apparent age twelve actual age in the ballpark of five billion, the other was an oriental girl seemingly of age twelve, actual age about... five hundred eighty six. "When you are ready, Hermione."

Hermione had an eyebrow cocked; it had been that way all morning. "You actually want to try your strength against me Mikasa? You actually think you have a chance?"

Mikasa's eyes narrowed. "I must be ready to defend Eren and Armin from the dangers of the loops. I must fight you to see where I stand. So, when you are ready."

Hermione shrugged and turned to the stands, raising her voice with a wandless, wordless *sonorous* . "Do we really need to do this? You all know I'll knock her out before she moves three feet."

Up in the stands, Mikasa's fellow Anchors, Eren and Armin shouted encouragement at Mikasa, eager to see her fight. Needless to say, the concept of what Hermione was exactly did elude them. Next to

them Ron and Harry were making subtle 'go for it' gestures, intrigued to see Hermione fight for once.

Hermione rolled her eyes at the veto and turned back to face Mikasa, who it seemed had emptied her subspace pocket ion to the wet grass, which ended up only containing a handful of guns, swords, gas canisters and one copy of the strange device alternatively called 3DMG and ODMG. The device, and it's similarity to Peter Parker's web-shooters, were what had pegged Hermione's interest. In fact, the promise of a copy had been what convinced Hermione to agree to the fight.

Mikasa finished her organization and readied her 3DMG, loading two swords to its trigger-hilts, and a third to her mouth. Hermione shrugged and pulled out her wand, thoroughly ignoring the urge to completely disrobe and she how Mikasa would react. Such acts were reserved for Sakura after all.

Up in the stands, Ron pulled out a starter pistol. "You blokes think your girlfriend is a good fighter, don't you."

Eren sent Ron a glare so ferocious, it registered on the Fluttershy scale. Armin aimed a more mundane glare at the Weasley boy. "As a matter of fact Ron, Mikasa is humanity's greatest soldier."

Ron nodded absently. "That's... pretty funny. Real funny." Covering his ears, Ron held the gun up and squeezed the trigger, a grand *bang* filling the stadium...

...only to be drowned out seconds later by Mikasa's screams of agony as Hermione turned her inside out for a second.

"Well, I think I win. Now, I'll just be taking that 3DMG or ODM gear and we can be on our way." Hermione moved over the heaving, shuddering body of Mikasa, undoing her prize from her body. "I am sorry that you had to go through that, but the terms and conditions were to incapacitation, and there is nothing quite incapacitating or educational as being turned inside out." Hermione scratched her

chin in recollection. "Naruto tried that one on John Wick once. Even he never knew he could do that. It's amazing what you can learn in the loops, right?"

Mikasa's eyes flicked to Hermione. "Wuh... Why?"

Hermione allowed a sad smile to cross her face. "Why did I beat you like that? It's because it's happened to me before. I've been beaten, humiliated, tortured, and worse throughout the loops. We all have. Sometimes I survived. Sometimes I died in seconds flat. Life in here is like that."

Hermione held out and hand and helped Mikasa to her feet. "You wanted to learn how to better protect Eren and Armin. I'm going to tell you something, here and now Mikasa. You're never going to be able to protect them. They will always be stubborn and willful and conniving and secretive, and everything that humans are. It's a fact of nature. It's not your fault. You're not behind them, but you can never go beyond them. You three are tied, inexorably, together."

Mikasa glanced away from Hermione and started walking towards the stands. Hermione rested a hand on the girl. "You're afraid of the day when the nebulous Anchor system will be removed, aren't you?"

The Asiatic girl sighed. "It doesn't matter. I'll live to see that day, and when I've made it to the end, I will do so as Eren and Armin's protector. I know what my place in life is. It's next to them."

Hermione's sad smile remained on her face, a little tear trailing down her face. "Mikasa... you're different from everyone else. You, Eren and Armin have something. Something you don't understand yet. Something amazing."

Mikasa cocked an eyebrow, eliciting a genuine chuckle from her elder counterpart. "You need to understand Mikasa, which amongst the whole multiverse, across its infinite breadth, there is but one world, your world, where three dear friends live, and fight, and win together. Together, if you keep your eyes focused on the horizon,

always moving forward..." Hermione turned to look at the stands, where Harry and Rom restrained Eren and Armin fretted loudly over Mikasa.

"One day, you three will succeed even Harry, and Ranma, and Shinji, and Lina, and Naruto. Together, you become the greatest, and most powerful beings, in all of Yggdrasil. Never forget that. Never stop learning, and never stop moving forward."

Hermione clapped her hands together happily at her speech's end. "Well, now that that's cleared on out, dinner is at seven, and you'll meet me here at six o'clock sharp tomorrow."

Mikasa turned to Hermione. "Six o'clock? Why?"

"Because Miss Ackerman, Professor Granger's *Combat and Battle* class begins tomorrow at that time. Tootles."

3.10 Rockgolem

"Look at him go!" said Armin as he watched the blur of red streak past several titans making the largest one to turn to look and slam into the others causing them all to fall into a heap on the ground.

"Oh look he's coming back and is it me or is he getting faster?" Eren wondered.

"Maybe it because of the giant titan following him?" said Mikasa.

The man in tattered red robes and a large pointy hat reached the gates and started screaming in several distinct ways. Armin looked over the edge of the wall and put a hand to his ear listening. "I think he said 'please open the gate' in Spanish, Chinese and Wookie."

"You speak Wookie"

"I spent a lot of time with Chewie last fused loop, we -"

Whatever Armin was going to say was lost as the giant titan pulled out the entire Iron Gate out of the wall with the red robed man still clinging on to it. Unnoticed to the three loopers a small butterfly landed next to them and flapped it wings once. The loopers could see man clinging onto the gate properly for the first time, he was, well scruffy, his beard was unkempt, his clothes were frayed and looked like they'd been repaired to the point there no more of the original material. Even the hat had seen better days, but one area was better cared for as the word WIZZARD stood out clearly.

The butterfly flapped its wings once again and the metal gate started to screech as the titan pulled it trying to get the man to fall into its mouth.

The oddly dressed man stopped screaming incoherently stared at them and started screaming at them to squish the damn butterfly. The loopers looked at each other and then at the small butterfly next to Mikasa wondering why the idiot on the gate was more worried about the butterfly than the titan about to eat him.

The butterfly flapped its wings once more.

The gate exploded into thousands of pieces as the man fell into the titan's waiting mouth which closed only to immediately open again as a shard of metal flew into the weak spot in the back of its neck. The loopers stared in disbelief as every titan the area screamed as the shards of metal entered their neck and died.

They found the man lying in a big mud puddle stained with the remains of the titans. "Are you okay?" asked Eren

"Potatoes"

"What?"

"I really could use some potatoes right now"

Armin looked at the other two who shrugged, he put his hand into his subspace pocket and pulled out a potato and gently gave it to the wizzard.

Mikasa tilted her head to the side. "Wow and I thought Sasha was odd." The wizzard was dancing around and kissing the potato and by that she meant the guy was practically making out with it.

"Thank you! Thank you! My name Rincewind and I'm -"

The man now named as Rincewind stopped and starred at the little butterfly that was landing on his potato. He threw the potato high into the air and took off running away from the wall and the loopers.

"Do you think he has a phobia about butterflies?" asked Armin

"Must do, shame he seemed nice." replied Eren.

Within a week a story spread throughout the city. A man like no other had gone out alone to fight the titans and had won. Every titan was dead and they could finally live in peace, except there seemed to be a lot of storms and hurricanes outside the city so it was best not to leave yet. The world was saved by the Wizzard Rincewind and the people rejoiced until Armin got bored and started doing some experiments that nearly blew up the whole city but instead unleashed a new monster into the world leading to Eren, Armin and Mikasa having to hunt down the hordes of swamp dragons for the rest of the loop. So all's well that ends well.

3.11

It was a glorious day.

The sun was shining and warming the air just so, bringing the temperature to just above cold and just below hot. Clouds drifted lazily over the green, verdant hills, dappling the rolling meadows and

fields with patches of cooler shadow. A chilled breeze fluttered along, whistling through the branches of the oak tree the three Anchors sat beneath, entangling itself lovingly with the wood. The leaves danced playfully, almost gleefully in the wind, adding their own rustles to the faint noises of nature, like the laughter of children at the carnival.

Well ensconced within the shade of the old oak, Armin marveled at the subtle beauty of the world beyond the walls. The tree was a lonely one, separated from the vast forests due south. Between it and the forest proper was merely a wide expanse of grassy plains and a rolling stream of crystal clear water. In the distance a pair of deer grazed, and a Titan idly wandered amongst the trees, for once docile and amenable. The wind picked up, jostling the far off evergreens, and plucking a few leaves from the aged oak tree he sat beneath, sending them spiraling downward. The wind threatened to play havoc with the edges of the red and white checkered blanket Armin had brought to sit on, but a few rounded stones held the tarp in place.

Eren finished pulling out the preparations for lunch, quickly assembling a sandwich. Roasted, salted and sliced pork fell on sweet rye bread slices, followed by Swiss cheese and two leaves of lettuce. Repeating the process once more, Eren switched ingredients too pork, cheddar, lettuce, tomato and onion. This sandwich found its way between Eren's lips, the soldier boy taking a minute bite from the confection. For a moment, he shut his eyes and savored the sensations of a well-crafted lunch, allowing the pungent sweetness of the onion and more subtle sourness of the tomato to conflict and merge with the fuller body of the cheddar and the savory pork, all mediated by the mundane and slightly salty rye and the crunch of the lettuce.

Mikasa smiled absently from her position leaning against the tree. Above her the leaves whispered in the wind, rustling with air. Below their vantage point the brook babbled along, the water slipping across the stones in graceful peace. A sudden pickup in the wind brushed the grass across the field, carding between the blades as a

hand would through hair. The evergreen forest beyond whistled melancholically, almost despairingly, in the wind. Perhaps, Mikasa would imagine later, the trees wanted the company of herself and her family. Around her the air swirled up, nearly drowning out the noise of Eren and Armin breathing. That latter most noise, the sound of Eren and Armin, was calming to Mikasa, almost pathologically so. It reminded her of where she was in the world, and where she chose to be.

The trio allowed the many wonders of the world beyond the walls to surround them, warming them to the unfamiliarity freedom. Armin grabbed his sandwich presently and chowed down, enjoying the tastes of Eren's handiwork. Mikasa followed presently, slowly and much more content to simply lie in the shade and bask in her family's presence. Inside the clean air, a rare smell manifested. Clear, pure and free of rot. A rarity in the world of the walls, and something that had taken the three many years and loops to recognize. It was the smell of freedom. And they were, together, free.

The sights, the sounds, the tastes and the smells. The feeling of the warm sun and cool breeze and rough sheet. There was little left to describe, bar their thoughts. But those thoughts were, uniquely, identical. A single revelation danced through the minds of the Anchors of Attack on Titan. A lone, brilliant apotheosis of thought. A singular realization.

A thought: *'This must be heaven.'*

Good friends, good times, no fears. What is heaven, but that?

3.12

Ulrich Stern smiled to himself as the loop reset. His memories kicked in a moment later, followed by a handful of pings, some natural, one with an almost phone tone feel to it. That meant that Xana was awake this loop, and so was almost everyone else. His memories

didn't indicate any deviations from the norm either, so the loop looked baseline.

Ulrich stretched languidly, lacing his fingers and cracking the joints. "Yup. Vacation loop. Been a while."

Jeremy was at his usual starting place, trying to get his morning coffee. "Hey Jer. How's the dishwater?"

Jeremy shrugged, feeding another quarter into the dispenser. "Bad, you know how it is. One day though, I'll make it taste good. One day..." The tech genius gave the machine a long, rueful look.

A pair of arms wrapped around Ulrich's waist. "Now isn't this my favorite man in the world?"

"Hey Yuyu," Ulrich turned and gave his girlfriend a kiss, Yumi reciprocating passionately. Beside them, Jeremy rolled his eyes.

"What, no kiss for me?" And enter William, a day early and a dollar rich. The American tossed Jeremy another quarter for the machine. "I miss anything these past few loops?"

"Xana decided to see how quickly they could conquer the planet with Tv Tropes. Took it down in just a week." Jeremy fed the new quarter into the machine. After a moment, the hot morning soup finally poured out...

...And missed the cup.

Jeremy glared at the machine, casually rewound time, and dropped a cup beneath the soup just as it dispensed. "Xana's getting better at that."

"Thank you," the dispenser said. No one really batted an eye that a coffee dispenser had just thanked him for a complement, but then again, everyone present were loopers. Weird was normal.

Will pointed out a staggered blond in the distance. "Don't look know, but Odd's going to have a rough loop."

Yumi and Ulrich broke out if their face sucking session to check out their oldest friend, only for Yumi to cock an eyebrow in annoyance. "And what exactly is wrong with a gender-flipped loop, *Wilma* ?"

William shrugged. "Ehhh... I don't think she's awake though." Sure enough, Odd walked by, seemingly in shock, but totally ignoring the group of her supposed friends. William did a quick count up. "Well, with the four of us, Aelita and Xana, we have six loopers, and six pings. Maybe she's just not Awake this loop?"

Jeremy pointed after Odd. "Does she look happy?"

"Well no, but-."

But Jeremy, Ulrich and Yumi were already walking after Odd, leaving William alone with the soup machine. "Those guys... ugh. I should go after them, shouldn't I?"

"Yes, you should," the Xana possessed soup dispenser said. William groaned slightly, but a he walked away, a little smile graced his features. Back at the dispenser, a student had removed a quarter with a string through it and was looking ready to drop it in the machine. "Don't even think about it," the dispenser said. The student fainted.

"OH GOD, I DIED AND I'M IN HELL!" Odd screamed.

'Well this be going better.' Yumi thought.

She and Ulrich had caught up with their unawake friend in the school's main courtyard, had managed to introduce themselves to the gender flipped Odd... but she had only stared at them like she hadseen a ghost. The Ulrich had decided to try and shake her out of

whatever funk she was in. When that hadn't worked, Ulrich tried to just speak with her.

"Where do you think you are?"

The answer had been less then encouraging.

"I... I think I'm... I'm in hell."

And then she blew up, leading to the current tirade. "I'M DEAD I'M DEAD I'M DEAD OH SOMEONE HELP!"

Yumi shot Jeremy a covert look as students around the yard began to notice and stare at the girl who was clearly having a psychotic break. The blond heaved his sigh, said something to William, and psychically initiated a return to the past.

The timeline jolted, the flash of raw everything coursed through Yumi's veins, and suddenly she was back at the coffee dispenser, watching the Odd replacement walk by. "William!"

William tackled the stunned replacement and vanished with a crack of apparition. Yumi, Ulrich and Jeremy followed a second later.

The five students exploded back into existence on top of the factory that housed the supercomputer. The Odd replacement took one look at where she was before degenerating back into her screaming self.

"Hey hey hey, watch the ears sweetheart, we're not dead or deaf," William set her down gently and tried to clear out his ears. Yumi took the moment to try and figure out who they were dealing with.

The replacement looked like Odd: blond hair tied in a ponytail, purple and magenta clothes, even his crazy pumps. Notable was an equally purple jacket, with Odd lacked, and a bared midriff, which Odd avoided... Usually. Yumi took a step forward, holding up her hands placating. "There there. You're out of danger. You're safe here, with us."

Odd's replacement stopped screaming when she saw Yumi. A look of surprise was plastered on her face. "Mi... Mikasa?

Yumi winced, but managed to turn it into a comforting smile. "I'm sorry. My name is Yumi Ishiyama. Do you know a girl who looks like me?"

The girl gulped. "Yeah... she's humanity's greatest soldier." A look of something, almost comfort, seemed to cross the girl's red face. "Am I dead? Am I really dead?" The girl began to clutch her stomach compulsively.

Jeremy came up beside Yumi. "Did you die? Is that how you came here: you died?"

The girl gulped but nodded. "I was shot... in the stomach."

A wince ran through the loopers collectively. Jeremy frowned slightly, but took the only route he could see. "Can I ask you your name, Miss Della Robbia?"

Odd's replacement seemed to pause and collect herself, before speaking. "Back home, my name was Sasha Braus."

Sasha did admit, silently, to herself, that the whole idea of the loops scared her. It seemed like the only reasonable reaction to the news that she was essentially immortal. She did acknowledge, intellectually, that she could be killed. She knew that she had been killed.

Sasha's hand drifted to her stomach again, reassuring herself that it was dry, its skin unbroken, and her intestines still within her body. It was still a sickening sensation to recall being shot in the stomach with an explosive bullet. Sasha squeezed her hand into a fist and pulled it away from her stomach... for a moment. It did help to remind herself that it wasn't bleeding.

Ulrich tapped at the sketch he had made for Sasha. "This is Odd, as he is usually. He's a pretty good guy, friendly, funny, smart to."

Sasha rested her head on her fist. "So he's... what, dormant or something? Unawake?"

"More or less."

Sasha scratched at her chin, wondering for a moment what would happen when the so called "loop" would end. The implications that came to mind were... disturbing. Sasha pulled herself to her feet and walked to the railing.

Before her was a warehouse so miraculously, hilarious complex that she really couldn't contextualize most of it. Oh, she could understand some parts of it: here and there were conveyor belts, off to the side was an elevator, and the middle of the big room was empty, probably for storage. Beyond that, Sasha's lack of familiarity hampered any further understanding of what she was seeing. That said, looking at the whole of it all, seeing the strangeness in its unapologetic form, was marginally more comforting then thinking about her death, and how she had been spared it by the loops. "This place... It's amazing."

Ulrich clapped her on the shoulders. "Wait till you see Lyoko kid. Then you can judge what's amazing and not."

Sasha chuckled, a dash of levity adding much needed flavor to her day. "Lyoko. It's that fake world inside a computer you mentioned, right?" A look of confusion colored Sasha's face. "What is a computer anyway?"

Ulrich pondered the question, hopping over the railing and dropping to the floor of the factory. Sasha followed behind him, landing with the loud click of rubber soles on concrete. "I guess you could say a computer is like a giant clockwork brain that uses wires and electricity, you know what electricity is right? Well it uses electricity to act like a giant and powerful brain. You got that?"

"Uhh..."

Ulrich stepped into the freight elevator and gestured for Sasha to get in beside him. Closing the blast doors and calling for the console level, Ulrich decided to show her.

The doors opened to the console. A devirtualized Aelita was already seated at the monitor, William to one side of her seat, Jeremy on the other. The girl genius smiled at Sasha's politely incredulous looks when she noticed the pink hair, and spread her arms. "Welcome, Sasha Braus, to my home."

Sasha managed to squash her surprise and shook a proffered hand. "So you're the Anchor I've been hearing about? I gotta ask, do all Anchors have weird hair, or is it just you?"

Aelita gave her pink locks a shake in bemusement. "Oh, a few here and there. I'm hardly the only pinkette in the multiverse."

Jeremy slid into Aelita's former set and brought up a few screens. The center of the room, a large holo-projector, flickered to life with a riot of starlight, before settling into the five sectors of Lyoko. A moment passed, before the projection flickered and was replaced with Xana's latest incarnation. "Well well, what do we have here?"

Sasha, not grasping what the projection was, lunged at Xana. "HANGE!" The attempted tackle hug merely resulted in Sasha smashing into the far wall. She pointed at the vaguely bemused computer program's projection. "Uh... why is Hange a ghost."?

"Holographic projection, shaped light, and get out if there Xana." Jeremy answered. The computer program rolled their eyes and vanished, the hologram of Lyoko replacing them. Jeremy nodded towards the projector. "That was out resident artificial intelligence, Xana. They're a little strange, but who wouldn't be: they are an artificial human."

Sasha nodded, not completely understanding. "Okay..."

William very* easily heard the tone. He couldn't stop the laugh that bubbled up from his chest. To him, Sasha wasn't just a visitor, she was a rare chance that only appeared once in a million loops: a potential student. "Let's get you onto Lyoko sweetheart. Maybe them you'll understand."

"Scanner Ulrich. Scanner Yumi. Scanner Sasha."

"Virtualization."

Sasha felt a raging feeling, almost as if she was trapped in an unstoppable river, before a sudden... discombobulation was probably the best word. The heel of this feeling heralded a sense of not being all there. And slowly, then suddenly, she felt herself reassemble. It was possibly the most amazing and abnormal feeling she had ever experienced.

The world in front of her was a vast icy tundra. Around her the digital sea hummed with noise. Next to her Yumi and Ulrich began stretching. "Sasha, never forget to limber up. It always helps," the Mikasa look-a-like said.

"No it doesn't." A human being of indeterminate gender appeared in front of the trio. Sasha very narrowly caught herself this time. "So... you're Xana."

The bespectacled computer program cracked a smile on their face. "Pleased to meet you miss Braus. I can guess you're wondering why I look like this." For the iteration, Xana had selected a form that Sasha was rather familiar with. Dark red hair and goggles, wearing a long green cloak, all without any specific gender identity. The only difference from the original were three large shackles on his right bicep. "Does this form... appeal to you?" The program winked at Sasha, eliciting an awkward silence from the assembled.

"Alright," William said as he and Aelita virtualized into Lyoko. "Who did Xana embarrass this time?"

Sasha timidly raised a hand. "Uh... why does he look like Hanji? Can he read minds?"

The assembled allowed the awkward silence to return for a moment. Aelita coughed into her fist, directing Sasha's focus to her. "First off, Xana doesn't enjoy gendered pronouns-"

"Meh, easy mistake."

"And secondly... have you ever heard of the literary world's hypothesis?"

The constructed Titan walked through the vast reconstruction of Trost, idle and seemingly stupid. A trail of steam followed Ulrich, the seasoned Looper having quickly gotten a handle on the strange apparatus and now using it like a pro. Behind him Xana barreled along, their own analytical genius enabling the program's otherwise insane maneuvers.

The Titan remained unmarked when Ulrich shot past, his twin katanas just missing the Fake Titan's skin. Xana adjusted the path of their 3DMG, just driving twin Bisento through the constructed Titan's weak spot. With a burst of pixels, the monstrous creation vanished.

As the duo maneuvered through the streets of the digitally reconstructed, Jeremy appraised them of the actions of the other teams. Yumi and Aelita had managed two kills between them, while Sasha and William had managed to down their own Titan, but at the cost of... well, William. Ulrich took a breather, adjusting his flight path and landing atop a church's belfry. "Damn... two hours and only four of these things down. Are you sure you programmed these things right?"

Xana shrugged as they landed next to Ulrich. "I've poured over the manga, analyzing every detail and facet of the Titans. What you're fighting is an accurate representation of their ability and lethality, down to a three percent difference."

Ulrich felt his heart weaken, even if it was purely a psychological response. "So these things... they could..."

"Relax." Xana allowed a smile to dance onto their features. "The Titans are strong, but not that strong. If you used any sort of supernatural powers, or even built up your skills, you could be a decent fighter."

Ulrich shrugged, his gaze crossing the entire expanse of the artificial Trost, another recreation of Xana's. In the grand distance, he could see a lone steam trail, one that belonged to Sasha. "To think she survived these things... and died anyway. Her world's fucked up."

Xana chuckled warmly, a noise that seemed beyond the circumstance. "You should have seen Warhammer. Darkness and pain, all the way down. No meaning or reason; only war. At least her world seems to be peaceful on its better days."

Ulrich wrung his hands. "She was shot. By a human. Titans, humans, sometimes she makes it sound like the only difference between them is height." The young man nodded to himself. "Isn't that so damn human. Death by disagreement. Killing others because they think differently."

Xana didn't rebuke Ulrich, merely sat down next to him. "She's a good girl. A tad eccentric, but who isn't. She'll be stronger... she deserves to be stronger."

A nod was her answer. "Amen to that."

Sasha shoveled her breakfast into her mouth, washing the mash down with a tall glass of sparkling clear water. "I love this place."

Yumi nodded in silent agreement. "Most loopers aren't really accustomed to how we operate. Between the digitalization and the fact that Xana is typically our antagonist, things are pretty chill around here.

Sasha cut Yumi off at that. "No, that's not what I mean. I mean all of this." Sasha spread her arms in an expansive gesture, encompassing her plate and those around her. "All this food, and it's so easy to find. You could feed an army with this. No one ever goes hungry."

Yumi pursed her lips, preventing herself from pointing out that unfortunately the latter fact wasn't true. She jumped on the implied topic. "So why are you so obsessed with food anyway? We've had you here for weeks and all you ask about, every day, is what's on the menu."

Sasha giggled around a mouthful of beef stew before swallowing. "It's just so good to have this much food for once. It isn't everyday we have this much in... what did you call it, the Attack on Titan verse?"

Yumi nodded. "Yeah. You know, you'll taking the whole, 'you're a manga thing' real well. Odd nearly had an aneurism when he saw our cartoon."

Sasha stuffed a bit of bread into her mouth. "Band ow did ooh reack?"

"I chucked the TV out the window."

Sasha and Yumi shared a laugh. The redhead rested her hand in her palm, staring out into the mostly deserted courtyard. A little breeze wafted the trees on the edge. "An entire multiverse... man I hope that the potato girl nickname didn't stick with me. Maybe I should ask Eren when I get back."

Yumi nodded, her mind wandering to the boy she had pegged as the Anchor. He seemed powerful and important enough to make it to the end of the loop; law of narrative causality dictated his survival. But with so many people dying so often, the idea of Eren not reaching the end was a frighteningly likely possibility. "Maybe you should talk to that Mikasa girl instead."

Sasha shrugged. "Maybe. She isn't the most emotive person... then again, with Eren around, she can be pretty forward." Sasha cracked a smile at Yumi. "You're a lot better at being a human though. Sometimes I wonder of she's a robot or something."

"She could be a clone. She has the whole 'Rei Ayanami' thing going on. Dreadnought name, stoic to the point of fault, brilliant fighter, orphan... she's a good call to replace Rei actually."

"Rei Ayanami... isn't she that girl from what's-his-faces universe, Shinji's?"

Yumi nodded. "Rei's from Evangelion. Actually, come to think of it, there's a lot of similarities between Evangelion and Attack on Titan. Maybe they're in the same branch or something..."

Sasha are her food. "Yah yah. Dat's fir later."

Yumi glared at Sasha with more then a hint of disgust. "Please eat with you mouth closed Sasha."

Sasha beamed.

Sasha, William reflected, was a fair bit different from Odd.

The similarities weren't universally skin deep. Both had the wanton energy, the love of food, and the appreciation of archery. Odd may have been a bit more carefree, or maybe Sasha was just a touch more serious, but they seemed like brother and sister at first and even second glance.

But their was an almost fundamental difference between the two: their focus. Odd was a whirlwind, energy spilling out and pooling and conflicting and spirally beyond his control. Sasha was tight, focused, and direct. Her actions seemed to belay that basic focus.

William watched passively as Sasha hurtled through the streets of Xana's recreated Trost, swinging twin blades with practiced ease. She scored direct hit after hit, her natural ability in the 3DMG aiding her maneuvering skills. As she approached an abnormal Titan, she held out both hands and unleashed a barrage of Laser Arrows at it's face, a few finding their marks and rupturing the Titan's eyes. Quickly hopping aboard the Overboard, Sasha disengaged the 3DMG that Jeremy had programmed for her and achieved another textbook kill.

William could remember his earliest loop. He had been knocked loose by the crash, adrift for the months he had spent at home in America. When he had finally made it back to the sweet land of France, he had to resist kissing the ground. This had lead to a rather embarrassing encounter with Aelita, who was bored and thought he hadn't been awake. The prank, though fun, wasn't exactly the sort of thing he brought up in usual conversation. William could see something similar in Sasha's eyes. A vague, but powerful, wanderlust. Homesickness, mixed with a stir craze that he could understand all too well. To think that Sasha's first loop had been here of all places...

William watched Sasha hook onto a Titan's nape and pepper it with Laser Arrows, managing to just kill the Titan. "Not bad!"

"Not bad? I was freaking AWESOME!" Sasha shouted. William chuckled and dismissed the fact. She as good, great even. Sasha was a rare combination of hard work and talent, one that would go far in the loops.

Or at least, that was what William hoped would happen.

Inside the hallowed halls of Kadic Academy, Xana finished their hair, pulling on the reddish bun and looking in the mirror. "Well, I'll say this about your friend Hange, they do look nice."

"You're just a bit of a narcissist, that's all," Sasha affirmed. Xana barked a laugh. "Besides, you got everything else down about him.

You'll fine."

Xana smiled again at their roommate. "Well... to a good final day?"

Sasha held out a fist, which Xana bumped. "To a good final day."

The Lyoko Warriors alongside their greatest adversary and the newest recruit had chosen to gather at the factory for final goodbyes. The assembled bore out their farewells with gifts and well-wishes. Jeremy and Aelita supplied Sasha with a specially customized digitizer, a device that would allow her to access her Lyoko form at will. Xana provided a picture and frame; a picture from earlier in the year adoring it. Yumi and Ulrich simply gave her their best, and one last chocolate bar for the road.

The last gift almost put tears in Sasha's eyes though.

William had been assembling a bow for Sasha for several years. It was a simple composite design, but modified to be used with 3DMG. It could be hooked to the hilt of a control stick and used with the free hand. It also came with a large quiver of over a thousand arrows of dozens of types. Freeze arrows, explosive ones, grappling hooks and trick explosives, all packages into one. Together, it nearly drove the huntress to tears.

And suddenly, just as Sasha was saying goodbye, it was over. No poof, no pop, just the factory one minute, the next was her home.

As the evening waned, Sasha decided it was a good time to go talk to her parents. It would be a long, hard road ahead.

3.1: Neon Genesis Titanic!

3.2: Hanji/Hange is my favorite character.

3.3: Cue the Jaws theme.

3.4: Titan May Cry.

3.5: MEANWHILE!

3.6: Armin plus Anti-tank rifle equals awesome.

3.7: Armin plus political power equals funny.

3.8: Titan Claus.

3.9: Armin, Mikasa and Eren will, one day, surpass even the Original Seven.

3.10: Even the Titans are no match for Rincewind.

3.11: A single, unfathomably good day.

3.12: Loops, Thy Name is Sasha!

Strike at Dawn: Part 4

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 4

A/N: One of my typical customs is to lead these stories with an authors note, but due to recent issues dealing with my schedule, I've been having difficulties with doing that. As such, all I have to say is:

I do not claim to own the source material of this work. If I did, things would not be nearly as brutal.

4.1 (Continuing 3.12)

Sasha stretched her muscles as she delved further into the woods, the euphoria of seeing her parents again fading. Being back in her home village was a thrill, especially after two years in an alternate world. It was almost unreal...

Sasha pulled her digitizer out of her subspace pocket. It certainly felt fairly real. The auburn haired girl stashed the digitizer in her pocket and activated it, shifting into her Lyoko form and rendering her Overboard. In seconds, Sasha was airborne and on a southerly bearing.

The Overboard, its' energy derived from a small fusion cell within the digitizer, carried Sasha towards Shiganshina at a breakneck speed, the gap between her and the frontier closing. Wall Rose passed beneath her with no trouble, but in the distance Sasha could already see steam rising. "Damn it Bertolt, don't you dare hurt anyone."

But as Sasha entered Shiganshina airspace, she could already see that whatever Titan Vanguard that had been attracted to the city was falling on the blades (and what looked like light sabers) of two very unhappy loopers. Sasha slowed and brought her Overboard into a wide holding pattern, before spotting her target sitting on the lip of a roof and landing gently next to him. "Hey Eren, guess what?"

"You... want a potato?" Sasha playfully tossed her board at Eren for the jibe, who chuckled lightheartedly around some popcorn he was eating. "Hey Sasha. This doesn't look like any sort of normal gear for our world. You got it out of loop, right?"

Sasha reversed her digitalization and plopped herself down next to Eren. "Pretty much. The Lyoko Warrior's world. Pretty... nice compared to here."

Eren nodded knowingly. "Lots of places like that."

A Titan took notice of the two Loopers, only for it's head to explode violently. Sasha winced as Mikasa rocketed past. "What's gotten into her?" A very loud scream in the distance later, Sasha amended, "Her and Armin?"

Eren shrugged and held up his right arm. "Last loop I didn't argue my humanity well enough and got executed by the state."

Sasha stared at Eren, silent for a moment. Eren very hastily followed up with "But I'm fine. I'm alive and kicking again, all intact. I'm fine."

Sasha watched Mikasa destroy another Titan violently. "Okay... So, you are the Anchor right?"

Eren nodded, and then shook his head. "It's... complicated. Our loop's seriously damaged. The Admins can't tell who'll live, so they decided to have me, Armin, and Mikasa all be Anchors. Crazy, huh?"

Sasha watched Armin Force-Destroy a Titan. "Yeah... Real crazy... Armin and Mikasa are going to be alright, right?"

Eren shrugged. "Just don't look at me funny this loop and you'll be safe."

A blond man landed next to Sasha seconds later. "Wow, would you look at them go. They must be pissed." He nodded to Sasha. "Hello there. You're new."

Sasha cocked an eyebrow. "Aren't you the Garrison soldier who got eaten?"

"Well aren't you the Survey girl who kept stealing food?" Hannes shot back

Eren stopped eating his popcorn and looked at Sasha and Hannes. "Play nice you two."

Sasha looked at the battlefield, swamped with dissolving Titan bodies, and pulled out a few coins. "Five coins says Mikasa has the bigger body count."

Hannes chuckled. "Ten says Armin."

"Deal."

4.2 Crossoverpairinglover

Eren held a bucket of oats to Jean, who looked rather annoyed.

"I don't like oats!"

"Well, you're a horse this loop Jean, that means you eat oats" Eren was going to have fun this loop.

"Technically Eren, he's a Centaur" Armin pointed out.

"Why the hell am I a Cent-whatsit anyway!?" Jean stamped his hooves in annoyance.

"Look at it this way, the Titans probably won't eat you this loop" Armin pointed out their strict human diet. Centaurs weren't human...

"He is going to need archery lessons though, he can't really use ODM gear anymore" Eren snickered at the mental image of ODM gear for Centaurs.

"Laught it up Titan boy...I know where you sleep"

"Yes, on a second floor this loop with no elevator and a narrow stairway"

4.3 Crossoverpairinglover

Eren had no idea what was up with this cloudy temple.

Was this some sort of variant loop with Skypeia?

Sky Titans?

Really bad architects?

EREN YAEGER GOES ROGUE!

Giant letters formed around him, only adding to his confusion.

What the...

The green dressed elf, short boxer with green gloves and the blue haired swordswoman who landed around him didn't help his confusion not so ever.

Though the thought of 'smash' came to mind for some reason in context that did not involve the Hulk, oddly enough

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4.4 Rockgolem

Three boys stared up at the monsterous titan as it ate their friend.

"Oh my god they killed Kenny!"

"You bastards!"

The Titan merely wondered how the boy in the orange parka had ended up in it's mouth. It had been aiming for the fat red one.

4.5

There was a knock at the door to the women's barracks. Most of the trainees ignored the knocking, either too preoccupied with studying, or trying to socialize. One girl, Krista Renz, broke from her conservation with Ymir to get the door, much to the latter's chagrin. "Hello?"

"Hey... Krista? Is Mikasa in here? I need to talk to her."

Krista smiled sweetly, wondering internally if her smile looked fake. "Oh sure. I'll check for you right now." Gently closing the door while trying not to close it too gently and come off as fake, Krista turned on her heel and marched to Mikasa's bed, where the girl was lying face down in her pillow and trying to block out the world. "Eren's at the door for you," she said cheerfully.

"Mm maw here," Mikasa said.

"Come again?" Krista leaned in and turned an ear in Mikasa's direction.

The girl repeated, a tad more clearly this time, "I'm not here."

Krista smiled, and with an "okay", left Mikasa's bedside and opened the door again, facing Eren. "She's not in here at the moment.

Maybe later?" A smile that would have looked fake on anyone else's face settled onto Krista's.

Eren groaned slightly and sagged, looking quite exhausted for some reason. "Okay. If you do hear from her though, could you at least ask her to come talk to me?"

Krista nodded. "Sure." She closed the door. Eren stared at the mesh door, worried an waiting. After a minute, the door opened again, and there stood Mikasa, her expression of regret and exhaustion simply too old for her fifteen year old face. Neither sibling spoke for a moment, but when the silence became unbearable, Eren broke it.

"So... I guess we shouldn't talk about this... thing, here. You want to go somewhere else?"

Mikasa nodded tiredly, a slight grimace worming its' way on to her features. She stepped fully out into the sunlight and began leading Eren away. The duo walked through the camp, finally arriving at the cliff just above the nearby lake. Mikasa gestured for Eren to sit down, and waited.

"Mikasa... look, about what I said, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so... so... angry."

"You're always angry. I don't blame you for being angry at me." A wind wafted through, blowing on Mikasa's hair. "It's natural to be angry."

Eren dropped his head, heavy as his heart, into his hands. "I can't believe... why. Why... why tell me?"

Mikasa inhaled deeply, centered herself, and exhaled. "I told you about the loops because I couldn't bear not to tell you. I was selfish and I should've been more pragmatic, but I simply had to tell you. I don't know..." Mikasa felt her composure wavering. "... If I hadn't told you, I don't know what I would have done. This is a very specific instance Eren. I don't see it often in the loops."

"But..." Eren looked on the verge of tears. "But Mikasa... I love you."

Mikasa allowed her facade to drop, her emotions laid bare for a moment. "And I love you Eren. But I don't love you romantically."

Eren remained silent as Mikasa got rolling. "Eren, you and Armin, together, are the two people I could never love more. I can't express it... not really. You are my closest confident, my dearest friend, my beloved brother. I only want the best for you, and that means being honest with you about my feelings. You and your Mikasa... you've spent years together, first as friends, and then as a couple. I can't help but think that I stole her away from you. But me and my Eren and Armin have been together longer then you have words to describe. Our feelings for each other are ineffable."

"When I woke up this loop, in bed with you, my first thought was shock. But when I realized that only I and Armin were awake, I was afraid. I couldn't bear to be your lover, to hide the truth from you when you trusted me so much. To you, I was someone who could never be replaced, the center of your whole universe. I couldn't take that for granted, not when I knew who you are and who you could be. I don't love you romantically, not do I love your looping counterpart. That's why I told you. Because I couldn't be the person you needed me to be."

Silence fell upon the two like the freshest, purest snow. Neither for a long while, staring out on to the lake below the camp. Eren was lost in thought, Mikasa hoping that she had said the right thing. The sun moved through the sky, and finally came to rest not too far above the horizon, casting long ribbons of darkness from Mikasa and Eren. Eren rubbed at his eyes in a vain attempt to dry them, and spoke.

"So this is what we are now? Two people who love each other, but... differently."

Mikasa wrapped her arms around the boy who had become her brother. "It's all we can hope for. Our lives are dark and ugly things, but they can be beautiful all the same. We just need to accept that."

"And would you rather have a few years as lovers, or an eternity as friends?" The two soldiers turned out of their hug to see a familiar blond approaching. "You're an amazing man Eren, but I'll always see you as my brother."

Eren allowed a light smile, one filled with more than a little bit of poorly disguised pain, to cross his face. "Well at least I happen to have good friends normally. Hey Armin."

Armin sat down next to his brother's doppelgänger and sister. "We're sorry that you had to learn about the loops Eren. Usually we try to spare the unawake the pain of knowing about them." A grimace flirted with Armin's expression. "You can have an almost normal life, but we're blessed and doomed to always exist. Never growing, barely changing. It's... it is its own little hell. But at the same time there is beauty in it."

Mikasa produced some photos for Eren. He gently picked through them. Pictures of families, his mom and dad and Mikasa, and even her parents and Armin's family, all intact and smiling at the camera. More photos showed gorgeous worlds and impossible vistas, and the many eccentric personalities that populated them. "Eren, I found my place in my life a long time ago; right by your and Mikasa's side."

"And my place is right on yours and Armin's," Mikasa affirmed. "I wouldn't trade the world for it... unless you asked me to," she amended.

Eren stopped on a single, solitary photo. "Where was this taken?"

Mikasa and Armin looked over Eren's shoulder. The photo was a single and simple affair, showing a lone house perched precariously on one of the Walls. Mikasa tapped her chin, mentally rewinding a bit. "That was taken on Wall Maria. We decided to take a vacation from Titan slaying and enjoy a solitary life. It helped that we had plugged the hole at Shiganshina before the Armored Titan could get in."

Eren set the picture aside, and wrapped his arms around his knees in thought. "I guess... I guess I am different out there in the loops. To think I would give up battling the Titans and live in a farm house. To become a piece of human cattle."

Mikasa and Armin hugged Eren. "Eren, you're so much more than that in the loops. We can never, ever, see you as anything short then our brother, and neither can you. Me and Armin asked, and you said yes," Mikasa said.

Eren looked out into the falling dusk. "I guess..."

The silence, a comfortable and enjoyable breed of quiet, returned. Mikasa closed her fist and forced down her emotions again, allowing her facade to return. Had she been anyone else, Mikasa may have affirmed herself that she would defend this Eren, even though it would be almost meaningless. Mikasa though, was Mikasa. She would always defend Eren, in every form he took.

She was his sister. She could not bear to do any less.

4.6 SeaOfFallingStars

Eren wondered where Armin was taking him alongside Hannes, Sasha, and Mikasa this loop. He said he found a group of allies, but Eren was needed to get them to join. They were in a canyon, and the rocks were large enough that he thought that Titans, if under the command of a leader, could ambush them all. He held his hand near his mouth just in case.

"Eren, don't worry. These guys will help us; you just need to knock some sense into them."

"Will we be there soon? I ate all my daily rations and I'm about to raid my Pocket for more!"

"Sasha, quiet! Armin always has a plan."

The majority dove for cover when a metallic... *thing* flew over screeching. Mikasa had her swords out and Sasha her bow, only for the flier to perch on a boulder.

"These those Loopy allies you told us about Armin?" Sasha asked

"Yes, Swoop. Now where's Grimlock? I promised him a fight with Eren so you guys would help us."

Swoop jumped off the boulder and shifted into a mechanical Titan, causing Eren to bite his hand and shift to protect his allies.

"Eren, stop! He's not the one you're going to fight!"

"So this is who you've got for the boss to fight. This'll be interesting, assuming Slug don't get uppity and gore him for no reason."

The others looked nervous at the thought of another mechanical Titan that could easily take down Eren. Swoop paused and leaned to face them.

"Sorry, where are my manners? I'm Swoop, bombardier and outsider liaison of the Dinobots. Armin ran into us the other day and asked for our help. Told Grimlock he'd get to fight the Anchor first. He accepted, but we're getting antsy."

"So, you're not a titan?"

"Titan? Primus no! I've met Metroplex a few times, but I ain't ever been a Titan! I doubt any of us could handle it."

Reassured by the friendly, if rambling, tone of Swoop, they followed him into a clearing where five more mechanical Titans lay. Armin started pointing and naming each one. The one that was smallest was actually *called* Dinobot, but when with the others he was Slash. The largest was a ponderous brute named Sludge, who seemed content in the pond he was resting it. The next two were Slug and

Snarl, a pair of spiky quadrupeds who both had nasty tempers. The last, and by far the most menacing, was Grimlock.

"This be our challenger? Look like he go down in two, three hits. Not much challenge for Me Grimlock to take out. He be one of you Armin's stonger 'Titan' enemies?"

"Yes, Grimlock. The only one I know of that's tougher is Re-er, the Armored Titan. Slug would be able to break his armor in one charge."

Before anyone could prepare, Eren roared and tried to tackle Grimlock, who broke one of his legs with his tail. This didn't stop Eren, who bit into Grimlock's neck and threw him into a cliff. Slug looked over, and Sludge had woken from his nap. The Dinobot leader roared and exhaled a long gout of flame, covering Eren to the point where seeing him would be hard. It didn't help much, as he came charging through and punched Grimlock across the head, shattering his fist in the process. The alien lizard bit down on his other arm, ripping the fist off and throwing it up, swallowing it.

"Eren not stronger than Grimlock! If this be strength of Titans here, why fight them?"

"Because if you don't, they'll just keep eating us like you did his hand!"

"Don't bother; once Grim's like this it takes a bit to knock him out of it. Your friend's doin' real well considering he lost both hands and has a bad leg."

"That won't stop Eren. In Baseline he loses all his limbs and takes down his enemies anyway."

Grimlock moved to face his opponent, crouching and surging forward, intent on finishing the fight and almost knocking Eren out of his Titan form. When he almost got within bite distance, Eren slapped him with his mangled hand, sending Grimlock flying into

another cliff. Roaring, Eren jumped onto the prone form and slammed his head into the rocks multiple times. Swoop smiled at the sight.

"Well, it looks like we'll be following ya. So, where're we headed to crack skulls?"

"Trost. We're lucky it hasn't happened yet, but you guys will make it if not easier, a whole lot more hilarious."

Eren had returned to his human form and glared at Grimlock.

"You fight with me to take down the Titans, or I'll kill you."

"Grimlock call that fair. Never was one to tolerate bullies."

Armin started telling the others to get on the Dinobots, so they could charge into Trost and take down the attacking Titans. This time, it was going to be interesting to see how they handled the trial.

4.7

Sasha stared at Eren, and then at the stomach of his partially formed and rotting Titan that he had created deep within the forests of Wall Rose. Specifically, at the purple flowers that had grown within the crouch of it's torso. "Hey... Eren. What're those exactly?"

"Hmm?" Eren pulled his arm out of the malformed Titan. "What was that Sasha?"

Sasha pointed at flower. "You're growing flowers when you Titanize. By the way, what is this anyway?"

Eren examined the purple flower. "Don't know: I'm a doctor, not a botanist. Besides, does it matter?"

The newest looper of the bunch shrugged her shoulders, plucking the flower and slipping it into her breast pocket. Standing back up Sasha asked, "Well, I think it matters. I mean, Jean said it himself, we don't even have a lead on your Titan powers. This may be what cracks the case."

Eren stopped for a moment, an imperceptible look congealing onto his face. A wind blew, ruffling his hair and shaking the trees of the forest. Eren turned and left. "One flower, two, an orchard of them? It doesn't matter. It's just circumstantial."

Sasha spared one final look at the strange flowers before following Eren. "It's there, isn't it?"

Eren shook his head. "Here one loop, gone the next. Forget it Sasha. You'll get used to it. That's the way of the loop."

A final glance at a strange phenomenon... a piece of beauty created by a Titan... and Sasha was following her Anchor.

4.8

Stohess District:

Their was a knocking at the door. A curt, quick knock, loud enough to be heard and rouse a few of the girls in the room from their slumber, but immediate enough to be dismissed by most. A blonde with showered hair rolled over in her bed. "Get that Kara," she murmured

"You get that Hitch," Kara grumbled back.

"No, I said it first. You get it."

"No you."

"No you."

"No you!"

"No-"

Annie got out of her bed, threw her pillow at Hitch to shut her an Kara up, and got the door. The people behind it were really the last ones the Military Policewoman had expected.

"Meet us out at the stables. Commander Dawk has some important information regarding the recent expedition into Wall Maria," Connie Springer said. Annie stared at the smaller boy before nodding.

"Tell him I'll be a minute Connie."

A quick change of clothes (and the addition of her special ring) later, Annie had left the building and was at the stables, her awareness increasing further when she saw that Connie had Bertold and Reiner for company. Naturally, Commander Dawk was nowhere to be seen. "I take it we're making our move?"

Reiner shook his head, saddling his horse. "Connie said that we needed to get you out of Stohess before too late in the evening. Apparently you're in danger." The clueless look on Reiner's face was... not encouraging for anyone. It was like he had forgotten what he was doing in the walls.

Considering everything that had been going on and what Bertold had been telling Annie, it looked like his sickness, as Bertold referred to it, had not gotten better. Fortunately, a horse was already saddled for Annie and Connie was giving the all clear sign. In moments, the four had scrambled onto their horses and were riding out into the territory of Wall Rose.

The crisp night air and the silver moonlight brought Annie fully to her senses as she and her company rode on. The dim light of the distant satellite cast dancing shadows over the rolling plains and grassy knolls. The stars, so high above flickered with their strange light. For

a brief instant, Annie, Bertold and Reiner forgot their worries, and simply rode with the nature rhythms of their steads.

Presently, Bertold fell back and came alongside Annie. "Annie, what do we do? Reiner isn't all there and Connie might be aware of what's happening. We can't-"

"Quiet Bertold." Annie gripped her reins tighter. "Connie might have figured part of this out, but he isn't smart enough to figure us out."

"But what if it's a trap?"

Annie allowed a weak smirk to form on her face. "Of course it's a trap. The only question is whether or not they know we know it's a trap. If they don't, then it's our escape route."

"And if they do?"

"..." Annie tightened her grip on the reins and urged her horse faster.

As the moon began to set and the dawn hurried ever closer, Connie, Annie, Bertold and Reiner came to stop in a small grove of trees. Tying their horses up, Connie led them to a small rock outcrop at the edge of the woods. "Me and my dad used to play here all the time. We should be fairly well hidden here from anything coming from the village."

"That's good," Annie said as she laid down next to Connie. "But I think we'd prefer an explanation as to why we're here instead of a piece of your personal history."

"Is that your village?" Bertold asked, ruining Annie's argument.

Connie nodded, looking like he was trying to sink deeper into the cold stone. "It is." He pulled a pair of binoculars out and began scanning, first to the north, and then the south, stopping once he spotted the target he had selected. "Annie, at bearing seven-six-three, what do you see?"

Annie took the offered binoculars, looked through them, and gasped. "It's a Titan!"

Reiner ripped the binoculars out of Annie's hands, gasping when he saw it. "Wall Rose... Wall Rose has fallen."

"No it hasn't."

Annie, Reiner and Bertold (who was so scared that he was on the edge of bolting), shifted their gaze to Connie, who had just spoken. "Wall Rose is intact. The Titan you're seeing scaled it."

Annie put the pieces together. "That's why you brought us here, isn't it? To capture the Titan."

"Nope." Connie took his binoculars back. "I brought you here to stop it. You can do whatever you want to it, but just stop it from attacking my village."

Reiner raised the relevant question. "Well that's great. Thing is, we're just three people. We're good but-"

"You're also Titan shifters who want the Beast Titan, and guess what; that's it right there." Connie dropped his binoculars and looked at the three Titan shifters. "You want it, I want it gone, so hop-"

Reiner grabbed a rock and bashed Connie's head in.

The world coalesced into recognizable colors and shapes. Connie's father was looking at him. "Urgh... dad... I had the weirdest dream. I..."

The face of Connie's dad solidified into a horrible parody of his face. "D...dad?"

The Titan that had been Connie's father reached down, only for the nape of it's neck to explode in a bloody mess. "Jeez this thing's a.

That's the third time I've run into it... Holy crap, Connie!"

Connie wiped the hot blood off his face and realized that his savior was a certain auburn haired girl with an affinity for potatoes. "Sasha... what are you doing?"

Sasha smiled at Connie and put away her swords. "Saving your sorry ass... Jesus Connie, what are you doing out here? Figured you'd pay your family a visit?"

"I... I... You BITCH! YOU KILLED MY DAD YOU BITCH!" Connie lunged up, trying to grab at Sasha's throat, his shouts losing coherency. "AHHHHHHH"

Sasha sidestepped Connie, shock and horror painted into her face. "Connie, what are you talking about? I didn't kill your dad, I saved-" Sasha saw the Titan corpse, it's steaming flesh dissolving as Connie broke down into fresh tears. "Oh no..."

In the distance, Ragako village was a steam cloud, soldiers and Eren's Titan form hard at work destroying the Titan's that had appeared inside it's boundaries. Connie resisted screaming again. "They're dead again... they're all dead again..."

A light hand on Connie's shoulder was the only sensation that registered with him. "Come on Connie. I think it's time we got you up to speed."

"Damn we're cursed."

Eren knocked back another bottle of beer, his Titanic metabolism fighting off the depressing effects of the alcohol. "We're not cursed Mikasa. We've just had a bad run."

Mikasa pointed at Armin, Sasha and Connie, the two more experienced loopers explaining the loops to the short survivor of Ragako. "Hans died his first loop. Jean replaced Kaworu and

needed Armin to kill him. Sasha got shot in her first loop. And now we have to find out that Connie's looping after the Beast Titan takes Ragako Village, and lose Annie, Bertolt and Reiner because of it? Eren, we're cursed."

Eren downed another bottle of beer. "...I don't even get it. Why would Connie think that the Titan Shifters were a better choice then us? Even without Titan powers, we're still the best fighters in this loop. So why them?"

Mikasa looked at Connie, sorely tempted to ask him right then and there. A sharp glare from Armin though helped her hold her tongue. "Eren, after all of this time, what do we really know about the Beast Titan? We may have been more trustworthy, but Annie and Bertolt knew more about it this loop."

Mikasa grabbed one of Eren's beers telekinetically. "And there's one other thing. Connie trusted Reiner. He saw Reiner as an older brother, and capturing the Beast Titan was a win-win situation."

Eren knocked back his sixth beer of the afternoon. "I need those beers, so don't drink too much. And how exactly would that work?"

"The Shifters would either get the Beast Titan, which would mean that no more Titans could be created ever, or they wouldn't, and in either case the noise would wake everyone up in the village, and they would bolt. And if the shifters did capture the Beast Titan, they would be able to leave us in peace, and if not, then we'd have three fewer spies, and maybe be down one Beast Titan." Mikasa sipped her beer. "A classic Xanatos gambit: no losing condition. One way or the other, Humanity walks away all the safer."

"Assuming the shifters can contain the Beast Titan. Assuming they even succeeded in capturing it. Assuming that they're not somewhere out there, waiting to attack Trost again." Eren glared at Connie. "Damn fool... ugh..." The Rogue Titan Shifter sat down. "This whole situation is fucked up."

Mikasa sipped her beer and nodded. "Think you're drunk enough not to attack Connie for treason now?"

Eren snorted. "One day, we'll find a loop were I'm an angry drunk, I just know it. Yeah, I'm pretty chilled out now. Let's go."

4.9 SeaOfFallingStars

Another loop, another case of enlistment and training. Eren didn't have to deal with the faulty 3DMG this go around, but all the loopers got into the habit of training with malfunctioning equipment. One loop, they even convinced the Drill Sergeant that it was a good exercise for everyone in case it happened in the field. But for now, all the loopers were huddled in a corner of the mess hall at midnight.

"Alright Sasha, what did you bring us out here for? Hopefully not another food raid; we almost got expelled from the last time we assisted you in one of those."

"No Jean, nothing like that. I already did the raid, and found the best way to do it!"

The Wall's resident black hole-er, foodie, opened her Pocket and pulled out a large number of baked potatoes, beef, and condiments. Eren slammed his head against the table, while Connie was drooling over the large meal before him. Armin rubbed his temple and sighed.

"Sasha, are you really going to use your pocket to steal food from the officers?"

"Sure! I learnt how during a loop where I was in adv... advance... somewhere called 'Wars World'. Had a sibling named Colin who was insecure. Couple of hunting trips helped that a lot."

Sasha blinked at the strange looks everyone was giving her. She got the feeling it wasn't from the foraged food. Mikasa spoke up, her

quiet voice carrying through the silence.

"How did you stay sane in a place called Wars World?"

"Um, it wasn't that bad? It was kinda silly even with the average survival ratio of units..."

Her face contorted as Sasha realized she was in a world where people died in droves and it was a silly universe.

"Guys... I don't want to go back there..."

4.10 Crossoverpairinglover

"...What the fuck was that last loop"

In response to Jean's nauseous sounding question, Armin pulled out a Guide to Multiversal Variants (Third edition) and scanned a few pages.

"It's a variant loop to the Avengers universe, known as Nextwave, that may or may not also occur in baseline. It is known for its...oddness." Armin said the last bit in the same dry tone one might read a 'do not climb the wall' sign on Wall Maria.

"I know odd, and that wasn't odd. It was as far beyond odd as Mikasa is competence wise from a stormtrooper!"

4.11

For Eren, it went without saying that Eastern Cultures fascinated him. The displays of brilliance, of difference from Western Cultures was engaging, enthralling even. The tenets of balance, perfection,

self-control, melded together from years of social evolution was amazing to his eyes.

Which was why when he, Armin and Mikasa Awoke in Republic City, his first instinct was to bolt and see the whole world. He loved the Avatar world, and had been planning to explore it if he ever looped in. Maybe he'd start by tracking down the Anchor Jinora, or watching a Pro-bending match, or getting some food, or abandon the city entirely and walk the Earth Kingdom... and maybe kill the Earth Queen in the interim.

But Armin's stomach had been growling when they woke up, so first order of business was decided to be food. Mikasa evidently agreed, since she was already leaving their apartment. Armin and Eren fell into step behind her, and began the hunt for lunch.

Teriyaki stands, ramen sellers, curry carts and stalls of seafood as far as the eye could see littered Republic City's streets, catering to the multicultural tastes of the fifth elemental nation. Restaurants dotted the street sides, doors open and savory smells wafting from their depths, saturating the crisp, cool air of autumn with the aromas of adventure. Mikasa nearly dragged Eren and Armin into a noodle shop when the scent hit them. In seconds flat, the trio were in, seated, and waiting for their orders.

As the chef prepared their lunch, Eren took in the whole of the situation from his Loop memories. "So we're a few months before Avatar Korra shows up. Which means we're ahead of Amon and the Equalist's ramping things up."

"Which also means that we're going to be dodging Equalists in the interim, since we're benders," Armin pointed out, accentuating his point with a slight water bending move.

The trio's dishes arrived after a moment, Eren dissolving the conversation with a heartfelt "Itadakimasu."

"And their goes Mako, opening round two with a barrage of fire bolts aimed at the Red Tiger Boars Earthbender."

Mikasa watched from the stands of the pro-bending arena as Mako and Bolin opened up a combo attack against the Tiger Boars, their movements and fluid teamwork unveiling their looper nature. A bit of popcorn found its' way into her mouth. "Gotta shay, dose two are good," she said around her full mouth.

Eren chuckled as Hasook got blasted back into the second zone by a stray earth disc. "Yeah, they're probably the best Earth and Firebenders around, outside of Toph and Zuko." A thoughtful look crossed Eren's face. "I wonder if they'll awake this loop."

Armin shrugged, more focused on silently critiquing Bolin and Mako's barebones strategy then talking.

"Actually, they're awake this loop. It's just the five of us," Asami clarified. "And Bolin's still better at Lavabending then Toph, but she's catching up."

The Titan Anchor's nearly jumped out of their skin when they noticed Asami. The heiress rolled her eyes in acknowledgement of the humor of it. "Well, since no one's given you three the welcome wagon, I figured I might as well."

Mikasa growled at her inattentiveness and ate another handful of popcorn. Eren on the other hand broke out a large smile. "Asami Sato. It's an honor to meet you."

Asami smiled self-consciously. "I wouldn't exactly call it an honor, but okay. It's nice to meet you... hey." A look of recognition hit Asami. "Aren't you those three... what were you called again, Indecisive Anchors?"

Armin broke from his strategy analysis to enter lecture mode. "Actually, we're called Nebulous Anchors. Our universe was damaged in such a manner that the Admins couldn't determine the

most optimal Anchor candidate, since they couldn't determine who amongst us would survive until the Loop's full expansion. As such we were designated-"

"Armin, you're lecturing again." Eren broke his friend out of the mode. Armin grimaced.

"Okay, long story short, we all need to loop as a single Anchor, since any one of us may die in the Baseline. In fact, one of our loopers *did* die in the baseline. He was disemboweled by a Titan, incidentally-"

"Armin." Mikasa broke him out of lecture mode again.

The blond boy winced internally. "Well... yeah. That's it."

Asami looked sympathetic. "I'm sorry for your difficulties. It must be very hard for you to live like that."

Mikasa shrugged. "I have faith in my strength. I'll protect Eren and Armin to my death."

Asami smiled at her conviction, a smile mirrored by Eren and Armin. "That's very sweet of you Mikasa. Oh, and one more thing you three."

"Eh?" Eren asked.

Asami pointed helpfully at Armin's hair. "You may want to dye that something dark. You're the only blond on the planet."

A dark blush crossed Armin's face. Mikasa reached around Eren and patted him on the shoulder. "I like it blond. Don't change it."

Armin nodded at Mikasa. "Okay then."

Asami cocked an eyebrow minutely, but made no comment.

"And there goes Bolin, slamming another barrage of earth bending blows into the Tiger Boars Water bender. This season's been kind to

the bending brothers, and it looks like we're in for another win for the Fire Ferrets. If the Tiger Boars can't take them down, I don't know what will."

Mako spun left, ducked, spun right and countered left. Eren blocked high, back stepped, and leaned right. The fire bender lunged forward, delivering an arm bar to Eren's midriff and sent Eren through a textbook flip, throwing the boy ass over skull and landing him squarely on his back. The Titan shifter glared at Mako. "I could have beaten you."

Mako smirked and helped Eren back to his feet. "But you didn't, and I won. Again?"

"Again."

Across the room, Bolin and Mikasa were grappling. Mikasa's raw combat talent was fighting against Bolin's centuries of experience... and getting its' ass handed to it. "Come on Mikasa, you're a badass. I know you can do-" Bolin picked Mikasa up and threw her. "Better than this."

Mikasa got back up and spat a lock of her hair out of her mouth. "Again."

Bolin threw himself at her, got the upper hand again and tossed Mikasa. "You need to widen your stance. Use your legs to keep me from getting inside your guard. Block me."

"Again."

In the back, Armin and Asami were sharing a cake and pouring over a spare set of 3DMG, waiting for Korra to show up. "See, this control rod is what regulates the velocity of the user and tethers the speed triggers to the motor."

"But such a small motor can't possibly supply the torque to move the rider vertically at these speeds. The metal would warp under the weight."

"Which is why it's made out of an aluminum alloy. Its' weight and durability make it the only substitute for steel."

"But even with Aluminum's strength, the pistol rods are too short. It's a good speed increaser, but it'll lower the torque to insurmountable levels. You can't climb walls with this."

"That aside, we do."

"Well maybe you just think you climb walls with it?" said a newcomer.

The locals and visitors broke from their conversation as Korra and Jinora entered the room, the diminutive Anchor postulating the solution. "Maybe you just think it works, and so it does. Suspension of disbelief is a powerful thing."

"You've replaced Rincewind haven't you?" Armin guessed. When Jinora nodded he continued. "Just so you know, we're not actually from a world like that. Ours' is more... lethal."

Korra showily bent some water out of a cistern recessed into the ground, holding it over herself in a large arch. "How lethal? Vast swathes of land destroyed? Close, important people dying towards the end?"

"Towards the end, around the middle, at the beginning... my grandfather, Eren's parents, our friends, Eren himself-"

"I got better."

"-Close friends, enemies, people we don't know, entire villages, good people, bad people... and there's a fair chance that one of us will die as well," Armin concluded tonelessly. "So... rather lethal."

Korra winced and lowered her water back into the cistern. "Ouch... that blows."

Armin shrugged, but didn't look Korra in the eye. "It could be worse. We're still alive."

Mako looked at Eren, then Mikasa, and finally Armin. "Well, you'll have a good run, at least for a while. And Death isn't permanent, not here in the loops."

Eren clenched his hand, crushing the heat that had sprung up inside it. "Yeah, we know Mako."

A few moments of silence held as the assembled loopers digested the fact that, one day, three amongst them could very well be dead. Korra pulled some water out of the cistern and tossed it at Armin, who caught it effortlessly and returned it. "Looks like you're pretty skilled with Tai Chi Zhang already, so maybe we can skip to some more advanced techniques."

Armin smiled, forgetting his morbid thoughts as the moment took over. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

Eren and Mikasa smiled, and together, they returned to their training, content in the knowledge that, at least for this loop, they were safe from death.

Of course, once they had returned to their world, Mikasa discovered the ludicrously adaptive earth bending techniques that Bolin had passed onto her had a very nice little application: sealing the hole in Wall Maria. But really, where was the fun in that?

Well...

Hannes watched from a nearby rooftop as the trio danced amongst the Titans, slaying anything that made it beyond a sixty meter radius. On one side of him, the Garrison's Shiganshina commander was

staring slack jawed at the absolute carnage the three twelve year olds wrought. On the other, Grisha Jaeger was more surprised that his son and adoptive daughter were killing Titans... and making it look easy. He gulped quietly. *'Maybe I shouldn't have Eren eat me.'*

4.12

Deep within the wilds of Argentina, there is seated a strange, silent realm. Titans have not ventured within it for nearly a century. Man has yet to reclaim the pastoral lands. It's a world that man has not befouled in generations, and has been left to the reclamation of nature. Curiously, its' grand valleys still held a single mark of man's influence: ancient strips of asphalt miraculously preserved between the high mountains.

Regardless, the world was a pastoral one, a piece of empty wilderness sealed from the rest of the world. Perfect, brilliant, beautiful, and silent...

Except the bits that had a car with a V8 in them. Those bits were rather loud.

"The speed. The ferocity. The raw power beneath the hood. This is what motoring, what all cars, are supposed to be. Fearless, powerful, eventful. It's amazing."

The V8, a 1967 Mustang Fastback, dug into the corner and turned on a dime. "Damn, its' even fun. I tell you, this car-"

Behind the muscle car, a relatively normal Nissan sedan trailed. Its' occupants were trying to give the lead driver as much space as possible, lest she turn them into her copilots, or worse: her versions of James May and Jeremy Clarkson.

Eren watched, rather impassively, as Mikasa did her best Richard Hammond impression. "She's banned from all BBC productions."

Armin, who was wondering if now was a good time to mention that The Doctor was looping, silently nodded. Mikasa, as a fan girl, was scary.

Mikasa as a fangirl within relative proximity to the actual of her fan girl tendencies was... terrifying.

That, and Armin wanted the Doctor for himself.

4.13 Crossoverpairinglover

In a blinding flash of golden lightning both the Armored and Colossal Titans fled from battle.

Rather annoyed at them getting away (again), even if he did spare Shiganshina this time, Eren glared off into the horizon, his Loki-Buster Gun not even halfway depleted of energy.

"Come back here, you cowards! Come back here and die!"

And they did come back...just not quite the same...

A Colossal Armored Titan rose up before Eren. Giant, Armored, and billowing out more steam than an R-Rated movie studio.

"Fusion Titan..." Eren said in shock.

That was a new one for the loops.

4.14

(Excerpt of communication between an Admin and the Anchors of their assigned loop)

Dear Ganesha Vinayaka, Hindu deity of the word, education during reading, beginnings, remover of obstacles, patron of the arts, and owner of an enormous trunk.

Hi. It's us, Eren Yeager, Mikasa Ackerman and Armin Arlert. We're the Anchors for the Attack on Titan loops, but you already know that. Now assuming that you can actually read this, since Armin is telling us that since you're a god of letters and writing you can, we would like to inform you of several issues that we've been dealing with in our recent loops.

First off are personal grievances: Eren would again petition you to move the beginning of the loop to an earlier time to enable more efficient protection of both Carla Jaeger and Wall Maria. He views your repeated refusal as-

(Several lines are crossed out here, though the words "Absolute Bastard" are legible)

-Unprofessional and rude at the highest order.

Secondly is the reiteration of Armin Arlert's desire to replace "Black Leg" Sanji, a resident of the so called "One Piece" loops. His remarks indicate that Sanji's skill set, which includes strategy, stealth and direct combat, along with culinary preparation would be a superior fit, above Usopp's own ranged combat and inferior strategic skills.

Finally, Mikasa Ackerman would like to pass joyful greetings and sends her regards.

Now, down to business:

Due to recent events taking place within our Loop, we have denoted that further loopers are, by default, unprepared for the situations that will arise, and will most certainly encounter lethal or traumatic occurrences that are, by poor luck, commonplace within our loop. With this in mind, we may draw the corollary that loopers who have

not experienced fused loops (and thus gained some measure of ability beyond baseline powers) are at a significant and rather dangerous disadvantage.

To remedy this, it has been decided that a new system be implemented for new loopers: prior activation as a looper, a preplanned fused loop is selected to host them, for their second aware loop. In this manner, a new looper is able to gain some knowledge of our baseline (assuming that the selected world is privy to hosting our manga), along with a more extensive power set. We have observed the early loops of our fellow loopers Hans, Jean, Sasha and Connie, and have concluded that Sasha and Jean, who's first loops were fused loops though some miraculous coincidence, have a significantly improved rate of survival when compared to Connie and a pre-Theldesia Hans.

Our request is, in admittance, a fairly serious one. We are aware of who long certain loops can last, which may have a severe negative effect on our loopers. However, the mortality rate of our loop is a serious consideration, thus making the request, we hope, be more reasonable. As such and in conclusion, we request that from now on all new loopers experience a single loop outside our world as preparation for our own.

Yours sincerely, Armin Arlert, Mikasa Ackerman, and Eren Yeager.

(Reply from Ganesha.)

1: Eren, you're well aware of the fact that the area of the timeline immediately prior to Bertolt's arrival is saturated with pseudo-temporal waves because of the crash. Setting your baseline start any earlier runs the risk of crashing your loop on a regular basis.

2: Armin, you had your chance to learn Sanji's moves. In fact, according to our records you're a decent chef.

3: This is a fairly difficult proposition, as you admit. Not undoable, in any measure, but certainly abnormal. I'll consider it, but be aware

that it may be a while before I arrive at a concrete answer.

Strike at Dawn: Part 5

The Attack On Titan Loops

Chapter 5

A/N: I would like to thank all contributors to these chapters.

5.1

Connie had a grin on his face. It could only be classified as a "shit-eating" grin. "Chainsaws."

Eren, who had been left alone with the newest member of their looper entourage, resisted slapping his face. He was used to taking Connie through Basic and mentoring him to improve is survivability, but there were times when he really got on Eren's nerves. "Connie..."

Connie held up this loop's variant of Pairing Blades. "Chainsaw. Pairing. Blades. How are you not freaking out over this?"

Eren pulled a chain-pairing blade out of his pocket. "This isn't the first time we've been through a variant of what the blades were."

Connie blinked in surprise, staring at the different Chain-pairing blade. "So... if it's not a regular pairing blade, it's a chainsaw?"

Eren began pulling out different weapons. "Pairing scythes, pairing axes, pairing halberds, pairing baguettes, pairing aircraft wings, you name it, we've probably fought with it."

Connie stared at the vast variety of weapons. "...Can I have some of that?"

Eren grabbed up his stuff and dropped it back into his pocket. "Get your own."

"Come on, it'll help."

"No way, this is my stuff."

"Eren!"

"Get off me Connie!"

Ymir, at that moment, rounded the corner and saw Eren and Connie struggling. For a moment, all three stared at each other. Ymir raised her hands placating and started to back away. "I won't judge. Later!"

Eren glared at Connie, still tangled in his limbs and trying to grab his stuff. "Good going Connie, now she thinks were dating."

5.2 Crossoverpairinglover

"..." Mikasa and Eren had no words for Armin this loop, considering that once again he was the son of Ymir and Krista/Historia.

But this time, he had Ymir's skin tone as well.

"Are you sure neither of them is merely fond of cross-dressing?" Eren felt like checking the only logical explanation as Armin shook his head.

"Believe me, I can assure you neither of them are crossdressers" After finally having that loop as Sanji, Armin knew what cross-dressing men looked like.

"Well, then how else can you look like both of them then!?"

Mikasa, who looked ponderous over this entire thing, removed a pair of body analysis glasses (Bat-gear number 43524) from her

subspace pocket and looked over Eren a few times. "Eren...I'd avoid titan shifting this loop" she told him in the most serious of voices.

"Why?!" Eren asked in both annoyance, and dread.

"Because Titan shifting appears to have a genetic side effect of specifically concentrated releases of either estrogen or testosterone in specific areas of the user's body" she gave the vaguest answer she could get.

Eren didn't catch what she meant, Armin however...

The banging of his head against a wall suggested he did in fact know exactly what she meant.

5.3 SeaOfFallingStars

When I woke up in a loop, I didn't expect it to be in an alley with pipes on the walls, looking like a hellhole barely holding itself together. Let alone with some thugs pointing advanced (to me) rifles in my face and the face of… Connie? Last I remember Eren was fighting Reiner and Bertolt in a mechanical version of his titan form that glowed a tasty shade of green. Mmm… greens. Focus, girl! Survival first, gorging yourself second! Thankfully, we weren't bound, so it'd be easy to punch one of them.

"Rargh! Glrabb! Rulgbib!"

…And the shouting made no sense. It sounds more like he's about to cough up something while growling. Oh. Oh, that's *gross* ; who coughs up TAR!? While he's choking, I switch from cowering to throwing a punch at his buddy. The two guarding Connie turn to face me and fire. Not again! I don't want to die from a stomach shot again! Once was bad enough. Twice… I shunted those thoughts to the side and threw something at one of the other thugs. Cougher

was still losing his tar-coated guts so it was simple to bring out a blade and…

…and my subspace pocket isn't working? WHAT!?

"Sasha look out!"

Connie threw his arm forward in a sweeping motion and the pipes we were laying against burst, scalding the four thugs and blinding them. The one I threw something at dropped a… potato? This is going to be a strange loop. Sure they were stunned, but that didn't mean anything. They needed to go down hard.

"Connie, we'll learn our powers later. Use the pipe to spin-kick the one closest to the wall. I'll rush the other side and see if I can snap their neck. After that, we'll just beat them up until they're down. Those martial arts lessons should pay off now!"

Thanks to decades of experience, possibly over a century, as a huntress, I knew that their confusion wouldn't last long. A noise akin to a hard loaf of bread being broken open resonated in my ears as I ran behind the cowering thugs and wrapped one arm around the neck and used the other to twist the head at a sharp angle. Contrary to what folks thought, those of us who lived with the Titans weren't weak; they were that strong.

"Get down!"

The unknown voice caused me to stall in the fighting, only for the head of one thug to explode and the other to run away, only to get gunned down. No. no no no I don't want to be shot I don't want to be shot not again not again not again-

"Sasha! Calm down!"

Connie's voice seemed so far away. Hold it together girl… hold it together…

"Nam… -Eke. I… -Chor for th… she ok…"

The world went dark, as Connie tried to negotiate with the newcomer for dwellings. I don't want to die from a stomach wound again…

Days under Quarantine: 12

5.4

Hange didn't really see notice anything different the next morning, not at first. Levi was sitting in his usual place in the mess hall, drinking some expensive black tea in his typical manner. Quietly acknowledging humanity's greatest soldier, Hange grabbed a loaf of bread and plopped down next to him. "Yo."

Levi sipped his tea, nodding lightly at Hange in greeting. The duo sat in silence, Hange noming on the bread, Levi sipping his tea.

The bread and tea soon vanished from their plates, and Hange, uncomfortable and jittery with the silence, broke it with an interesting conversation piece. "You know Levi, I had the strangest dream last night." Hange reached over and snagged a crumb of cheese off of Levi's plate. "I dreamed about Titans."

Levi leveled a blank, vaguely aggravated look at Hange. This wasn't the first time the mad scientist had dreamed about Titans... or stolen his cheese. "This wasn't a perverted dream, was it?"

Hange chuckled. "Nah, it was different." A pensive look overtook Levi's friend. "I dreamed about the future. About the Titans breaching Shiganshina, a war between them and us. About people that could become Titans, and fight them. About a huge conspiracy..."

Levi tapped against his teacup, almost as if doing so would cause it to magically be refilled. "Is that so?"

Hange's lips broke into a wry grin. "Well, it was a dream. Like it would actually be real." The grin became down right cheeky then. "And just so you know, in the dream, you were married to Petra, and I was some sort of half-boy, half-girl hybrid."

Levi nearly choked on thin air when Hange said he was married to Petra. "Sh...shut up Hange." Rallying in his annoyance, Levi then burst out; "and if you were half-and-half, how'd you get off?"

For a second, neither spoke. Then Hange broke out laughing and Levi slapped his forehead. "Ha...hehehe, did, heh, did you really just... Ahaha, say that?"

Levi reached over and slapped Hange. "Shut up. You made me say that."

At that moment, a messenger burst into the room. "Corporal Ackerman, Corporal Hange, Wall Maria has fallen!"

The laughter died like an anvil had fallen on it.

The ride to Wall Maria was quick and brutal. Most soldiers in the Garrison and Survey corps had foregone saddling their horses in an urge for speed, while many only grabbed their bare possessions. A few hadn't even changed from their bed clothes, and wore their ODMG over them.

Hange and Levi led the charge, trying to guide the group down from the western territories and into the southern regions. All the while, they talked fast.

"Hange, are you sure this dream of yours was just a dream."

Hange wasn't exactly comfortable with the subject though. "I don't know. It was so vivid... so long. It felt as real as everything we're doing now does."

Levi set his jaw in annoyance. "Prophetic dreams... damn and I thought things couldn't get any stranger. Well, what are you sure about?"

Hange shrugged. "The Titan-Shifters and the Wallist conspiracy. If the reports of the Colossal and Armored Titans come back, then we can assume that the Titan Shifters do exist. As for the Wallists... all we'll need is to drill into Wall Rose to confirm that there are still Titans in there."

The tense discussion was broke by a shout. "Hostiles, one o'clock!"

In the extreme distance, more than five miles away, Hange and Levi could see them: masses of hulking flesh, beasts in human form. Titans were indeed with the territory of Wall Maria. Levi urged his horse faster. "Everyone, remain vigilant. If the Titans have reached this deep into Wall Maria-"

The army shot past a narrow gulch, a party of refugees screaming as a Titan moved to devour them. "A TITAN!" a soldier shouted redundantly.

Hange didn't think, just acted. Sinking ODMG hooks into a tree, the scientist leapt above the group and began to swing in a wide arc, compressed gas steaming behind. With a roar, Hange squeezed the ODM's triggers, accelerating as centripetal force took over, before detaching and flying through the air. A second firing lodged the hooks into a tree directly across from the Titan, and with a mighty swing, Hange bisected the Titan's nape.

This all took place in barely five seconds.

Hange rolled off the Titan's steaming corpse and smirked at the assembled soldiers, whom to their credit were mostly focused on getting to the major battlefront and were ignoring the dead Titan. "That's how it's done!"

Levi quirked an eyebrow when Hange caught up with him. "Alright then Hange, I believe you."

"Huh?"

Levi pointed back at the fallen Titan. "I've never see you moving like that. Obviously, you've either been training in secret, or..." Levi let the implications hang.

Hange winced as the penny dropped. "Or I inherited the reflexes from... well I guess we can't really call it a dream anymore."

Levi urged his horse to go faster. "We must not let the Titans move further."

The army steamrolled towards a village, a collection of lonely houses and shops arrayed around a clock tower. The village also happened to be on the main road heading north, which netted it the unhappy honor of being the focal point of the Titan invasion. Nearly a dozen Titans were waddling towards the outskirts, with a lone fifteen meter class Titan... banging its head into the clock tower. It was obviously an abnormal.

The soldiers began to fall back, clearing a path for what was, by silent agreement, their ace in the hole team. Hange and Levi shared a glance and readied themselves to engage the fifteen meter class. "Everyone, today this town becomes our spearhead against the Titans. Be ready to hold it to. The. Death!" Hange and Levi fired ODM hooks and hurtled forward.

The fifteen meter class turned towards the approaching humans, a quizzical look on its face. Levi went left, Hange went right, both circling to get their target to open its blind spot. The Titan turned towards Levi.

Hange circled behind the Titan and managed to just shoot a hook into the Fifteen meter class' nape, squeezing the trigger and going in for the kill. And then Hange's world became *pain* .

The mad scientist faltered, arcs into the ground and skidding through the dirt, a dust trail marking Hange's fall. The world began to swirl, colors fading in and out. Hange was acutely aware of a pounding headache. "I want... a cigar... what..."

A shadow fell over Hange's vision, resolving somewhat to become a pale and raven haired creature. "Le...vi..."

"I'm here Hange."

"Did... you get th..."

"The Titan is dead Hange."

The world was fading. Levi became more indistinct every second. Hange realized that there was something that needed to be said. "The shifter... Eren... Yeager."

"I will find them Hange."

"Of Shi...Shi..."

"Shiganshina."

"Yeah..."

Hange closed her eyes. "Keep... keep Petra..."

The world faded to black.

Hanji woke up.

He was in his room, having just climbed in for a quick catnap. If memory served, he hadn't woken up until the morning after... when the news of Shiganshina and Wall Maria's fall had reached the western territories.

Hanji's hands dived to his legs, feeling the warm and intact flesh that was still connected to him. Somehow... a Titan had eaten him. But here he was and...

Wait? HE!?

Hanji ripped off his trousers and stared at disbelief at what he saw. "What the fuck...?"

At that moment, the door to the bunk room opened and Oluo walked in, took one look at Hanji, turned around, and left. "This isn't what it looks like!" Hanji shouted after him.

Hanji hopped off of his bed and struggled, for a moment, to pull his trousers back on, and rocketed out of the room. He grabbed Oluo as he ran, dragging the significantly older man behind... Her? Him? Hir?

Whatever.

The mess hall was full. A mixture of Survey Corpsmen and women, alongside Garrison soldiers, were eating their lavish dinners of beef stew. For a second, Hanji nearly fainted in silent gluttony, before recomposing... themself? "Everyone, is Wall Maria-"

Hanji was interrupted when a small, raven-haired girl appeared out of thin air with the crack of a gun and grabbed... err, Hanji. Before even a single person could comment, Hanji felt a sudden pressure, as if he was being squeezed down a Titan's gullet. With the *crack* of reality snapping back a second later, Hanji staggered away from the girl, and nearly fell off the edge of the wall they had appeared on. Wall Maria, if Hanji wasn't mistaken. "What..."

"Ahem."

Hanji spun on his (HIS!) heel and came face to face with his exceptionally tiny and adorable kidnapper. "Hello Hange," the kid-kidnapper said.

Hanji's brain short circuited. "Uh..."

The girl smiled a little bit, but Hanji could see that she didn't seem to have any happiness behind it. "Before we begin, may I ask if you recognize me?"

Hanji blinked and stared at the little girl who had kidnapped him and teleported them both to the top of Wall Maria. She didn't look familiar, but at the same time, there was something just... dancing on the edge of her memories. Then it hit him. "Mikasa...?"

Mikasa Ackerman smiled slightly and nodded. "How exactly do you know me, Hange?"

Hanji squeezed his eyes shut hard, before opening them again. The slightly smiling girl remained there, intact and certainly not a hallucination. Hanji blinked hard again to double check, then straightened up. "You're Mikasa Ackerman, top graduate of the 107th military regiment and widely considered the most powerful woman amongst humanity. But you're not twelve."

Mikasa nodded, her smile growing a little more real. And suddenly there were more loud cracks and noises, and then Hanji and Mikasa weren't alone on the Wall. "What... what, what the..."

Eren Yeager, twelve years old, walked forward. "Welcome to the loops Hange. Oh, and Armin." Eren's eyes bulged, the iris turning as white as the sclera. "He's a guy this loop. Pay up."

Armin pulled out a few coins and held them out to Eren, but Hanji took them instead. "Alright, that's it, stop. What the hell is going on, why did my gender switch, and why are you all twelve."

"I'm eleven," Armin quipped.

Hanji sipped his wine. "So... time's repeating between the five years and two months from this evening, to the night we try and rescue

Eren. And in almost every iteration, by gender flips between male and female."

"Or you're hermaphrodite," Armin pointed out.

Hanji sipped his wine again. "Yeah. I'm pretty sure I was one in my first loop." A little smile crossed Hanji's face. "Well, at least it could be worse. I am non-binary after all."

Hans, otherwise known as "the guy who had gotten eaten," spoke around the steak in his mouth. "That always gets me. Male or female, you just don't care. Why is that?"

"Do I need a reason?" Hanji countered. Hans nodded at "the person whose gender always changed", and cut himself another slice of steak.

Hanji, Mikasa, Armin, Eren and Hans had set up a "welcome party" for Hanji atop Wall Maria. Many statements were made about the fact that Shiganshina was sealed and safe from the Titans, even if it had been badly damaged in the interim. Apparently, The Anchors had been searching for Hanji for several loops, ever since Levi had tracked them down and explained that a certain dead comrade of his had had a prophetic dream.

Hanji sipped his wine, setting it down when Eren addressed him again. "Hanji, seeing as your gender changes from loop to loop, how would you prefer we address you?"

Hanji raised an eyebrow. "Hmm?"

"What pronouns would you prefer?"

"...Who cares?" Hanji set her wine down to the assembled people's confusion. "I don't, so call me whatever you want."

Mikasa and Armin shared a look, Armin looking vaguely amused, Mikasa not looking anything at all. "Okay. Well, since you're like that,

I guess we might as well have fun with this." Armin raised a glass. "I call for a vote. All in favor of madam Hanji here not caring, say aye."

"Aye!"

5.5

"Mom!"

Carla Yeager struggled against the onrush of cold darkness, forcing her eyes open. As her fading awareness was reinforced, a sense of horror flooded her. She could barely hear the screaming in the distance over the deafening sounds of her children's shoes.

"MOM!"

It all hurt. Carla had never tried to understand everything Grisha had said about broken bones, but she could still feel her legs. Or could she? Was she so delusional that she was imagining things?

"MOM!"

Carla let out a long sigh, closing her visible hand. Sparks of agony flickered across her back and legs, her arm and torso hazes of pain. She could feel her life slipping between her fingers.

"Mom, don't move, we've got you."

Carla forced herself to look up at Eren and Mikasa, latching on to the beam that lay across her shoulders. "What... What are you doing!? You have to run now!"

Eren heaved against the beam. "We're getting you out of there mom. Just give me a...Second!"

Carla's terrified retort was severed in a flash of pain as her children heaved the beam off of her. A split second later the two were by her

side, looking her over.

Though Carla couldn't see it, Eren had activated a set of byakugan, a holdover from an early fused loop with Naruto Uzumaki and Harry Potter. "You have internal bleeding, ruptured organs... your legs were crushed..." A look of horror developed. "And your spine is snapped at the sixth thoracic vertebrae."

Carla could hear the tone of her son, hear the fear. A light, melancholy grin spread across her face. "My little doctor. You're replace your father one day. Eren, run. Take Mikasa and run!"

Carla could hear the rumbling stomps of a distant Titan, but she daren't look to see it. "Mikasa get Eren to safety! You need to leave now!"

"They're not going anywhere without you Carla." To Carla's relief, Hannes swooped in at the moment. "We need to get you three out of here. If those Titan's catch you in this condition, you won't be living to tell about it."

Eren stood up, a frankly unnatural will burning in his eyes. "If we can get my mom out into the countryside, I can treat her injuries. I have the supplies needed for an exploratory laparotomy. I can brace her bones as well, but we need to make sure that her spleen and kidneys don't take further damage. We'll need to transport her gently to unsure that she remains with us. Any further trauma, even minor trauma caused by transportation will only worsen her condition." To that end, while Eren had been talking he had pulled medical stretcher from somewhere and was helping Mikasa move Carla onto it. "Hannes, me and Mikasa can carry my mom. You watch for Titans."

"But-." Hannes was shut up as Eren and Mikasa picked up their mother and began to race for the gates. The garrison soldier nodded absently to himself, turning towards the steaming corpse of what was once an approaching Titan. Above him, a blond twelve year old watched from above as Eren and Mikasa recovered their patient.

As the three ran for the gates, Carla quietly wondered what was happening. 'Am I dying...?'

She could see the sky.

'I am dying.'

But she was with her family. Her children.

'I'm... not alone.'

"Don't worry mom, we have a safe house just ahead of us. We'll be there in minutes."

'I'm here...'

Carla Yeager closed her eyes.

'Thank you...'

"Mom?"

'Mikasa... Eren... thank you.'

"MOM!"

"Mom!"

Karula Jaeger struggled against the onrush of cold darkness, forcing her eyes open. As her fading awareness was reinforced, a sense of horror flooded her. She could barely hear the screaming in the distance over the deafening sounds of her children's shoes.

"MOM!"

Karula ground her teeth as a torrent of pain reasserted itself, the beam on top of her shaking with the thunderous steps of the distant

Titans. Her legs didn't feel attached to her, not anymore. She couldn't feel her legs.

"Mom!"

Karula's heart began to flutter, her crushed body shaking as the import of what was happening hit her. The Titans had breached Shiganshina. Her children were right in the pathway. She was dying.

"Mom, don't move. Stay as still as possible."

Karula risked a paltry glance upward, seeing that Mikasa and Eren had arrived at her side. Despite her pain and fear, Karula mustered enough lucidity to shout. "Eren, Mikasa, RUN! You need to get out of here, the Titans are coming!"

Eren shook his head as he wrapped his arms around the beam across his mother's back. "No... Hans is taking care of it. Now don't move any more mom." And then Eren and Mikasa heaved.

Karula covered her mouth with her one free hand, trying to muffle the scream of pain that moving the beam elicited. Their mother free, Eren and Mikasa carefully extracted her from the rubble and laid her gently on the earth. "Alright mom, we should be able to carry you to the safe house this time. Just don't move."

Karula felt her consciousness flickering out. 'This time...' Karula tried to lift her left hand to caress Eren's face, or even feel the warm skin of her son just once more. When her arm didn't move of its own accord, Karula turned her head to see it and noticed that her left arm was little more than a heap of bloody meat held together by the rags of her sleeve. "I can't... feel my arm."

Eren looked her up and down with his byakugan, his face contorting in feel. "Multiple points of internal bleeding, lacerations, broken ribs and vertebrae, and a punctured lung." He gulped audible. "Stay still mom. We'll protect you."

Karula felt tears forming in her eyes. "Don't... don't leave-"

A splinter of marrow, knocked loose from her crushed left arm, freed itself and passed through Karula's heart. Karula seized, and died.

"Mom!"

Karla Jaeger struggled against the onrush of cold darkness, forcing her eyes open. She could barely hear the screaming in the distance over the fading sounds of her children's shoes.

"MOM!"

The whole world hurt...

"MOM!"

Karla felt her consciousness receding...

"Don't move mom. Me and Eren are here."

"Mikasa..."

It was too much. With a shudder of her frame, Karla Jaeger passed on from her world, a single word dancing on her ears.

"MOM!"

Far from human eyes or Titan hands, atop Wall Maria, there is a cottage. A small, insignificant cottage that was once a guard post, but following the loss of the territory enclosed by Wall Maria, it had been abandoned for a time. Now it was once again filled with activity.

"Scalpel's one through fifty... all types and duplicates accounted for. Gauze and skin grafts... items one through thirty present. Items thirty one through sixty present. Items sixty four, seventy eight and eighty

eight not accounted for. Come on Armin, you're supposed to have those ones."

Armin hauled another box of artificial organs out of his subspace pocket. "Well sorry Eren. I'm running myself ragged here."

Eren nodded, counting the organs as present. "Thanks Armin. IV drip sets one through ten are present." Eren scribbled this information, along with all the rest of the materials he had in his possession, onto a large white clipboard. "You know Armin, I have a good feeling about this one. This is next loop will be the loop that my mom will see to the end."

Armin grabbed one of the operating tables (one of five) and pulled it into his subspace pocket. "Well, if there's anyone who can do it, it'll be you Eren."

In a different part of the cottage, Mikasa was drilling a dozen shadow clones in setting up the operating room, focusing on speed and efficiency in positioning boxes of skin grafts, bags if spare blood, and trays upon trays of scalpels. By now Mikasa was drilling in doing it blindfolded, and just approaching the one minute mark.

Eren finished his checklist. "This time, mom's gonna make it."

On a lonely hill inside Wall Maria, a wooden grace marker was erected. Memories were recalled. Some drink was shared. And Eren and Mikasa's mother was remembered fondly.

Hannes, the only normal looper that was awake, had elected to sit away from the trio of his anchors, letting them silently wallow. Eren drank, Mikasa dozed, and Armin stared out at the distant lake and mountains that came together to create the beautiful vista that Karula's grave overlooked. Finally, as the sun fell into the horizon, Armin spoke up. "It's not your fault you know."

Eren didn't comment immediately, but instead sighed before speaking. "I know. I tried my best. It's just... three hundred times. Are... Aren't we meant to save her?"

Mikasa sat up and leaned into Eren. "You've done your best Eren. Learned from some of the greatest doctors in all the loops. Tony Chopper, Greg House, Bruce Banner. It's not you, it's the loop."

Eren looked outward, looking at the far mountains with a sorrowful gaze. This little hill had been the spot of a picnic long ago, one that their mom had brought them to. It was almost always Karula's burial ground. "If it's the loop..."

Eren didn't look at his siblings. "I guess the only thing we can do is try and take away the pain." The doctor of the Anchor's ground his teeth and fought back tears. "I give up."

5.6 RockGolem

"So in this loop Attack on Titan is a Virtual Reality Massive Multiplayer Online game?"

"Yep."

Sasha was fiddling with thin air. "Hey why can't I open my pocket? I want to grab my digitizer and use my Over Board."

The dark haired Looper who had introduced himself as Kirito (while sounding a lot like Eren) looked at her with a carefully blank face. "In my universe Virtual Reality Massive Multiplayer Online games, or VRMMO's for short, are played full dive. That means the device that that connects us to the virtual world intercepts the signals from your brain to the body, so your body stays still while your brain controls what you do here."

"What has that got to do with our subspace pockets" Sasha nearly shouted as she flung her hand out trying pull out her digitzer.

Armin who and been quietly thinking had a realization. "We can't access them because we're in a virtual world and our real bodies are in the real world. These bodies are just avatars and don't have subspace pockets."

Kirito nodded "In these games you start off as human but as you level up you become super human."

"Well that blows" Sasha pouted

Armin looked at her "Half an hour ago when the giant floating game master told us he made it so our brains get scrambled if we die in game or someone on the outside tries to get us out, you were pumped saying how awesome it was going to be."

"Well that was when I thought I had all my awesome stuff to use." Sasha had taken her sword out at was using it to draw doodles in the sand, to Armin it looked like she was drawing some of her favorite toy she carried in her subspace pocket.

"Urr fine." Kirito looked a little annoyed "Asuna is getting Yui online and then we can get admin access and create whatever you want, just stop looking sad ... please."

"Oh Kirito, always having to play the hero." The pretty brunette that had been introduced as Asuna before she left earlier had just snuck up on Kirito and given him a kiss on the cheek. "I know you wanted to beat this game fairly but this way Yui can have fun with us."

The black haired little girl who looked a lot like Asuna to Armin, smiled has she ran up and gave Kirito a hug "Come on daddy we can build something really cool together."

Sasha and Armin looked at each other but decided the ten year old girl calling a teenager daddy was nowhere near close to weird for

them and went with it.

"Okay Yui I'll help you build things for the others but I'm going to play the game fairly."

One Week Later

Kirito used his maneuvering gear like an expert as he brought himself up the to the titans weak spot. Finally he was going to kill one of these bastards, when suddenly the titan roared as Sasha on her flying hover board thing fired an arrow into its eye. The titan leaned back causing Kirito to miss completely, he landed heavily but managed to spring to his feet just in time to see Asuna and Yui riding their longboard sized flying rapier as it sliced the back of the titans knees forcing it to the ground. Armin appeared overhead in the batplane, the bomb doors opened and thousands of swords fell out falling into the back of the Titan's neck.

LAST HIT BONUS appeared over the batplane as the titan evaporated into sparkles. Erin looked at the short sword in his hand to all the far superior swords Armin was literally dropping without a care. "Stupid Haxs."

5.7

The Colossal Titan ascended above the rim of Wall Maria, and in a fit of the impossible, spoke to the inhabitants of Shiganshina. "What's good niggas? This looks like a sand box."

Down on the ground, Eren stared up at the Colossal Titan, speechless. A quick ping destroyed his hope that he had a companion for the loop. Breaking his silence, he simply said, "This is a punishment loop, isn't it?"

Then the loop memories struck.

"WHAT THE FUCK!"

An hour later, Eren was on a slow boat to Trost, sitting next to an Armin that was one part Armin, three parts Hitler, and a Mikasa that seemed to prefer to ignore their familial relationship. Eren didn't blame her: there was a decent chance that they were related, a supposition based solely on the estimated number of men that, this loop at least, his mother had bedded.

Eren himself? Well...

"I am not Hans's son. I am not a ginger. I am Grisha Yeager's son. Everything Hans said was bullshit."

To Eren's credit though, he did have the lucidity to draw some blood and run a few tests to see why his father had needed to give him weekly injections. When the results came back, he was less then pleased. "Damnit. FUCKING DAMNIT!"

Mikasa, unawake naturally, looked at Eren. "What?"

Eren held up a list. "According to this I've contracted syphilis, gonorrhea, chlamydia trichomoniasis, genital warts, genital herpes, HIV *and* AIDS, the plague, the chills, the common cold, the uncommon cold, three incredibly rare Chinese diseases that I can't pronounce, bird flu, swine flu, dog flu, cat flu, cat allergies, fish food, butt cancer, Louis Swartz Conundrum, Hitlerism, Titanism, and Mexico."

Mikasa ever so slightly scooted away from Eren. Armin ever so slightly scooted away from Eren. Eren wondered when the loop would end.

5.8

It rose over Wall Maria, a terrifying sight. It looked down on the inhabitants of Shiganshina like a man would look upon an ant. With almost deliberate slowness, it cocked its leg back, and then let it fly.

With an almighty kick, one hundred years of peace was shattered.

"The Mexicans are coming! The Mexicans are coming!"

"Run! They're going to eat your jobs!"

"Flee for it is the end of times!"

Eren, Armin and Mikasa were staring at the sprinting Caucasians, all running from the sudden onslaught of Hispanic people's. Eren opened his mouth to comment, but no words came out. Armin casually noted that most of the Mexican people were screaming stereotypical Spanish phrases, such as "Por que?", "Dinada", and "Uno, dos, tres". Mikasa was thoughtful, as she contemplated if something similar had happened when her family had arrived.

Finally, as the waves of immigrants began to abate, Eren found his voice. "You know, I never realized how racist our loop was."

Mikasa nodded. "Hange did say that the Titans were just as, if not more, intelligent than we were, and you prove it. We can't understand the Titans, they're being kept out by massive walls, and of course, we don't know they motives, similar to how we wouldn't understand their culture." A Mexican man with a worker's visa ran by. "Lots of parallels to immigration and racism, when you consider that we're a white populace, with a single religion and a monarchy."

"Yup..." Eren clicked his lips. "So, wanna smash Wall Rose and Sina?"

"Oh yeah."

Between them, Armin began to chuckle. Then he began to laugh. Then he fell to the ground, rolling with laughter.

Eren and Mikasa looked at their brother. "What? Something funny?"

Armin pointed at Eren, choking around his laughs. "You're... hehehe, you're the Rogue *Hombre* !"

Eren promptly decided that this loop was going under the, "Never Spoken of Again" file, right next to the Rouge Kangaroo and the Harem loop.

5.9

"Everyone, we have an important announcement."

As Hange called the group to order, Eren finished laying out a collection of pairing blades on a table in the front of the room. As the seven assembled loopers settled into their seats, Hange continued. "I and Eren have brought you here for a moment of great import."

"Get on with it Vitruvius," Sasha called. Hange ignored her and steamed on.

"Following a particularly violent revolution several dozen loops prior to this, Eren contacted me to engage in a series of tests, specifically gauged to determine the exact materials that comprise the so called "pairing blades." Through our careful examination, and then cross examination of several versions of the blades from multiple loops, we have hit upon two specific and common materials that are used as the basis for the blade."

"Come on, hurry up," Connie shouted from his seat.

Hange pointed at the shaven haired boy. "Shut up." Taking two of the blades, Hange held them up. "These two blades represent the most

common types of material that compose our weapons. On the left is a blade composed of steel-alloyed tungsten. As you are all aware, our blades need to be composed of exceptionally hard metal, at least at nine on the Mohs scale, so as to both hold their ultra-sharp edge and be able to penetrate the equally tough skin of a Titan."

The penny dropped for Hans. "You mean..."

Hange held up the right most blade. "The more common form of the pairing blade is not composed of tungsten however. In fact, it is composed of a specially hardened organic matter. In the common tongue, this sword is made of hardened Titan flesh."

The room was deathly silent.

Eren took over then. "We've identified a cellular structure within the first form of the blades, which we have come to refer to as the 'primary', or 'type one' blade form. The cells we found within the blades corresponded directly to the cellular structure of Titans. Additional investigation yielded us with the craftsmen in charge of forging the blades, who in turn revealed the methods in which they hardened Titan skin for removal."

Jean jumped to his feet. "Wait, if they can harden a Titan's skin, could you?"

Eren winced and squeezed at his nose. "Unfortunately, no. My Titan form is derived from baseline, and its data in Yggdrasil is corrupted. It changes from loop to loop, and we have yet to discover a method or material that would duplicate the effects outside of its home loop."

Hange set the blades aside. "And that's not mentioning the fact that the type one blades only appear maybe every other loop. It's a situation that is very unscientific."

Eren sighed heavily. "That said, our weapons remain under out control. They aren't going to try and eat you, or turn into a Titan any time soon. So, ideas and strategies."

Armin held up a hand. "Give me and Hans few hours. I think we'll be able to work out a few strategies to incorporate our abilities into these."

Mikasa kicked back, unperturbed by the news. "Well then, we should be on our toes for when this becomes our baseline."

No one spoke. Between the curse and Mikasa's intuition, no one was going to bet against her.

5.10

Eren cracked his knuckles as he stared out over the glistening rooftops of Trost, glaring furiously at the wandering Titans and their ilk, hatred and frustration mixing in his stomach. Growing sick of the view, he stomped down the spine of the roof he, Mikasa, Armin and the rest of the unawake 104th had selected as their meeting point. Mikasa fell into step next to him, a concerned look on her normally emotionless face. "Damn it Mikasa. Of all the loops not to get Titan powers, why did it have to be this one?"

Mikasa patted her brother on the shoulder, trying to stabilize him. "It's bad luck Eren. It happens sometimes."

Eren scowled at the distant wall. "Of all the damn loops..."

Armin glanced up from his map of Trost to comment as his siblings walked past. "Are you sure you guys don't want to hear my plan? I've got it worked out to where we only take five percent casualties."

Eren ignored Armin and Mikasa waved him off politely. "I can't make heads or tails of it Armin. Maybe in a little bit."

Eren growled again, independent of his brother and sister. "No Titan Shifting, no loop powers, no pocket. IF ONLY THIS DAY COULD GET WORSE!" Eren stomped his foot in rage...

...and promptly went straight through the cobblestone roof and into the attic. "FUCK!"

Armin and Mikasa bolted over and pulled their brother out of the hole. Annie, finally having enough of the trio, marched over. "Will you shut up Eren? Your shouting isn't helping any of us, and if you don't think clearly, you'll... you..." Annie trailed off, staring down the hole Eren had created.

Eren glared at Annie with a burning passion. "Leonheart, you can fuck off for all I care. I'll do whatever the hell I want."

Armin wrapped his arms around Eren to try and stabilize him. "Eren..."

"Is that what I think it is?" Annie pointed down into the hole Eren had created. Mikasa, if only to shut Annie up, looked into the hole. A tall metal cylinder glinted faintly in the cloud obscured sun, and took Mikasa's breath away.

Annie hopped into the hole and detached her gas cylinders. A quick search revealed a gas hose connected to the cylinder. Breath baited, Annie pressed the tip to the cap of her cylinder, and nearly cried when she heard the hiss of gas. "Oh my walls... it's... IT'S A GAS TANK! EREN FOUND A GAS TANK!"

The 104th began to walk over... and then run... as the soldiers in training began to realize that somehow, Eren Yeager had found a refueling station. In minutes, individuals starting to make runs for the safety of Wall Rose, screaming in elation as they raced to scale the wall.

As the rooftop emptied though, Eren casually pulled one of his pairing blades out and let it nick Annie. Annie grunted in surprise, but only glared at Eren. "Watch it Yeager. You'll cut someone's head off if you're not careful."

Eren nodded as he noted that Annie's cut didn't immediately heal. "Just a slip."

Mikasa cocked an eyebrow as Annie finished filling her and Bertolt's gas canisters. "Yeah..." Climbing out of the hole, Annie delivered a furtive and slightly worried glance at Eren. "Well... see you on the other side." And with that, Annie, Reiner and Bertolt left the roof, racing for the core of Wall Rose, and leaving their Anchor's behind.

No one spoke as Mikasa filled their gas canisters. No one questioned their luck as they fled from Trost. No one thought of how strange it was that Bertolt, Reiner and Annie weren't shifters.

Everyone's mind was on their pursuit of survival.

5.11

Trost. Sooner or later, they all had to fight in Trost whilst awakening mid-battle. For Sasha, this was going to be fun, given her new powers. It was helpful off the field, but she wanted to put it to the test in a fight. Trost was perfect for it. The loopers all had earbuds that let them communicate thanks to Hange spending a loop as a gadgeteer or something.

"Spuds to Blade Dancer and Explorer; I'm going to use my conduit powers to try and test out what they do against titans."

"Explorer to Spuds: Go ahead, but be warned that you get to explain to Pixis what's happening."

"You got it! Spuds out."

She wasn't telling them what she had planned. The loops made death irrelevant, but that didn't change the fear of what she was going to do. Hopefully there was a 7m or 14m class nearby to try this out with. ODMG was good, but the urban movement training Cole

gave her and Connie proved incredibly useful, and something she tried to teach her fellow loopers. Turning her head from the side of the building, she saw her target.

"Now then, let's see if this 'grow anywhere' power works with Titans..."

Jumping Sasha jumped down the Titan's throat, using her powers to grow roots and potatoes on the way down, clogging its muscles and providing handholds to stop her descent. The disgusting sauna feel was no issue, as Eren helped them get past it for fighting.

"Spuds to Steamer, Roots Test successful. Feel free to bring Blade Dancer or Rough Rider by to slay the titan at any time."

"Copy Spuds, en route to Rough Rider now. Wish Boffin was here to see how well we're using these."

Sasha held on to her titan-grown potatoes, embedded within the throat of her enemy, awaiting the killing blow that would bring it down.

5.12 Detective Ethan Redfield

Hannes didn't even think as his blade danced over his head, slicing apart entire chunks of Wall Maria as the Colossal Titan destroyed the front gate. He felt as though his mind were steel, like nothing mattered except his purpose. Now that the Carla would survive, for a bit longer anyway, it was time to put the second phase of his plan into action. With several presses of the 3D maneuver gear control device, he launched himself towards the hole in the gate, where Titans were already on their way through the newly formed entrance.

He landed on a rooftop across from the first titan to make it through. His piston fired the grapple hook, which struck right above the hole. He quickly recalled his hook and dropped over the Titan's shoulder,

slicing the nape cleanly. A second later, he launched his second piston to the far end of the hole over two more titans' shoulders. His sword whirled around, once again striking true before he emerged from the hole. Spinning in mid air, he re-oriented himself to face the top of the wall and fired his hook again, pulling him on top of the wall.

The cannon operators were stunned into silence at his sudden arrival, but Hannes quickly took command of the situation, "Aim for the head, center of the forehead. You might be able to knock them over and buy us some time to rally. If we can hold them here at the hole, we can save the wall."

The two operators suddenly seemed less scared, more resolute. Hannes watched as their first shot missed slightly, meaning they were probably still drunk, but sober enough to almost hit a target from 100 meters.

With that, Hannes reached into his uniform, then, once his hand was out of sight, into his subspace pocket and pulled out his flare gun. It was pre-loaded in preparation for just this loop as he aimed skyward and fired. A single, purple line of smoke trailed into the air, drawing the attention of every garrison member in the city. He returned the gun to his subspace pocket and drew his wand, muttering a sonorus spell, " **Members of Wall Maria, the front gate has been breached. Civilians are advised to evacuate the city to Wall Rose. Garrison soldiers who are not helping civilians evacuate, report to the supply depot at once.** "

Thirty minutes later, over a hundred soldiers were loitering about the supply depot, all muttering in defeated tones about how humanity is finished and the Titans would kill them all. Hannes walked through the soldiers to the center of the plaza and shouted, "Soldiers of Zhiganshina, I look into your eyes and see humanity has already lost. We will all die here."

The soldier's expressions turned to despair, only for Hannes to glare at every soldier in the area, "Yes, we will all die. All your wives and

husbands. Your sons, daughters, your friends, everyone you have ever met and known! Our city has been breached, but we are not dead! We still live! Your loved ones are still alive! What will you do now?"

Someone shouted, "We take our families and flee to Wall Rose! Where we'll live!"

Hannes' eyes rested on that man, "Yes, you will live for a little longer. But Wall Rose cannot support you. Your families will burden the rest of humanity. We will all slowly starve to death in a back alley as the current population cannot be supported by the two remaining walls. They will reject you, send you back out to reclaim Maria and your families will die trying. The needs of the many will outweigh the needs of the few and, to survive, humanity will do what it believes it must."

Hannes looked around at the men, his words taking hold in their minds as resolution began to build in his men. The blonde haired soldier continued, "But *you* , soldiers of Zhiganshina, will survive and live with the shame of abandoning your families to your fate. Can you live with yourselves when your families die, with your shame?"

Every soldier was staring at Hannes as he finalized his speech, "If we stand here, and hold back the Titans and not surrender the wall, we may yet save humanity. But it will cost you everything. It will cost you your lives. I ask you not to die in shame from abandoning your families, or die when Rose turns us away. I ask you to stand together and die for your loved ones here. In the *face* of despair, we will lift the *torch* of human will. Let us ride swift and sure into battle against our captors. Let every man, woman and child look back on this day and know, *This* is where we fought, *this* is where we *died* ! Let them not remember we died as cowards do, running away, but as heroes for our loved ones and saviors of humanity! Who will fight with me!"

A few seconds passed, then one soldier stepped forward, "I will fight with you."

Another soldier stepped forward a moment later. "As will I."

Slowly, the sentiment spread outward from the center of the plaza, as every soldier arose from their spots and stood at attention, all prepared to die for their loved ones. Hannes walked among the men, patting them on their shoulders, speaking a soft thank you to each one.

Reiner didn't know what hit him as several Garrison soldiers gave chase after them, a particularly annoying blonde one at the front. The Blonde one seemed almost indestructible. He swung a punch at the guy, but he just kept disappearing in a flash of blue light before his punch would strike, then reappearing after his attack missed. He had killed a dozen soldiers already, but this one just wouldn't die. Eventually, he just gave up and blitzed towards the gate separating Zhiganshina from the land between Maria and Rose. Several cannons had taken position and were laying down a rather furious bombardment, but the Titan shifter made it through, crushing through the gate. And then, just after his successful breach, several cannons started bombarding the remnants of the wall, tearing more and more out of the wall until a pile of rubble had filled the hole.

Flashback

"Once the Civilians are evacuated, we can work on clearing out a path to the main gate of Wall Maria. There, we can collapse the rest of the wall with our cannons, sealing the breach for good. Although the Colossal Titan has disappeared, we cannot be sure he won't reappear and make his way through the town to breach the second wall. Half the remaining cannons must be moved to outside Wall Maria to permanently seal the town, just in case," said Hannes to the captain commanding the cannon crews.

End Flashback

To add insult to injury, those same soldiers had caught up with Reiner and were even now trying to hit his nape. Reiner decided escape was the better part of valor and raced for a nearby forest where he could change back to human form and blend in with the retreating survivors of the fallen district.

5.13

Hanji usually began his loops asleep, pleasantly unconscious. It was a treat for her to do so: apparently Awakening asleep was uncommon. It made him feel all warm and giddy to Wake Up unconscious. A warm bed and sweet dreams was what she needed.

But alas, he was needed, and so Hanji roused herself, fully awakening in both senses of the word. With a great "Yaaawwwww," Hanji stretched his jaws almost their breaking point just to yawn. Scratching her side, the perpetually genderless mad scientist groped for his glasses, and stepped off the bed.

At that moment, the door to the bunk room banged open, a man slumping against the wall. Hanji barely registered the man who had fallen into the room was Levi before she was at his side, trying to bring him back to his senses. "Levi? Levi!?"

Leviathan Ackerman blinked hard and seemed to register that Hanji was in the room with him. A look of indescribable fear, mixed with incomprehensible hope, broke across his face. "Han... Hanji... I... I..."

Hanji righted his friend. "Levi, what do you need?"

Levi stared at Hanji through crystal crimson eyes, sharpened fangs slipping past his lips. "I need... BLOOD!"

5.1: Crank it like a chainsaw!

5.2: Don't think too hard about it.

5.3: They'll be infamous!

5.4: Welcome to the loops Hange… or is it Hanji?

5.5: Carla… poor woman. She has Trisha Elric's voice, don't you know? Doomed from the beginning.

5.6: Life is like one big game.

5.7: A Slap on the Infinite Loops.

5.8: It's an interesting parallel, in my mind. It helps that everyone's a moron in this loop.

5.9: I'm calling it here: Soylent Green is people! …no wait… The Swords are made from Titans!

5.10: More than a few secrets hidden in this loop…

5.11: Call signs: Spuds: Sasha. Steamer: Connie. Rough Rider: Jean. Blade Dancer: Mikasa. Explorer: Armin. Boffin: Hange/Hanji. Bulwark: Han/Hannes. Mr. Clean: Levi. Suicide: Eren. Jotun: Ymir. Purple: Historia. Ghost: Marco.

5.12: …admit it, that speech was fucking badass. It's a crowning moment of awesome.

5.13: BLOOD!

Strike at Dawn: Part 6

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 6

A/N: I intended to write an extended loop for Levi, chronicling his first loop into the Twilight world.

Then I got writers block. I blame Stephanie Meyer.

In the meantime, here are plenty of *glorious* loops.

6.1

Mikasa had easily sensed the massive surge of psychic energy at the beginning of the loop, that being her first indicator of something gone horribly, horribly wrong. Sparring her time only to be with her stepmother as she left the earthly world, Mikasa apparated to the source I the psychic disturbance, Armin on her tail. The sight that greeted them was... surprising.

Levi had forced Hanji to the ground and was scratching at him, trying to find purchase on her skin. Mikasa made an executive decision and kicked Levi in the head, launching him across the room. "Now that was certainly a call for help."

Hanji staggered to his feet, readjusting her glasses. "Stand back, he's a vampire!"

Armin, who had gotten close to examine Levi, pulled out his light sabers and Iron Man armor. "I doubt he can hurt us like this."

Levi, in his own right, was gasping for breaths he didn't need. "Blood... it hurts... please, I need blood. I... Armin?" Levi's painful

thirst was temporarily forgotten when he recognized Armin.

Armin himself frowned. "You know me?"

Levi nodded gravely. "We've fought together often. You're a great strategist, and a brilliant tactician. And you smell delicious." Levi launched himself at Armin, who delivered an Iron Man enhanced fist into Levi's head. The newly turned vampire was sent skidding across the ground.

Mikasa walked over and planted her foot on Levi's back. "Alright Captain, I believe you can start with how you know who we are." Mikasa increased the pressure on Levi's back. "We'll feed you afterwards."

Levi grumbled into the stone floor. "Feed me now, and I tell you all you need to know." Levi forced himself to his feet as Mikasa stepped off him, glaring at his cousin. "Tell me something though: how are you doing this?"

Hanji, worried for his friend, answered his question. "We're time travelers. That may not make much sense, but-"

Levi politely held up a hand. "Hanji, I'm a vampire. Sense has left the building." For a second, Levi cringed. "Left the fucking building. It's just... fucking gone."

Armin and Mikasa exchanged a confused look. Hanji pulled a bag of blood out of her pocket and handed it to Levi, who drank deeply from it. "Thank you Hanji."

"Don't mention it."

Levi sighed, and drank some more blood. Then a little more. Then he stopped drinking altogether. Armin cautiously stepped forward and snapped his fingers in front of Levi. "Uh, Levi?"

"...the colors..."

None of the loopers said anything. Armin grabbed Levi's blood snack and looked at it, before face-palming. He held it up for Mikasa and Hanji to see.

'A+. Titan Sample.' "Congratulations Hanji. Levi's stoned on Titan blood."

Hanji chuckled in embarrassment. "I didn't know, okay. My bad."

"Fucking cool..." Levi mumbled, swaying in his feet.

Mikasa rolled her eyes. "Well, how are we supposed to figure out what he did now? He can't tell us anything if he's stoned."

"I don't know. Maybe you could enter his mind?" Armin suggested. Further suggestion were cut off though when the door opened and another vampire stepped into the room.

"Uh... Levi? Can you tell me what's going on?"

Armin, Mikasa, and Hanji all stared. Jasper Hale Cullen stared back. The realization that Jasper Hale Cullen was looping struck all three veteran loopers. Mikasa threw up her hands. "You know what, screw it. I don't want to know why Levi is a Meyerpire. I don't want to know why he isn't swearing. I do not want to know."

It was a sentiment echoed by Hanji and Armin. They would never speak of it again.

Up in admin space, Fenrir and Ganesha stared at the monitor. "Crap," Ganesha said.

"Double crap," Fenrir agreed.

Ganesha brought up Levi's coding matrix and looked it over. "Triple crap. His code's been corrupted by Twilight's vampirism strain. He'll-"

"I know that Ganesha," Fenrir interrupted. "He'll be able to turn into a vampire whenever he wants to now, but it'll only be reset by the loop reset. I see that."

Ganesha set his hand in his palm and groaned. "Great. I wanted my loopers to be strong... I wanted to help remove their impediments... but this isn't want I meant to happen."

Fenrir mournfully nodded. "Now Leah's going to have to deal with a looping Cullen. She's going to roast my flank."

Ganesha groaned. "Looks like we're going to need to get that world with the Vampire cure looping."

"The one with the Anchor named Edward?"

"Yeah."

Fenrir chewed his lips in thought. "I'll get my brother on it. See if he can handle that world. 'Daybreakers', wasn't it?"

Ganesha nodded. "I think so. Daybreakers it is."

6.2 Crossoverpairinglover

"Armin?"

"Yes Eren?"

"Why are we fighting Titans, on Motorcycles?"

"Because we're duelists this loop...Trap Card Open, Bottomless Trap Hole!"

"Armin"

"Yes Connie?"

"Why are we fighting Titans, on Ostriches?"

"Because they are fast and oddly sturdy this loop, of course."

"Armin?"

"Yes Hannes?"

"Why are we fighting Titans, while in space suits?"

"Because this loop, we literally are dealing with an attack, on Titan"

"Armin?"

"Yes Sasha?"

"Why do I feel a sudden...?" Sasha was suddenly eaten alive by a Titan.

"Sasha! Get out of there! Sasha! SASHA!"

6.3 Myself, Evilhumour, Crossoverpairinglover, SeaOfFallingStars, Wildrook, and Jcogginsa

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Hannes glanced at his list. "Alright every, names. We gotta christen this baby, and I want it done now!"

The assembled loopers, which happened to be everybody for once, from Eren and Armin all the way down to Hanji and Levi, incredulously looked at Hannes. Hannes had shown up with a brand new SHIELD Helicarrier and the proposition that it be used as their mobile base of operations. That he insisted that all further meetings

occur on the Helicarrier, and then enforced it by ensconcing the nine loopers to the Helicarrier, was a bit annoying.

And now he was calling for names. Hannes held up a list. "I've got two names so far: Hoffnung, and Olympus. Ideas?"

"Wait, why would we want to name it after *that* jerk's place?" Connie asked, regarding the name *Olympus.*

"Good point."

Mikasa spoke next. "The merry go."

Several worlds away, Monkey D. Luffy sneezed.

Armin shook head. "Nope. No taken names."

"Banquet Rain!"

"Sasha, in these situations is it possible for you to not think of food?"

"The Doom Kaiser Mark Doom!"

No one took Connie's suggestion seriously

Jean smirked at Eren. "The *Yeager* ."

Mikasa nodded. "It sounds good."

Armin agreed. "Has a nice ring to it."

"I like it," Eren admitted.

"NO!" Everyone else said, Jean especially.

Hanji winked at Levi. "I served on the *Leviathan* . Good name, no?"

Levi rolled his eyes, pulling his hood further over his head to spare his skin from the vampire burning sun. "The *Titanic* would be better

than that."

"That would give us the temptation of actually SINKING the thing," Armin replied.

"Humanity's pimp hand?" Hannes read off the list, somewhat confused. "Eh, bit too coarse."

"Speaking of pimp hands, the Gendo," Armin suggested.

"But you can't-" Connie was cut off when Armin pimp-slapped him.

"I got that after a loop in his shoes."

"I would have gone for The Vigilant," Mikasa muttered.

Hannes scratched his chin. "How about the Timeless?"

Eren thought it over. "Eh... maybe?"

The deck of the " *yet-to-be-named* ", otherwise known as the Helicarrier that Hans had bought, was strewn with a dozen pages of names, discards from the looper's attempts to decide on a single name for the ship. Hans crossed out one last name, " *Kaiju* ", and tossed the whole notepad away. "That's it. I got nothing."

Armin, having pulled a Go board from his pocket and knee deep inside a game with Connie, glanced away to Hans. "Hey, we'll think of something. It's not life-or-death."

Hange, having pulled out a paddle board, chuckled. "We could play this game all day. We're good... but we're not perfect."

Levi, hiding from the sun in a distant shade, called out. "Hey shit-glasses, if you think we can't name a damn ship, how are we supposed to protect humanity."

Connie rubbed a white stone between his fingers, thoughtful, before dropping it on to the board. "Leadership. We're individuals, powerful, capable, and with our initiative, and butting heads along with it. With a leader though, we've for direction."

Armin pointed at where Connie had dropped the stone. "You only have one liberty there, you know that right?"

Connie stared at the metaphoric visual rebuttal to his statement. "Oh."

Armin shook his head. "We may need a leader, but who would it be? The obvious choice would either be myself, Eren, Mikasa or Hans, and none of us are exactly leadership material. Hans is experienced, yes, but I'm a better strategist, Mikasa's a better fighter, Eren's more motivational. He's good, has a good balance, but lacks the experience and power we have."

"As for me, well I'm not above saying I'm the best strategist here, but if it comes down to field leadership I'm deadweight. Can't concentrate on the bigger picture when I'm at close range." A broken little smile seeped onto Armin's face. "And I'm not ruthless enough to do what's necessary yet."

"Eren's liable to go berserk. He's our field man, the guy who'll make sure everyone's intact when fighting, but he'll lose it the second someone gets killed. Mikasa's focused, but too focused: she'll sacrifice everything, even her life, for me and Eren." Armin shrugged. "We're good, but we're not leaders."

"Who aren't leaders?" Eren asked as he scrambled over the side of the Helicarrier's deck, having finished his swim and shaking the water out of his hair. Jean and Mikasa, toting Sasha, floated up a moment later. "We miss anything?"

"Names and leaders." Armin said.

"I vote Armin." Mikasa said.

"Ditto." Eren agreed.

"Shut up, both of you," Armin said, failing to disguise his grin. "If I end up as leader though, the first order of business is the construction of my throne. Blondes for the blonde throne!"

"Oh that was so funny I forgot to laugh," Eren admitted, sitting down on one side of the board.

Mikasa poked both of her brothers. "Lay off, both of you." Eren playfully batted her hand away.

Hans scratched at his nascent beard, an idea forming in his mind. "If we can't have any single good leader, why not three?"

The assembled loopers turned their attention to Hans. Levi even got out of the shade to listen. "You three play well together. You got good vibes. You're the oldest as well. So you three lead."

Eren waved it off. "Hey, you gotta-"

"All in favor?" Hans called out.

"Aye," said, essentially, everyone not named Armin, Eren or Mikasa. "The vote's unanimous," Hans declared. "So congratulations you three, you're in charge now."

Eren went wide eyed in surprise. "Wait, you can't do that!"

"They just did," Mikasa said deadpan. "You and Armin the leaders now."

"Don't try and weasel out of this Mikasa," Armin said, a sly little grin on his face. "You're in this too you know."

Hans clapped his hands. "Alright, leaders: give us a name."

The Anchors shared a look, and huddled up, whispering. Outside, Hange ribbed Hans. "Not bad old timer. Not bad."

Hans scoffed. "You know how to push a few buttons when you've known these three for so long. It's a benefit."

The trio of leaders broke off the conversation, facing the group. Armin redundantly coughed for attention. "How does *The Carla* sound?"

No one spoke for a moment, digesting the statement. Then Levi nodded. Jean admitted it wasn't half bad. Sasha said it was a great name.

In half an hour, the Helicarrier bore a new name.

The Carla.

6.4 RockGolem

Eren saw the giant titan kick through the gate of the outer wall the doors flying through the air and crashing into some of the houses nearby. Removing the high tech binoculars he'd been using, the looper turn to the people sitting next to him on top a building close to the second great wall Rose. "I still say we should kill the titans now and have a nice relaxing loop hanging out with the new guys."

Connie popped some chips into her mouth before telling Eren to "Shut up and enjoy the show."

Jean just shrugged as his eyes moved to the sun which had almost completely set. "Armin says when something cool is going to happen at nightfall and thats good enough for me."

Armin just sat there with a smug look on his face, a few loops ago he had swapped places with someone called Owen Bennet and had been working as a personal assistant for one David Xanatos one of the most awesome and Machiavellian loopers he had ever met. So when he awoke this loop and realized what was going on he used

his telepathy to contact all the other loopers and told them not to check their memories for this loop and meet him on this building next to the Rose Wall. He'd brought a load of chairs, binoculars and snacks and now as the last of the sun's rays were visably fading into twilight he turned giddily to the top of Rose Wall where stood close to a thousand statues, each of a hellish demon like form and sitting a couple feet apart from each other.

No two were the same, the closest ones ranged from small with wings like those of a flying squirrel attached to his arms and legs to a medium sized one with and large beak in place of a mouth and bat like wings from sprouting from his shoulders to a giant one over nine feet tall his regal features clear through the stone and had his wings drawn around him like a cape.

"Any second now." Muttered Armin

"Well the titans have breached the outer wall so if something is going to happen it needs to happen soon." Sasha said as she put away her binoculars not wanting to see what the titans would do to those unfortunate enough to anywhere near them.

"Look!" shouted Armin as he pointed to the top of the second wall. The loopers turned to see all the statues start to crack at the same time and then with the sounds of stone shattering and roars of powerful animals the statues exploded to reveal creatures of flesh and blood. Eyes glowing, muscles bulging the creatures roared into the night.

"So many colors." said Mikasa as she stared at these creatues who indeed came in many different hues from grey to bright yellow to the purple giant who shouted orders to his kin atop the wall.

"Brothers, sisters, protect our home, protect our human brethren, attack these monsters!" the creatures roared again and then took flight into the night to go forth and battle the titans.

Eren having seen enough looked at his memories and discovered just what was going on. It seemed in this loop humanity had allies in the form of Gargoyles, stone by day warriors by night. As long as humans protected the gargoyles during the day when they were unable to protect themselves the gargoyles would aid the humans in return. Strong enough to bend steel, able to glide through the air with their wings and with talons able to pierce stone they were great warriors and fantastic fighters against titans.

Suddenly a blue blur knocked Armin of his seat and onto the roof top everyone summoned a weapon from their pockets only to halt as they heard Armin laughing "Hahaha Bronx knock it off that tickles hahaha."

Eren felt the air stir beside him as something settled beside him. "Bronx what are you doing...oh hey Armin!"

Armin finally pushed the blue hell dog off him and turned to the gargoyle with a beak, who turned out to be red colored, and gave him his hand "Hey Brooklyn welcome to my loop I hope you enjoy your stay with us."

6.5 Crossoverpairinglover

Holding up the business card that Connie had found in his room at loop start, Sasha noted it with some level of concern.

"Are you an evil genius with limited physical ability? Are you constantly being made a fool of? Want to achieve great things? Join the Legion of Doom. Call 1-800-Evil-Doom, ask for Hienz" Sasha read off the card, before turning the card over and noting the large skull shaped Headquarters of said group, with discreet letters on the bottom of the card saying 'Note, design of evil lair design not final', before raising an eyebrow.

Connie gulped, wishing he hadn't swiped the invite.

6.6 SeaOfFallingStars

Hange looked over at the constant set of black flares popping up. It seemed this expedition always led to Annie going after Eren in her Titan form. They never could capture her either. Urging his horse faster (he really needed a dune buggy like the one from the Motorstorm loop) as he tried to catch up to the Titan, Hange thought he heard something.

"Oi, shitty glasses, where are you going?" Levi asked him. Couldn't he tell?

"After the aberrant of course!" He shouted back.

Ignoring the insults Levi hurled at him, Hange charged towards the black smoke.

The sight that greeted him could only be described as awe-inspiring. Five alien aircraft were attacking Annie and any other titans that follow her. It was obvious that they were skilled. He dismounted his horse, and started walking towards the battle. At least, that's what he would've done had one of the jets, silver with yellow lines, swooped down, turned into a mechanical titan, grabbed him, and turned back into a plane.

"Are you crazy? These giants are a threat to humans! What in the name of Primus are you DOING out here?" The jet shouted at her. It was making his head hurt and vision swim a bit.

"I had to see what you were doing. Who are you?" He-he was a guy this loop he was a he replied.

"Against that thing? We keep trying to get the human inside of her out, but every time Skydive tries she just crystallizes!" The jet-he was going to refer to it as 'silver-whined?

"Of course. The human inside is controlling the titan. You'll have to get her out of the nape of its neck."

"Oh. Hold on, I don't know how this will work; we've never done it with a passenger." Huh? What 'thing'?

"Silver, what are you-"

"Aerialbots, COMBINE!"

Oh. *Ohhhh.* Hange looked for his notebook. He had to document this!

Hange was writing down notes over Silver's cockpit when something slammed into the side. He tried to hold onto the notebook as well as the pencil, only for it to clatter around as they *spun* . He looked at the display in front of him.

[Air Raid connected]

[Slingshot and Fireflight moving into position]

[Silverbolt holding steady]

So Silver's name was Silver *bolt* ? Why was she picturing some sort of hybrid wolf/eagle thing? Before she could sketch that, another Aerialbot slammed into Silverbolt, sending them to the side. 3DMG was never like this. A copper taste welled in his mouth, and Hange realized something.

He was trapped in a metal titan that shifted into different forms and he *had no protection against it.*

"Farewell, fun loop..."

6.7

Armin and Mikasa were laughing out loud. If it had only been them, Eren might have brushed it off as a funny little thing. Maybe even join in the laughter at his expense. Unfortunately, it was not only them.

Everyone had been Awake this loop. From Connie to Sasha, everyone had woken up. Thus, everyone had seen his tranformation. Everyone was laughing at him, and in Connie's case, seemed to be hiding a camera. Jean, anticipating Eren's retaliation, had erected his AT-field and was blocking him from getting in.

Levi, by far the person laughing the least, was the first to choke out normal words. "Shit, you look like a fucking piece of lipstick Yeager. Someone please tell me they got a damn picture?"

Connie, still laughing, waved. "Got... hahaha... got it... heheheh."

For the rest of the loop, the, ahem, *Rouge Titan,* declined transformation.

6.8 Crossoverpairinglover

"Bahhh"

Sasha had no idea why she was partnered with a goat.

Why was there a looping goat? That just made no sense.

Particularly a goat that could not be turned into something edible. Instead, it merely exploded, and reformed.

An immortal super explosive goat.

What could she do with a inedible goat?

Goat Archery was later banned by Hange for cruelty to Titans.

6.9

If there were only two things that Eren could objectively hate about his universe, it would be Reiner and Bertolt. If there were three things he could objectively hate though, it would be Reiner, Bertolt, and Rod Reiss.

His hatred, even disgust at the Reiss patriarch had been carefully honed through the loops. His speech about how humanity needed the Titans to be united, how he could fix everything if needed, how Historia had to be the one to eat him and gain the Coordinate had smelled of more than a little bit of bullshit. It was almost as if he was a Nazi... which, considering the fact he was foregoing injecting himself with the Titanization formula in favor of his Aryan daughter, seemed like the Nazi MO. All things considered though...

Rod scared him. When he had first been to the later part of his loop, Eren had been unprepared for the revelation of what he had done to his father, of what his father had done to him, of what the Coordinate was. To think that he had eaten his own father had nearly driven him to suicide. It shorted him out.

It was several loops later before he had managed to work up the courage to tell Mikasa and Armin the story. Armin had consoled, tried to comfort him, but in the end it was Mikasa who had managed to break him out of it.

"Would you really choose to throw away the Coordinate, when every human who had held it before you did nothing with it?"

Mikasa didn't exactly have a way with words, but what she had said rang true. For generations, the Reiss family had done nothing to change the existence of humanity, done nothing to free them from the Titans. The Coordinate was a power that none of them had used. So perhaps it was better if it stayed sealed within the man who chose to use his power, who had the will to wield it.

That had been many loops ago, not long after Hanji had started looping. His decision had been one that had kept him up at night, but Eren chose to hold true to his conviction. If no one could have use the Coordinate, than no one could have it.

This conviction reaffirmed itself as the loop began, with Eren already tied up beneath the Reiss chapel, deep inside the strange glowing cavern that Rod seemed to insist the ceremony take place in. *'Another late beginning. Just my luck.'*

Kenny had just gotten through threatening Rod and was marching up to the ledge that Eren was chained onto. Pulling out his knife, Kenny cut the bonds on Eren's gag. "It'll be pretty hard to bite through your tongue, so I'll make it easy on you." Eren steeled himself as Kenny drew his knife across his forehead. "You better not waste this boy. It'll be boring if you do." Kenny hooked onto the ceiling and bolted, leaving the decision solely to Historia and Eren.

Down below, Rod had grabbed hold of Historia and was giving her the rundown of what she had to do. "You'll be able to beat him with the Titan I've selected. It's the Titan best suited for combat. Once you've transformed, you'll lose control, but all you'll need to do is eat Eren. We have a chance, while he's still tied up. Just use the serum, and then you'll have the power to eradicate the Titans."

Eren sighed internally. The loop, so far, terminated when Historia stuck herself with the serum. In just a few moments, the loop would end. It was another exercise in futil-

"Why?"

"What?"

Historia hadn't stuck herself with the serum, but she was staring at Rod. "Why didn't Frieda kill the Titans? If she had the Coordinate, why didn't she free humanity from the Titans?"

Rod seemed thrown by the question. Eren almost certainly was. "Historia... what are you doing?" he whispered.

Historia didn't let Rod answer though. "No... I know why. It's because she couldn't. No one has and no one can. The whole Reiss line inherited 'The First King's Will', whatever that is. They couldn't free humanity if they tried, could they!"

"I... yes-ARGH!"

Eren gasped aloud as Historia grabbed Rod an threw him across the room. Above him, Kenny whooped after a second to realize what Historia had just done. "Good job girl! Good job!"

Eren burst out laughing, almost stunned at the insanity of it. "Historia, what the hell are you doing?"

Historia ran up the stairs to Eren's perch, fiddling with a set of keys she had grabbed from Rod. "I'm getting you out of here. You deserve to get out of here." A little smile glinted beneath Historia's serious demeanor. "We'll have some fun when we're done."

Eren felt a grin creep on to his own face. "Then lets-"

BANG!

The whole cavern shook, the world feeling like it was exploding. Historia went flying in the blast, Eren stilled only by the chains still binding him. "What..." Eren's eyes went wide as he saw exactly what was happening right in front of him. Rod had taken the serum, and was transforming into a Titan. A huge Titan. "...Oh no."

A flash of movement caught Eren's eye. Mikasa had shot past him, crashing into Historia violently. "Historia... are you okay?"

Historia's response was less than satisfactory. "I've had worse... yeah." Eren could hear the wince in her voice.

With a hum of his lightsaber, Armin quickly cut Eren's chains. The other loopers landed around the edge of the wall, staring at Rod's malformed transformation. They were all speaking, even shouting, but Levi put it best. "Wow... that shit is creepy."

"Yeah..." Hanji admitted, looking like he was trying not to throw up, or cream himself.

As the heat washed over the nine loopers, Eren noticed something. Historia was staring at her father's Titanic transformation, a variety of emotions playing out over her face. Horror, shock, revulsion, agonizing worry, but also interest, engagement, and a certain spark of determination. Historia began marching forward, on to the ledge that Eren had just occupied. "Historia, what are you doing?"

Historia looked over her shoulder at Eren, determination etched on to her face. "I'm going to stop this, right here..." With a blast of winter force, a aged shepherds crook appeared in Historia's hands. "Right now." Historia turned, cane up and ready, ice and frost dancing on her finger tips-

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6.10

Historia Reiss, daughter of Rod Reiss, found herself back insider her grandparents' house, standing in front of the fire. "Wh... what?"

The bastard princess stumbled and staggered out of her house, weakness and her sudden lack of familiarity with her body rending her motor skills. The blonde girl tripped twice, before pulling out her cane and throwing herself into the wind. There, at least, she could move easily. "What's happening? Why am I-"

"Back again?"

Historia dropped out of the air and fell into a barley field, face first. "Ow." Light laughter followed her down, before a hand appeared in

her field of vision. Grabbing it, Historia was gently pulled to her feet, and found herself looking at a boy who could pass for Eren's little brother. It took a moment for Historia to realize that she was looking at Eren. "How... what... what's going on!?"

To the side, Armin smiled at her and hooked an arm on Mikasa's shoulder. "Well, the short of it is that time and space are broken, and we're repeating the same temporal period infinitely. The long of it can wait."

Mikasa, for her own credit, smiled lightly. "Welcome to the Infinite Loops Historia. Oh, and boys: pay up."

Eren and Armin groaned and pulled out several coins, which they handed to Mikasa. "I knew we were due for another girl. Thank you."

Historia hooked her shepherd's cane across her shoulders and tried not to worry about why she had gotten herself into. "Well, this is strange."

"You'll get used to it," Eren reassured. Pointing at her cane, Eren asked, "So how'd you get the hook? Is it soul bound to you?"

Historia mentally filed the phrase "soul bound" away for later and put on her best smile. "It's kind of a long story. Three hundred years or so, long."

Armin pulled four lawn chairs out of thin air. "Well, we have all the time in the world. So let's hear it."

Historia sat down on the chair, rolling with the whole "chairs from thin air" thing. "Well, it all started with a little girl named Krista Frost..."

6.11

"I hereby call this session of The Geek Squad to order. Seeing as we're all accounted for, shall we begin?"

Armin, Hans, Connie and Hange, having collected inside *The Carla's* stern lab, were by and large considered the smartest people amongst the Attack loopers. They represented a cross-section of strategy, engineering, social and biological sciences, all of which had been honed by hundreds of loops or experience. They trumped any normal human in their loop, with only Eren surpassing Hange in medical knowledge.

Eren, however, had elected to pass on the opportunity to join The Geek Squad.

Hange brought a holo-map up on the screen and was guiding her four fellow nerds through her plan. "Throughout the past three loops, Mikasa has detected abnormal formations beneath the earth whenever she practiced her earthbending. Myself and Armin investigated the report in a prior loop, and discovered this." A picture appeared on the holo-screen, showing a large, flat layer of concrete underneath several carefully excavated layers of earth. "Inquiry into the existence of this subterranean barrier led to... interesting responses."

"What Hange means is that we spent the loop running from the Military Police's first brigade," Armin clarified. "So far through, the subterranean wall has persisted between almost every loop, implying that it is a baseline feature. We decided that once the entire Geek Squad was able to convene we would investigate further."

Connie glanced out the window and towards the distant ground. "Are you certain that this... subterranean wall is there this loop? It would be like Yggdrasil to bring us together and troll us like that."

Armin nodded. "Mikasa reported that her earthbending has detected the wall this loop. It would seem, for once, that we're in luck. Everybody, pack your things. We leave within the hour."

The trip to the surface was quick and uneventful. Hange and Hans grabbed a Quinjet, while Armin and Connie used their Iron Man and Steam Boy suits. The target was a flat clearing inside northern Wall Maria, an area that Eren, Mikasa and Levi had cleared out an hour ago. As the Quinjet spun around for a landing, Hange noticed that Mikasa had even been thoughtful enough to lift a large, carefully edged section of earth out of the way. "It looks like we're in for a good time, ay Hans?"

"Hmm? Oh yes, it looks fun." Hans wasn't completely paying attention to Hange, or anyone really. Instead he was trying to calculate the amount of material that would be needed to seal the entirety of humanity off from the earth. At the same time though, he was also recalling the stories that Edward and Alphonse Elric had related to him about their country.

'An entire nation... with a base of trapped souls, sealed within a monster of a man. This does not bode well.'

Then again, with the aloof father angle, government conspiracy, and the fact that Titans were piloted from the nape of the neck and losing yourself to one meant losing your sense of self, Hans wasn't above denoting the similarities to Evangelion either. "I've got a bad feeling about this..."

Hange, not being a mind reader, playfully hit Hans on the shoulder. "Ah, it's just an archeological dig. There's nothing to worry about."

Hans stoically nodded as he jumped into the hole. "If you say so."

The group began working on the basics first. Hange and Armin set up a drill to start cutting through the concrete layer, while Hans and Connie started collecting soil samples for carbon dating. Connie glanced over at Hans, thoughtful. "You don't think this floor thing has Titan's in it, do you?"

"I'd wouldn't hold my breath. In the event that there is though, we should get ready to seal the area." Hans set another sample into his

case. "You hear me Connie: the instant this gets ugly, we turn and burn."

"Live to fight another day." Connie grimaced lightly. "I like that plan."

Back at the drill, Armin swept another batch of slurry off of the drill, replacing it with clean water. Hange glance at the ultrasound reading she was taking. "We should reach that low density later within thirty seconds."

"Alright. Be prepared for anything," Armin said. To highlight his point, he pulled both of his lightsaber's out. Hange smirked in anticipation. "We are through... Now!"

The drill suddenly started to bore much faster, cutting into the low pressure zone with a vengeance. At the same time though, a fountain of blood started shooting out of the hole, a geyser of hot red oil. Armin shut down the drill and sealed the hole, but not before bending some of the blood into several waiting vials. "Well Hange, it seems our hypothesis is correct. There are, in fact, Titan's beneath the earth."

"Fuck." Hange swore.

6.12

It was in a small bar in Stohess that Sasha found Levi, the older man clutching a small bottle of alcohol. The huntress sidled up next to him, pointing at the bottle. "You mind sharing?"

Levi stared flatly at Sasha and drank the beer without comment. The huntress tried again. "Maybe you could use a friend to help finish that beer. You drink all that, and don't eat, you're gonna be sick."

Levi, the bottle halfway to his lips again, looked at Sasha, before reeling back and slapping her. Sasha's little illusion broke, revealing

Sasha as the barely fourteen year old she was. "Jerk," Sasha muttered, resetting the illusion before anyone noticed.

Levi went back to his beer. "Leave it brat. Kids like you shouldn't drink."

Sasha cocked an eyebrow. "Uh, captain, unless you haven't noticed, I'm a little older then just fourteen. More like fourteen hundred, in fact."

Levi gripped his bottle tighter, glancing at Sasha. "That's just fucking disturbing."

"Eh, it's not too bad." Sasha ribbed Levi cheekily, smiling at him. The newest looper of Attack on Titan glared at her with dead eyes. "Okay, maybe it's a little weird, but it's not too bad." It's only two hundred and eighty repeats, give or take."

Levi dropped his bottle, turned and stared at Sasha. "Tell me, Blouse, how many Titans have you killed?"

Sasha raised an eyebrow, but answered anyways. "At last count, it was around... four hundred, seventy two. Give or take. Why do you ask?"

Levi picked up his beer, sipped it, and answered. "Because, Blouse, you've killed four hundred, seventy two innocent human beings. Did you know that?" Levi derived a certain, minuscule satisfaction from Sasha's look of horror. "No, I take it you didn't."

Sasha's gaze dropped away from Levi. "Do you really... I did know. That Titan's were all once human. I just don't like thinking about it that way."

Levi nodded inside his emotional pain. "I can't think of it in any other manner. Kenny taught me how to fight and kill human beings. When he disappeared from my life, when I found my way into the Survey Corps, I thought I had left that part of me behind. But all these

years... I've just been killing humans. I'm no better than that piece of shit that calls himself my uncle."

Sasha didn't speak as Levi drank. Once he finished his bottle though, she broke the silence. "Those humans are trying to kill all of us. Trying to hurt our friends and family. I can't let that happen."

"So which is it then?" Levi's question could have cracked steel. "Throwing away your humanity to protect humanity, or throwing away humanity to protect your humanity? Heh... You could choose to stay true to your ideals, inside these god forsaken loops; no matter what you do, the Titans are still alive, the people you've doomed are still alive, and nothing will ever change that."

Sasha's composure broke for a second. "What would you do, let Petra die again and again an-!"

Everyone in the bar jumped as Levi moved faster than the eye could see, pulling a sword out of his pocket and leveling it straight at Sasha's neck. Furious red iris' glinted out of narrowed eyes, teeth and fangs bared. "Don't. You. *Dare* . SAY THAT TO ME AGAIN!"

"Then kill me Levi." Sasha looked humanity's greatest soldier in the eye. "If it's all meaningless, *kill me* , and show me that in the end, what we do is just the pointless slaughter of human beings that are trapped inside Titans."

Levi's arm was shaking, his fury and depression breaking across his face. "You. You have no idea what this is like for me."

Sasha narrowed her eyes. "I killed Connie's father... to save a child. There's no way back from this, no way for us to change what the Titans are. We can't heal them. Not yet, maybe never. But what we can do is protect those who haven't been turned yet. That's all we can do."

Sasha tried to keep her face, her conviction, firm, but pain and sorrow managed to worm their ways out on to her features. "We

must endure this, captain Levi. It's all we can do. I had the same qualms that you did, but I know what I must do. I must protect humanity, and if this means killing the Titans, then so be it."

Sasha stuck out a hand. "Will knowing that you've made a difference be enough?"

Levi, slowly, tentatively, lowered his sword. He sat back down, took his beer, and noticed that he had vamp'd himself, and thus wouldn't be able to enjoy it. "Give me an hour... then I'll come help."

Sasha turned and left, but not before turning to the patrons of the bar, and smiling lightly. "Don't annoy Levi, Kay?"

The patrons nodded, and Sasha left. Levi glanced back, and shook his head. "Shit head."

6.13 Shimmer712

Connie blinked and looked around. Then he looked at himself.

"Gah!" Why did he have tattoos? And what were they of? He put down the scalpel he was holding and checked his loop memories. And blinked.

Okay, he could see some similarities between his home loop and this one, mainly the whole humans fighting giant monsters trying to eat them thing. Although he felt a bit cheated that he wasn't replacing one of the guys who piloted a giant robot. That would have been awesome!

He didn't recognize the people in his memory. Well, he did, but only in his memory. There weren't anyone from his home loop here. He wondered who the anchor was.

He looked at the… stuff he had been cutting up. Apparently he worked for a group called PPDC, or Pan Pacific Defense Corps, which Connie thought was a bit like the Survey Corps and maybe the Garrison. The PPDC basically provided defense against the invading monsters which were called Kaiju. Although now there was a wall being built. Kinda like home. He himself was a scientist who was a bit obsessed with the Kaiju.

Okay, a lot obsessed. The guy he was replacing was their version of Hanji!

He wondered if he could grab one of the giant robots, (which were called Jeagers, which struck Connie was oddly fitting since their purpose was to take the Kaiju, or exterminate them all) for his subspace pocket. It would be interesting to use one back home.

Connie paused and considered exactly how a Jeager versus Titan fight would go. And started laughing manically. Now he *really* wanted a giant robot!

Hermann Gottleib walked into his shared laboratory, took one look at Connie and sighed. Why did he get stuck with working with Kaiju-brained lunatic?

Raleigh Becket blinked and looked around. He was in some sort of training camp. He accessed his loop memories and inwardly sighed. He was getting of dealing with giant monsters.

Although that Monster High Loop had been fun.

Although worse come to the worse, he could just use Gypsy Danger. The girl could literally step on these Titans.

Raleigh grinned. And the 3DMG looked like it could be fun.

He was blissfully unaware of two scientists enthusiastically gushing about Titans elsewhere. If he had been aware of these two, and

exactly how similar they were, he probably would have made a run for it.

6.14

It was a relatively normal morning in Trost, where Armin, Eren and Mikasa were gathered, eating some food from their pockets, when a giant butterfly swooped down, snatched Armin up, and flew off.

"Later Armin!" Eren shouted after him.

"Don't get eaten!" Mikasa added.

"HEEEEEELP!" Armin screamed as the butterfly carried him off and over the wall.

Back on the ground, Eren and Mikasa continued eating. The Titan shifter glanced at the relatively normal looming piece of bread. "You know, it scares me that a giant butterfly kidnapping Armin isn't the weirdest thing we've ever seen."

"True. Pass the roast," Mikasa said.

Several months later, the southern gate of Trost was opened to admit a swarm of gnomes, trolls, pixies, elves, a solitary dragon, three centaurs, and Armin. The blond waved at his fellow Anchor's, who happened to be the only people who were taking the arrival of mythological beasts in stride. "Hey guys, guess what!"

Armin held up an ornate scepter. "I'm the fairy king!"

"Fairy princess," a sprite perched on Armin's shoulder corrected.

"Whatever," Armin answered.

6.15 Myself, SeaOfFallingStars, Crossoverpairinglover, Wildrook and Crisis

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It is broadly agreed upon by the looping community of Yggdrasil that, eventually, all beings within the loops start to get very stir crazy. Now, most loopers, especially Anchors, are good at hiding this. Those that didn't, the multiverse knew to fear.

As for the loopers of the universe of Attack on Titan, well...

Most of the time, the ability to guiltlessly slaughter giant monsters that don't die easily was an effective balm. When it didn't work out, most of the loopers fell into hobbies; Connie recreated Las Vegas inside Trost, Jean started his own newspaper, Sasha spent months secluded in the forests. When even those failed though, things got hectic.

Now, the effects ranged quite a bit amongst the loopers. Hannes usually spent bad loops somewhere deep inside a bottle. Jean flared out and mopped about how dead everyone got. Sasha became very possessive of her village's land. Fortunately, it seemed as if the madness did not infect the Anchors.

Then again, *seemed* was the operative word.

Publicly, Mikasa, Armin and Eren were the epitome of self-control and balance. Sure, they weren't perfect: every now and again, they wigged out and slaughtered anyone who had they saw as responsible for the Titans, typically the Titan Shifters, the nobility, and the Military Police's first brigade.

The loopers considered them good folk. They were smart, capable leaders with more level heads. They just also forgot that, as Anchors, the Shiganshina trio experienced loops they didn't hear about. Like this one.

Armin was lounging behind a desk, inside a small office in Trost, when Eren hopped through a window. The armed guards that saw Eren yelped and turned their handguns on the intruder, but any action was averted by Armin. "Eren, brother, how goes it?"

Eren smiled and crossed the room, seating himself across from Armin. "You know how it is. Titan bodies everywhere, lots of blood. I've gotten a handle on the Armored Titan form you know, the one I picked up from the Reiss chapel?"

Armin smiled as he struck out a line on the paper he was working on. "That's very good Eren. I'll need to make some revisions to our stratagems to incorporate it. But where are my manners. Viggo," Armin said, addressing one of the two large bodyguards. "Fetch me and my friend some wine, from my personal stocks."

"Of course Mister Arlert," Viggo said, abandoning the room.

Armin turned to the other bodyguard, and fished a few bills from his pocket. "Gunther, do yourself a favor and have a good night out. We're fine here."

"Thank you Mister Arlert," Gunther said, leaving the room.

Eren pointed after Gunther. "Isn't he on Levi Squad?"

Armin laughed as he set his paperwork away. "Yeah, he looks real different in a suit. Nice guy though."

"Yeah." Eren smiled at his brother, before breaking into hysterics. "Geez man, I still can't believe you've cornered the underground drug market."

Armin winked at Eren. "All you need is personality, and brains, and I have both in abundance." Viggo returned at that moment with a bottle of wine and two goblets. Armin dismissed him in the same manner he had Gunther, and poured him and Eren a drink. "To health?"

Eren clinked his glass against Armin's. "To health." He sipped his wine...

"Oh, and to the queen."

...and spit it out. " **Queen!?"**

Armin, soaked in Eren's spat out wine, pulled out a rag and wiped off his face. "What, haven't you been reading the newspapers?"

"I've been out killing Titans," Eren reminded his friend.

"But haven't you noticed that the flags have all changed, or the bloodshed, or the vast changes in tax law?"

"Quoth the boy: 'I've been out killing Titans'," Eren repeated.

Armin pulled out a newspaper. It's front page read: **Coup de tat! Queen Mikasa on the throne!** He pulled out a few more.

Queen Mikasa Enacts Tax Reformation, Nobility Enraged.

Assassination Attempt! Queen Mikasa Kills First Military Police Brigade.

Queen Mikasa: Inventor of the Elevator.

Queen Declares Holiday: Public Rejoices.

Queen's Government Enacts New Policy, Promises to Wipe out Plague.

Queen Renames Walls: Eren, Armin and Mikasa Protect us Now.

Queen Instigates new Titan Killing Tax-

Eren gasped at the last headline. "No... Mikasa, she's succumb to Sakura Syndrome." Eren began crying anime tears.

Arming lances at the headline, and eep'ed. "Whoops. Covered a word up with my hand." Armin uncovered the full title.

Queen Instigates new Titan Killing Tax Credit.

"I love our sister," Eren said.

"Me too," Armin concurred. "There's actually quite a few more."

Queen Labels Trio Most Wanted; 'Ymir' Granted Pardon

"Huh. Guess she decided to take them out. Want to bet Ymir decided to ally with Mikasa because Historia did?" Eren asked, uncaring of the second half.

"That's almost what happened." Armin replied with a smirk.

Queen to Preside over First Same-Sex Unions: Wall Cult up at arms!

Queen Fines Wall Cult: Suggests 'Be Silent Like the Wall' as New Commandment!

Queen declares War on Slavery: Military Police Made to Work!

Queen Eats Sandwich: What is Mayo?

Queen begins Funding Inventors.

New Weapons Flood All Military Branches.

"FIRE!" was what Hannes yelled, launching rockets at the Titans, destroying their necks.

Commander Darius Zackly Mysteriously Found Dead, Queen's Government Denies Investigation.

Queen Leads 57th Expedition Beyond Wall Rose, No Casualties Reported.

Queen Lets Fashion World in on her Secret. Embroidery Takes Hold.

Queen Declare Embroidery National Art.

Coup De Tat! Reiss House Leads Nobility and Military in Battle Against Queen!

Queen Survives Coup, Beheads Reiss Patriarch.

Historia Reiss Declared Heir to Reiss House.

Queen Holds Matchmaking Ball For Adopted Brother: Bans Golddiggers From Attending.

"Eren, you know there's nowhere you can run from this."

"Watch me."

Dozens Dead Due to 'Beast' Titan; Queen Pays for All Funerals

"Sure, Connie was devastated, but Sasha managed to calm him down before booze was involved. Though they were banned from two restaurants afterwards." Armin smiled lightly. "Mikasa really does know how to run a country."

"I'll say."

6.16

Armin had a particular sentiment regarding zombies and loops that involved Zombie Apocalypses. That anyone who had to deal with them had. It. Easy.

Zombies all had exactly one weakness, that being the brain. A single blade into the head... hell, even a musket round, and viola, dead. Additionally, zombies had no regeneration capabilities. You could

shoot one in the knee and it was limping. You didn't even need to worry about trying to hit the weak point. It was on the same level you were on.

Zombies were slow and rotting. Titans were the gods of zombies, and Armin killed them on a regular basis. A zombie loop was easy for him.

At least, that was what he had thought, before the Walking Dead loop.

Eren sliced through the zombie's head with the usual, impeccable aim. The zombie, now brainless, locked up and died again. Eren chuckled lightheartedly and set off walking. His goal was the small cottage that Armin had found and he and Mikasa had fixed up.

...Well Mikasa had fixed it up. He'd mostly just killed fewer zombies than her.

He was good at killing zombies. They were slow and mindless, and he was a trained soldier. Against zombies, it was easy. As for the surviving humans... well they usually ignored them. Most scavengers came by and left once they saw the superior fire power. Larger groups usually got the message after they saw the heads on poles.

Eren quietly chuckled at the memory of The Governor's face when his group passed by. It had been priceless. If only his Pocket was accessible, he'd have taken a photo. Fortunately though, his regeneration and Titan shifting powers were maintained. It helped a lot to be able to regenerate, especially when, oh, you fell down a hidden river bank and got covered in cuts and bruises.

Which was what Eren did at that moment. "Fuck!" Eren disentangled his limbs from each other and gave himself a quick once over. Bruises, though nothing to indicate a broken bone. Cuts, shallow mostly, but with a nice deep one on his right arm. Fortunately, the cut was already healing.

By the time Eren had reached the cottage five minutes later, he had changed his self-diagnosis from cuts and bruises to concussion. "Hey, Armin."

Armin, sitting on the porch of their little home and cradling a shotgun called back. "What?"

"Call Mikasa home. I think I've got a concussion." Eren winced as his arm brushed against the siding. "Can you get me some water?"

"Sure." Armin stepped inside, Eren taking his place on the porch. A spike of pain caught Eren across the head, forcing him to close his eyes. Eren worked to open his eyes again, scratching his suddenly very itchy arm.

"Agh... ow..." Eren closed his eyes again to stave off the pain. "Armin where's that water?"

"I've got OH SHIT!" Armin stepped out on to the porch and dropped Eren's water when he saw his brother. "Eren. It's... Eren, your arm!"

Eren glanced at his arm, a haze of pain clouding him. "Wha... what?" His forearm was necrotic, steaming hot and rotting at the same time. "What?" Eren repeated.

Armin grabbed Eren's should, trying to steady him as he stood up. "Eren, what's happening to your arm? Were you bitten?"

Eren shouted in pain. "AGH!" His arm was trying to regenerate, but the rot was spreading at nearly equal speed. "AGH! Armin, Get BACK!"

Armin jumped away, staring horrified as Eren brought out his broadsword and drive it through the flesh of his arm. The rotting arm withered and dissolved into black sludge. Eren smiled lightly. "Heh. Not too hard."

Then his arm started growing back, rotten and out of control. Eren seized the agonizing, flailing limb. "AGH!" To his horror, the rot then began to spread up his uncontrolled arm, rising from the stump of his elbow. "Noooooooo."

"Eren!" Eren couldn't see Armin's voice... no that wasn't right. Eren was delirious. "Eren!"

"Armin!" Eren shouted as he lifted his sword again. "Get back!"

Eren plunged his sword into his leg and Titanized.

Mikasa saw the blast of light that heralded Eren's Titanization and pushed we legs to move faster. Armin's alert to her of Eren getting a concussion had been more than enough to convince her to put aside her rifle and sprint home, but if Eren had to Titanize, something had gone horribly, horribly wrong.

Mikasa shot through the woods in leaps and bounds, jumping across the trench Eren had fallen into. The trees blurred as she heard Eren's roars of pain. "Eren, I'm coming!" the soldier shouted.

Horror met her eyes when she entered the clearing. Eren's Titan form, caught halfway between regenerating and rotting with the walker virus. Mikasa gasped in terror at the sight. Arms and legs and half-formed jaws, dragging themselves across the ground as Eren's regeneration ran rampant, trying to consume the flesh of men. One of the limbs, an amalgam of a ribcage and arm and coated in teeth, flipped its way towards Mikasa.

Mikasa screamed at the sight of her brother. "NOOOO! STOP! STOP IT! **EREN** !"

As if heavens answered her prayers, there was a grand, bombastic roar of rage and defiance. Eren ripped his way out of the forest of limbs and screamed in triumph as the sky. Mikasa's spirits soared.

And then an arm ripped its way out of Eren's throat and dragged him back down.

Mikasa stared. She fell to her knees. "No... Please no. Anyone..."

Armin was missing. Eren was dying. Mikasa was alone. Only Mikasa could stop this.

The eldritch horror that was once Eren wrapped a tentacle-arm around Mikasa's leg. Inside, Eren screamed and cried in pain, delirious and slowly losing his sanity.

Mikasa could end it.

Mikasa pulled her rifle off of her back, stuck the barrel in her mouth, and pulled the trigger.

Hans didn't abide by the idea of minors drinking. The health risks aside, it usually ended with people using alcohol as a crutch. He wasn't above suspending the rule in times of trouble though.

When Mikasa had dragged a catatonic Armin and raging Eren into a bar he frequented, Hans decided to help bartend. "So who was it?"

Mikasa didn't touch her beer, a cold look on her face. "It was me. I ended the loop."

Eren screamed in inarticulate rage and slammed a fist into the wall. Hans winced. "It'll help if you talked about it."

Mikasa, more numb than anything else, filled Hans in. "It was a semi-standard Zombie Apocalypse world. Ever watch "The Walking Dead"?" Mikasa's eyes lost whatever life they held before. "The virus there is airborne. Eren got a cut, a deep one, and got infected with it. He tried to beat it with his regeneration, but-"

"Like smothering a fire with gasoline." Hans said.

Mikasa nodded. "I took my only option. It was merciful."

Eren, knuckles bleeding, sat down next to Armin. "No, it wasn't. It was cruel, damned sadistic and if it ever happens again, I'm taking my own life."

"No Eren, you are not," Mikasa said coolly. Eren turned and opened his mouth to say something, but stopped when Armin, tired and catatonic, leaned up from the bar.

"We're never going back there. And no one's ever getting out."

An abyss can warp, distort and ruin those who pass through it. Pray something never leaves its depths.

6.17

Eren and Armin glared at Bertolt and Reiner. The spy duo, previously jovial, now were confused at the subtle hostility. "So..." Reiner tried. "You still want help with your ODM gear?"

Eren carefully restrained his homicidal urges. "No Reiner. I'm fi-."

BANG !

The training barracks buckled as something exploded near them. Eren, Armin, Reiner and Bertolt were tossed from their bed as the walls and floor splintered. Jean bolted up from his bed. "I'm up! I'm up Shadis!"

Eren tried to get his feet under himself. "What-"

Sasha interrupted him by falling through the roof and landing on him. "Ow," she said and went limp.

Reiner grabbed Sasha and quickly felt for her pulse. "She's alive, but unconscious. She probably has some broken bones."

Eren ignored Reiner and shot out the door and into the carnal house that the training ground had become. Bodies, some burnt, some crushed, all girls, littered the ground. The orange glow of an AT- field pinpointed Mikasa's location, showing that she was alive. The more terrifying sight was reserved for the women's barracks.

A Titan, hunchbacked, rank haired, at least a ten meter class or maybe twelve meter, was standing in the wreckage of the woman's barracks. Sniffing the air, it turned to the men's barracks and launched itself into the air, mouth open wide. Eren didn't think, he Titanized and punched the Titan in the face.

The Titan hit the ground and spun to face him with supernatural agility. That was when Eren recognized the Titan. "Ymir..."

The Titan lunged, only to miraculously miss when Eren found himself shoved to the side. Eren turned to face his savior, smiling at Mikasa as she bent a colossus of stone around her. Eren formed his armor and cracked his knuckles. On the ground, Armin was directing the boys to grab what few survivors there were amongst the girls while trying to keep them out of reach of the Dancing Titan. The Dancing Titan growled, and lunged again.

Eren stepped back and punched down, halting the Titan. Mikasa delivered a brutal blow from the top, both arms down hard on Ymir's back. " **YMIR! WE ARE NOT YOUR ENEMY!** "

The Dancing Titan roared and twisted away, snarling and switching tactics, going for the evacuees.

Armin retaliated, scaled up Hulk-buster armor forming around him. Stopping Ymir's blow, he retracted the helmets and looked Ymir in the eye, Geass activating. "Ymir, exit your Titan and *stop fighting.* "

Ymir screamed at Armin and tried to rip his head off. Armin freed his arms and stopped the blow, helmets dropping back into place. Eren grabbed the Dancing Titan from under the arms in it's moment of distraction, throwing it across the courtyard.

Eren concentrated and opened his mouth. " **YMIR, STOP THIS NOW!** "

And then the Titan roared *back* . " ***NOT YMIR! BLAINE!*** " In Eren's stunned freeze, the Dancing Titan charged him and tackled him, throwing both of them into the men's barracks and crushing it. Mikasa turned and speared the Titan with two stone swords, heaving it over her head and ripping it clean in half.

The partial Titan landed next to her feet and under a waiting Armin, who began pounding it with his fists, shattering bones and rupturing muscle. The Titan screamed in pain. Armin ripped it's arms off, and finally reached for the back of the neck.

Gingerly, Armin extracted Ymir from her Titan, laying her next to it. Shunting his Hulk-buster armor into his pocket, Armin kneeled next to the comatose girl, feeling for her pulse. "She's alive, I think."

Eren quickly came into line next to Armin, scanning Ymir over with his byakugan. "She's alive. Exhausted and still regenerating from the physical trauma, but alive. Mikasa, can you-" Eren stopped dead as he saw Mikasa, silent as the grave, standing over on of the corpses that littered the ground. "Mikasa?"

Mikasa turned from Historia's body and fell into line next to Eren. "Something's possessed Ymir. Some sort of looping being. That's the only explanation for how something could try to take control of her at exactly the beginning of the loop."

Armin's eyebrow's shot up. "You saw her transform?"

Mikasa nodded. "Sasha had kept me awake, wanted tips for her ODM gear. When the loop started, Ymir fell over. Screaming about how she was going to eat everyone. It was like she was... possessed..."

"By her Titan."

The Anchors jumped nearly a foot in the air when Ganesha steppe out of thin air. The elephant god grimaced empathetically. "My apologies. I was keeping an eye on Ymir when the loop began, to see if my experiment had been successful. Evidently it was, though not in full." Their Admin's face fell as he took in the carnage. "I'm terribly sorry for all of this. Her berserker rage caught me by surprise, and I could not directly interfere in time. Your actions though, they have saved many lives."

The three Anchors were stunned silent by Ganesha's arrival, but his speech cut through Eren's veil of shock. "You... You did this? You caused her to Titanize!?"

"Not directly," Ganesha stated. "By inaction. I was trying to initialize Ymir's soul code so she would begin looping. However, her code is heavily damaged, you know this, so I was looking for another way to bring her into the loops."

Mikasa recovered her voice then. "By causing her to turn into a Titan and slaughter the trainees! How the hell would that get her looping?"

Ganesha sighed, for a moment pure exhaustion over taking his incarnation to the mortal planes. Mikasa stepped back in guilt and surprise. "Miss Ackerman... Ymir, along with the other three Titan shifters, had her code damaged to the point of near destruction. Very little of her history is fixed now. The same was true with your cousin Levi and with Historia, and it took me centuries to fix their code. I had to initiate Zoe Hanji's code, just to see what was wrong with Levi's."

Ganesha sat down, crossing his legs. "I'm a deity, but I'm also a programmer. When I saw how broken Ymir's code was, I had to do my best to fix her code first. Those repairs are actually part of the reason she's so often Armin's adoptive father. I'm trying to pinpoint the most damaged code and eliminate it."

"But what does that have to do with Ymir going crazy and Titanizing. Or her Titan saying it was called... Blaine?" Armin asked.

Ganesha pulled a tablet computer out of the air. "It was because, while I am a brilliant computer coder, I can only do some much with a static frame of reference. I needed to activate Ymir to see what the damage was exactly. As you can imagine though, her code didn't take well to it, so... I initialized a part of her."

The Anchor's were dead silent.

"I combined her Titan with an adaptive AI named Blaine, and initialized it as a looper," Ganesha admitted. "With Historia Looping, and with her Titan looping with assistance from Blaine, I suspect that Ymir's code will, perhaps quite soon, stabilize to satisfactory levels, but until then, her Titan, a mindless, simple construct will loop for her."

Eren bit his lip, fighting down a mix of fury and bile. "You got her Titan looping. And you expect her to just follow?"

Ganesha nodded sadly. "There is precedence for this. Robin and Grima, Naoki and his shadow. Ymir will retain most of her memories between loops, though not all of them. As for her Titan... Blaine is an AI that will learn to control her Titan. It will adapt to the Titan's form and mentality, but in the meantime, it will be a while before it settles down." Ganesha tapped away on his tablet. "The Blaine AI will release a customized 'ping' for you to track it down, along with some directional information. That way, you should be able to control it, at least until Ymir begins to loop properly."

Mikasa stared at the unconscious woman, who quietly slumbered. "This is all one damn curse, isn't it? We're dead, ancients, or screwed by the end of our first loop. And now we have an Artificially Intelligent Titan that calls itself Blaine looping. Why is everything like this?"

Ganesha sagged as his exhaustion returned. "I do not know the answer to that Miss Ackerman. I only know that, inside the loops, the only way out... Is through."

Armin groaned and looked at Ymir. "So, why did her Titan go berserk this loop? Shouldn't Blaine have gotten a handle on her Titan form?"

Ganesha held up a hand. "Blaine will learn. Give it time. As for her Titanizing now, Blaine was coded to start learning immediately, which it took to mean as soon as the loop started, not when she first Titanized. I'll clean that up as soon as possible."

Armin pointed at Ymir, a more despondent look on his face. "Will she remember this?"

Ganesha shook his head. "To her, this loop..."

6.18

Eren, Armin and Mikasa found themselves standing in Shiganshina, surprised at how the loop had suddenly ended. Ganesha's voice filled the empty air. "…Is nothing but a bad dream. I've awoken Blaine, and it'll spend the loop learning to control her Titan this loop. Ymir won't remember this loop either, but after this one, she'll begin to."

The trio of Anchor's could almost hear Ganesha smile. "But perhaps fate will smile upon her when she next sees Historia. Perhaps..."

6.1: At least we got to see Levi get stoned on Titan blood. And welcome Jasper Hale Cullen and Captain Levi Ackerman to the loops!

6.2: Just some light snippets.

6.3: I recently watched Captain America 2, and figured: why not.

6.4: Armin also got some pointers from Xanatos.

6.5: Evil villains are getting pretty legit in the loops.

6.6: Bit of an intermission. Welcome Aerialbots.

6.7: That was basket on a typo.

6.8: GOOOOOAAAAAAT!

6.9: She caught me by surprise as well. What can I say?

6.10: Welcome Miss Historia Reiss, to the Loops.

6.11: Bit of a mythology loop. Might as well teach you people about Attack on Titan while I'm at it.

6.12: More of a psychological loop now. Levi doesn't want to be another Kenny the Ripper.

6.13: Attack on Pacific Rim. What's not to love?

6.14: Armin's just that much of a bishi.

6.15: Started out as a normal loop for our Anchor's, but got out of hand in an awesome way.

6.16: We were having an argument as to why letting a Zombie Apocalypse world loop was a bad idea. This is my answer.

6.17: Bet you didn't see this one coming.

6.18: And welcome… oh wait, no one new is looping. Can't have four newbies, can we?

Strike at Dawn: Part 7

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 7

A/N: Well, another compilation, another chapter. As usual, I would like to thank the academy…

7.1

"Happy birthday dear Hange. Happy birthday to you!"

Hange blushed as the Survey Corps wound down in their rendition of happy birthday. The Corps was feeling rather happy this loop, in part to Eren, Armin and Mikasa deciding to no-sell the fall of Wall Maria. They were still making the rounds to try and root out Bertolt, Reiner and Annie, but until then Humanity was chilling out and standing tall.

Hence why the Survey Corps was happy enough and had the resources to celebrate his birthday and bake him a giant cake. Erwin handed Hange a knife. "Alright Hange, just cut out a piece. *See if you like what's inside.* " Hange ignored Erwin's weird emphasis on his last sentence and cut himself a small slice.

Which promptly fell apart, because there was no cake underneath the frosting.

Hange, Erwin, and the Survey Corp as a whole stared at the collapsed piece of cake. Hange quickly cut himself a larger piece, only to watch it also collapse. Hange frown, and cut a piece of nearly one fourth the size of the cake. The entire confection sagged away, to reveal...

Sasha. Dozing and stuffed with an entire secretly eaten cake.

"I knew we should have sprung for a real stripper," Erwin muttered.

7.2 Crossoverpairinglover

Sticking his head down the ever changing magical cellar, Eren noted the oddly metallic door, and the single button in front of it.

The round, arrowed button.

Shaking his head, having heard of this little trap, Eren darted away.

If anyone asked, the cellar was just filled with severed bed posts again.

7.3 Crossoverpairinglover

Noting the stone necklace that Eren had picked up for Mikasa a few loops ago (and how Mikasa was currently hugging her brother in a manner that more than a few people would want to take an image of), Hans noticed something.

"Wait, isn't that stone a Gardevoirite?"

Could a Mega-Stone work on a looper who had gained the power of said species?

Noting his question, Hange looked somewhat amused.

Mega-Mikasa was something she'd have to see one of these days. Let the testing begin!

7.4

Sasha had, predictably, stolen a steamed potato. She had, predictably, eaten it in the cadet line up. And Shadis had, predictably, chewed her out for it. Thus, Sasha was made to run laps and passed out when she could run no more.

Historia hadn't exactly been happy to help Sasha the first time around, but now she was comfortable with it. She and Sasha understood each other, knew what it was like to try to be something you weren't to be accepted. Krista had been her way of being accepted once. Now she didn't need to be accepted.

It was liberating, to have friends.

"KAAAAAAAMIIIIIIIII!"

And seeing Sasha act like this was always funny. "Hahaha... settle down, settle down. Just eat your bread... before you... pass... out..." Historia huffed as Sasha, predictably (the loops loved being predictable), fainted from exhaustion. "Well, I guess I'll have to carry her. On my own. Without any help. Pulling someone bigger."

'Come on Ymir, where are you?'

On cue, Ymir walked out of the dark, bemused as to Historia's and Sasha's predicament. "Heh. That'll teach her to eat in line."

Historia frowned to herself, but projected an air of concern outward. "You don't know why she was eating in line. So why would you judge her for it?"

Ymir chuckled, kneeling down to look Historia in the eye. "Because, if everyone only made decisions when they had all the facts, they'd never get anywhere. Besides, that doesn't stop things from changing on you." Ymir, to illustrate her point, heaved Sasha over her shoulder and started walking to the women's barracks.

Historia jogged to catch up. "So why are you helping her now? So she'll owe you."

"Well yes I... I'm... No that's not it." Ymir frowned in confusion, before her apparent blank in memory cleared itself up. "No, I'm doing it because if I don't, no one else will?" Ymir shrugged to herself and kept walking. "Sometimes you just need to do what needs to be done. Right Historia? Historia?"

Historia had frozen up, several steps behind Ymir. The tall girl raised an eyebrow, smirking self-confidently. "What, you need me to carry you as well? Too bad girl, this is a one person operation and you're not the one who needs it." When Historia didn't rise to the challenge, Ymir got a little concerned. "Hey, you okay there?"

"...Say my name."

Ymir raised an eyebrow. "Uh... okay. Historia."

Historia started to close the gap between her and Ymir. "Say it again."

"Historia," Ymir said, her inflection changing. Ymir stared at the girl in front of her. She seemed so... familiar. Like a dream, trapped in a lost wilderness. "Historia."

Historia stopped, looking up at Ymir. "Ymir."

...a snow covered forest...

"Historia."

...a foolish girl who wanted to die a hero's death...

"What do you remember Ymir?"

...a cold girl who's frozen heart had begun to crack...

"I don't know what you're talking about Historia."

...an exhausted man who didn't deserve to live...

"Then do you know what you're feeling."

...but together...

"Yes."

...they'd all come back alive...

"Then you know what to do."

...because together, they had saved a life.

Ymir leaned down, and kissed Historia...

...on the forehead. Historia giggled. "Silly, that's not what you're supposed to do."

Ymir cocked a grin. "Then maybe you could show me what to do?"

Historia laughed out loud. Sasha, still unconscious from her run, shifted on Ymir's shoulder, and groaned. In the background, Keith Shadis took one look at the new pairing, and walked away. *'Bout time.'*

7.5 Crossoverpairinglover

Armin was an easy target for people to pick on. The small and intelligent were always hated by the large and dumb, and thus the large and dumb would respond with violence.

Of course, the small and smart win out in the end. Be it in the case of mammals and dinosaurs or C.E.O's and janitors, the Armins were to always inherit the earth.

However, looping made the annoyances that were muscle worshiping lugs of flesh much more so. Enough so that Armin had great temptations to use the force to make them jump off a wall.

It was generally more humane than Mikasa noticing them, at any rate.

However...

WAMP!

The trio of cadets whose destiny in life was to drop out second year who had been leaning over him with a look that suggested starvation in Armin's future (By theft of food while Mikasa wasn't around to murder them for it) were whacked in the back of their heads by an oddly furious looking Ymir.

While the trio darted away from the furious looking Titan-Shifter incognito, Armin looked at the usually aloof soldier-in-training in some surprise.

"What? Do you think I'd let those assholes hurt my little Armie now would I?" Ymir told the surprised Armin in the same tone that one might get if a parent was asked by their child (with whom there was a good relationship, as in not Gendo and Shinji) why they saved their life.

Armie, however, was probably the most unnerving part of the whole thing. Armie was the nickname that Ymir gave him whenever he was her son with Historia/Krista/etc. (adopted or biological).

Why did she just call him that?

Idly looking to his side, he noticed the unawake Krista giving him a dirty look.

Great, now people were going to think he was in a love triangle with his occasional mothers!

7.6

"You wanna what now?" Naruto asked.

Naruto, Mikasa, Armin and Eren had gathered well outside of Wall Maria, deep inside the Titan Badlands and inside a forest clearing. Mikasa had led the four out there, intent on something. Now that they knew what she wanted though, the boys were wondering if Mikasa was sane. "I said, I want to fight you in a wagered match. No holds barred, winner take all."

Naruto, as one of the Original Seven, was ancient and hyper powerful. He could, should the whim strike him, create entire suns. Not just small suns either, Suns that could go supernova in a few millennia. "I'm sorry, could you say that again. I think I've got some crazy stuck in my ear."

Eren used the moment to grab Mikasa and drag her back away from Naruto. "Mikasa, what the hell are you doing? He's... he's Naruto. He'll mop the floor with you."

Mikasa shook her hand. "Trust me Eren, he won't win. I've got an ace in the hole that'll work even against him."

Armin nearly exploded. "Against HIM? He's Naruto Fucking Uzumaki. He wrote the book on beating Aces. He mopped the floor with gods, kings, soldiers. He'll murder you." Armin went incredibly pale at that thought. "Mikasa, please. We don't want to suffer through loops without you."

Mikasa smiled sadly and pulled her brothers into a hug. "Trust me. Can you at least do that?"

Eren winced at the guilt trip, but soldiered on. "No. This Naruto. He'll beat you."

"Then make sure you beat him for me," Mikasa said. "Look you guys, I'm doing this. I'm strong enough to win. Besides, this isn't a fight to the death, it's just a bout."

"Hey, are going to get the show on the road here or what?" Naruto asked. The Anchors for the home loop split up, Armin and Eren stepping back.

"Good luck."

"Won't need it."

As Mikasa approached Naruto, she pulled out a black cube and tossed it onto the ground between her and Naruto. "This is a holo-projector. It will outline a sphere 9.3 meters in diameter. If more than forty percent of your body mass exits the sphere, you lose."

Naruto chuckled. "An area limit? Easy. What's up for wager?"

Mikasa opened her subspace pocket and pulled out an enormous flying aircraft carrier. "This is The Carla. Modified SHIELD helicarrier, previously owned by Scootaloo of the Ponies. Your wager?"

Naruto 'hmm'ed. "Well, since these are some pretty long odds in my favor, I guess you can have this." Naruto removed a long otachi, a great-katana, and showed it to Mikasa. "This is Van Black. I spent a few centuries making it. It's essentially the seventy third most power sword in the multiverse." Naruto smiled cheekily. "I happen to own seventy of the better swords."

This was not remotely true. Many of the better swords were either owned by Ichigo Kurosaki or Asuka Langely Soryu. "I think that's equal wager."

Mikasa nodded, setting The Carla down. "Armin, please count down."

Armin shouted from the edge of the clearing. "Three!"

"You can still back out Mikasa."

"Two!"

"In. Your. Dreams."

"One!"

"Your funeral."

"Go!"

Naruto charged forward, blue chakra spiraling in his left hand. "Rasengan!"

Mikasa didn't move, merely channeling her inner energy and at the opportune moment, changing it. A whole set of different narrative laws suddenly took over at that moment. Naruto went from closing the gap one moment, to stumbling as he tripped over an exposed root. "WOAH!"

Naruto staggered and grabbed a hold of something to stop himself from falling over. "Man... that was close." Naruto then noticed something about what he had grabbed. It was round. Squishy. Relatively small. And it was attached to Mikasa's chest.

For a second, Mikasa glared at the boy who was accidentally groping her. "You..."

Naruto realized, at that second, he'd been had.

"PERVERT!" Mikasa pulled a hammer out of hammer space (not her subspace pocket) and landed a blow on Naruto that sent him flying through the air, and ended up sending him through a tree, and into another one behind the first tree.

The buzzer of the holo-cube recognizing him as having exited the combat territory, was insult to injury. The member of the original seven blundered back into the clearing, disheveled. "How... how did you do that?"

Mikasa smirked confidently. "I spent years studying this technique. The specifics would take quite a while to explain, but suffice to say,

I've weaponized Tsundere."

In the background, Eren and Armin were giving her and standing ovation. Naruto held up a finger. "This never, ever, leaves this loop. Got it?"

7.7

Keith Shadis had never asked to become a looper. He'd never asked to be put back in the position of leader of the Survey Corps. He'd never wanted to know the names of exactly who would live and who would die in each class of cadets he trained. All he had ever wanted to do was make his cadets better.

The first loop he had ever experienced had ruined that. His first loop had brought him into the incredibly strange world of Remnant, a realm populated by humans, strange part-animal Faunus, and monstrous Grimm that had reminded him far too much of the Titans. The person he had been then, Keith Arc, hadn't been prepared to fight. He'd only had a shield and sword. Ruby Rose and Pyrrha Nikos had taught him much though.

The loops did also offer a few opportunities to observe the cadets. Shadis could tell, at a glance, just whom was Awake based on the looks of each cadet in the lineup of the 104th cadet corp. He could see, purely from the looks on Mikasa, Eren, and Armin's faces, that they were Awake. He could recognize that Sasha, Jean, Connie and Krista were also loopers. He also suspected that Zoe Hange and Captain Levi were looping, as was the mysterious girl named Ymir.

Hence why, today, Keith quietly trooped past Armin, walked down the line, and screamed at Connie. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU DIPSHIT!? IS YOUR HEART ON YOUR RIGHT SIDE!? YOU'RE NOT A SOLDIER, YOU'RE A SMALL TITAN YOU'RE SO DUMB!"

Connie Springer flinched under Shadis' shouts. Keith held back a satisfied smile as he did so. Once he was finished breaking these soldiers, he'd build them back up as Titan killing powerhouses... assuming he could succeed, of course.

In was late into the evening as Keith finished his report to Sina regarding the new recruits. Naturally, he'd gone through the generic "they're shit!" response that he always went with. It made sure that the military police stayed off their case, and gave him the freedom to subtly improve things. In time, he'd motion for slightly greater emphasis on 3DMG (or ODMG, depending on what his loop was like), and from there would slowly but imperceptibly begin to weaken the three spies amongst the 104th.

He did have to hand it to Yeager though. He had the same mind that his father had. Lobbying to have all cadets practice with faulty gear was a brilliant move, one that left Shadis beating himself up over for not implementing himself. He didn't have Arlert's tactical genius, or even Ackerman's pure, absolute skill, but he knew people and how they needed to be prepared. He really was like Grisha in that way.

The thoughts of the Yeager patriarch stirred more memories for Shadis. He had known Grisha. In every world he could recall, he had known Grisha Yeager, in some manner. It changed though. Sometimes he was an old friend, or a drinking buddy, or a former comrade, or a patient who owned Grisha his life, or once a... Keith shuddered to remember the time he and Grisha had both been Titan Shifters.

The truly disturbing thing though was that, as he was a looper, his Shifter abilities had carried over to the next loop. He'd even been able to integrate his Titan form with his Aura to create something that was almost like an unarmored Evangelion.

That had been a disturbing loop.

Keith put the finishing touches on his report. Soon, the he'd be working to improve the soldiers, as he had once been improved.

Once that was done...

Keith would be silent, and wait. He had never wanted to be a looper. He had seen what had happened to Levi, to Hange, to Krista. The loop was cursed. If he ever revealed himself, he had no idea what would happen to him. He had led the survey corps on countless fruitless and terrible expeditions, with only bodies to show for it, and sometimes not even those.

Simply put, Keith knew there was very little he could do, compared to Eren, Armin and Mikasa. In those cases, all he did, all he could do, was sit back and wait and watch.

So was his terrible and strange lot in life.

7.8 SeaOfFallingStars

Annie was running from them. This was fairly easy to understand: they had chased her to an area where she couldn't titanize so they could try and capture her. Mikasa had gotten in a few good hits, while Connie proved his worth by using those strange powers to blind and confuse Annie. The rest of them had just been running interference.

Finally, Annie's desperation outweighed her rational mind and she tripped. Before should could start to get up, roots grew around and over her. Followed by some sprouting... potatoes?

"Nice job Sasha. You know this makes your nickname your superheroine name, right?" Connie may have been joking, but 'Potato Girl' rolled her eyes.

"Alright, she's caught. Now, whoever thought this was a good idea, go and do it. I'm setting up the camera so we can show it to the 'adults' in our loop." Sasha was stifling laughter. This was a good prank idea.

Mikasa was trying to glare holes in Annie's back, but lacking laser vision, she couldn't. The non-looper was a major pain for her to deal with.

"Ready guys?" Eren.

A pair of agreements. The sound of clothes shifting without being taken off. A stereo being turned on.

Then, Eren, Armin, and Connie started dancing Smooth Criminal.

When they showed it to Hanz, it took the Garrison captain several minutes to stop laughing.

7.9

On her bed in the woman's barracks, Historia held up a card. The words *'Eren's First Titanization'* were emblazoned on them. Sitting across from her, Ymir was staring intently at the card, thinking very, very hard. "Uh... Stohess district?"

Historia wordlessly flipped the card over. *'Battle of Trost'* was written on the back. Between the two, Armin scribbled down Ymir's response. Ymir groaned and cradled her head in her hands. "Again."

Historia held up another card. *'Who planned to seal Trost'* was the question. Ymir scratched at her chin, thinking furiously. "Hmm... Pixis!"

The back of the card read *'Armin'* . Armin himself chuckled at the gaff and wrote down Ymir's missed point.

"God dammit," Ymir growled. "Again."

'Connie's rank in 104th.'

Ymir bit her lip. "Uh... Connie... Seventh! No, wait." A look of epiphany over took Ymir's face. "Connie wasn't seventh that was Marco... Sasha's better than Connie... You're tenth... Connie was eighth."

Historia beamed and flipped the card over. *'Eighth'* was emblazoned on the card's back. Armin himself sported a small smile as he wrote down the fact. Ymir pumped her fist. "Yes. Alright, again."

'Who gave Eren his Shifting powers?'

"Uh..." Ymir's mind threw her a total blank. "Uh... I love you?"

Historia set down her card, leaned over and kissed Ymir. "Nice try. Again?"

"Again."

The testing continued for an hour in seclusion, as Ymir tried, succeeded, and mostly failed, to recall the events of the future. As the long testing wrapped up, Armin tallied the points and pointed at the dreamer. "Congratulations Ymir. You're current lucidity score has surpassed your best so far."

"Yay me," Ymir deadpanned. "Does that actually mean anything?"

"Your memory is getting better. It's just as Ganesha predicted. Eventually, even if your past remains inconsistent, you'll loop normally."

"And you know what that means," Historia chimed in, smiling.

"Hmm..." Ymir went sardonically. "It means wild sex for the first time?"

Armin, having packed his papers away, gagged involuntarily. "You... what? Don't say that," he shouted at the girl who was occasionally his mother. Historia gasped though.

"You're right! And better yet, I didn't tell you this loop! Armin, she remembered something else. Quick, write it down before you forget."

"That was really just a guess..." Ymir murmured as Historia bounced joyfully.

"I hope I never walk in on you two," Armin muttered.

7.10 Crossoverpairinglover

It was on rare occasions that the wall held back something else.

Something that was not a large, lumbering piece of flesh that wanted to eat humanity.

It had been Sharks once, another time Mexicans, a time it had been Tax Collectors and everyone in the wall was just a crazy paranoid nutcase that Armin recalled from his presidency with great disdain.

This time, however...

"Oh crap, it's the Beast Titans!"

Connie's panicked cries rang off from the top of Wall Rose as a great mass of hairy giants, all armed with giant tomahawks the likes of which were normally only seen with the 5th member of the 13th Order, camped out before the wall as if waiting to let loose a great attack.

Levi, who was keeping an eye on things, shook his head "No, those are not Beast Titans. That is merely an army of Sasquatch who wish to murder the entire human race".

"Sasu-what?"

"Sasquatch, also known by many other names by hub tribes. It is most commonly referred to as Bigfoot"

Hange had shown up as well, accompanied by a few dozen porters from the Garrison lugging behind them a myriad of scientific equipment, and looked, as ever, interested in studying the dangerous force that was against humanity.

"It really is fascinating." she (as she was a she at the moment) continued "Apparently, an Ackerman killed their king 100 years ago, so they decided to exterminate all of humanity in revenge. They have a rather complex culture..."

"Damn, how many Ackermans are there!?" Connie cut her off as Levi snorted at the question, before he noticed something in the distance.

Some very large somethings, flying through the sky.

Hange broke out into a huge grin at what was coming.

"Oh...God..." Connie gulped as the Garrison minions dropped the supplies off and ran for their lives.

"Are those Sasquatch, riding Dragons?" Levi stated the obvious.

"I know, it's simply amazing! Dragon domestication is so hard to do, truly this shows their intelligence and patience..."

A large boom struck the wall as something large impacted into it just a section away from them.

"Sasquatch riding Dragons, armed with cannons! That is just not fair! What do we have that could possibly match that!" Connie complained.

"Mikasa" was Levi's answer.

7.11 SupernaturalCrossoverGirl

It was strange, being back in New York City. Eren had been there twice before, but the first time he... broke Harlem, and the second time was with The Avengers against Loki's Chitauri army. In short, not like this. Not with rats running around attacking people in giant droves. Of course, that was a while ago, but still, weird. Though, way better then Titans.

Levi was his brother this loop- his elder brother who worked as a bodyguard. It was just the two of them, and it felt weird, being there. No Mikasa, no Armin, just them.

And Casey, who was Eren's best friend, and a fellow hockey player. Eren actually liked the guy, and enjoyed playing hockey, even though he lost a tooth the last time, and had to explain why it grew back.

"So, should I just go up and ask her for help?"

"You are using trig as an excuse to get a date, I highly doubt it matters what you do. She's going to think you're crazy no matter what." Eren told his friend, who just flashed a smile and went off to asked April O'Neil out. Or to be his tutor. Either was pretty much the same, really for Casey.

Levi frowned as he stared at the shop- Murakami's shop was one of the better places to eat, but it always smelled like turtle in it. It could be because of the turtle soup, but it smelled fresh sometimes. He never brought it up, but vowed to make sure no one was messing with the blind old man by bringing in pets- though Murakami probably would have known before then.

Then it happened. Giant rats kidnapped about half the city, and Eren spotted Casey, wearing a goalie mask that was spray painted. Levi was still knocked out, so Eren waited while the strange man who was obviously blind, ranted about mutating everyone into rats.

When the fight broke out, Eren was itching to join in, so ignoring April, who was trying to get him to move, he did, along with Levi who was pissed at being knocked out.

That was when they met the turtles, and Eren decided he really liked this loop.

7.12

When one was time looping through the multiverse, one often took the opportunity to see what events could be changed. What would happen if you had saved someone else's life, or married a different girl, or something as simple as switching out your SO's tea for coffee.

These sorts of events did not often happen in the Attack loops. The world was a volatile thing, with the minutest alterations causing drastic changes further down the line. More substantial alterations tended to proliferate into total loop crashes. These were not fun.

For the Attack loopers, this tended to limit the options for what they could do during a given loop. Usually, they stuck to making big changes at the end of their looping period, which tended to work out well. Trost, the 57th expedition, Stohess, Ragako village and Castle Utgard, the Crown Conspiracy and Eren and Historia's kidnapping all happened within that span of time.

For the loopers, it tended to be enough time to have their fun that made the five years of starving, military training and combat that led up to it all worth it. Sometimes though, the stress of it all got to be too much, and the loopers decided to risk it. This was one such time.

It was abnormally early in the loop. Shockingly early in fact: Eren was alone, two years before Mikasa's parents would die (they always died, be it from bandits, grizzly bear mauling, disease, lightning strikes, malnutrition, etc.) and three years before Bertolt would show up and kick in humanity's door. In fact, the loop started smack dab in the middle of that plague his dad had cured.

Eren, on a purely professional basis, admired his father. The man may have been a spectacular bastard for not actually telling him why he needed to take control of the coordinate or go to their basement or eat him, but Grisha was an amazing doctor. He understood more about medicine than anyone else who wasn't looping. Hence how he was able to cure the plague.

This loop though, something was different. Carla, horror of horrors, had caught the plague. Grisha was trying everything he knew to try and treat the plague, but he couldn't succeed. It seemed as if the plague was deliberately fighting everything Grisha threw at it. The damn thing was as resilient as the Titans.

It was as Eren was bent over his mother, rubbing a cold towel onto her forehead, that he had his idea. Taking only a second, he bolted to the door to the basement and pounded it with his fist. "Dad! Dad! I have an idea!"

The plan was simple, in its own right. Grisha, being a Titan shifter, would extract a small amount of his spinal fluid and set about watering it down, to create a cure that would give a human the resilience of a Titan, without actually turning them into one. It was a very fine line to walk.

Of course, Grisha immediately questioned how Eren knew about the fact he was a Titan Shifter, to which Eren replied: "you talk in your sleep."

Grisha made no comment and decided that if that was the best explanation he would get, he'd go with it.

It took a week for Grisha to culture a cure from his spinal fluid during which, miraculously, Carla held on to her life. Grisha and Eren's first immunization was Carla herself; waiting any longer would do her no good.

The next morning, Eren and Grisha, having spent almost a whole week without sleep, were roused by a cheerful, whole and heart

Carla. By noon, the world was all across the district; a cure had been found by Grisha Yeager. By the end of the week, the mourners were the only remnant of the terrible plague. The most important part of the serum, the cure, had worked.

It was several weeks later when a storm caused the Yeager household to collapse and crush Eren, Grisha and Carla that the second most important part of the serum was revealed.

"You are shitting me."

Mikasa and Armin were staring at Eren, having just Awoken. The Nebulous Anchor system was strange like that: usually all three of them Awoke simultaneously, but sometimes they would Awaken at staggered intervals. Mikasa, having been the first to arrive, was the first to ask questions.

Eren himself smiled. "Nope. I'm telling you Mikasa, we cracked it. We really were able to transfer a Titan's healing factor without causing Titanization. It save us from being crushed when our house collapsed."

Armin held up a hand. "Eren, I know that you have confidence in your and your father's work, but isn't this a little..."

"Awesome!"

"...Fishy." Armin grimaced. "Are you certain that this works?"

Eren nodded vigorously. "Of course I am. Look, Armin, come over here. I'll inoculate you and Mikasa and show you that this works." Eren pulled a case with several vials and a medical needle out of his pocket. "Just give me your consent, and you'll be healing."

Armin and Mikasa shared a glance, before the Ackerman youth stuck out her arm. "First me, then Armin."

"Sure thing Mikasa," Eren loaded the injector with some serum, flushed the air from it, and swabbed down Mikasa's arm before carefully sticking her with the needle. "Now, we"l1 ju5t $d s0#3 /;:-"

Eren, Armin and Mikasa found themselves standing on a secluded beach, clad in nomex suits, with a motor cycle, truck, and dune buggy all off to the side. Eren looked up and down the deserted beach confused. "Uh... what?"

And then: "WHAT THE HELL! WHERE ARE WE?"

Armin looked at the vehicles, confused and more than a touch impressed. "We appear to be in Motorstorm again. I think this is the Pacific Rift Festival." Armin pulled at his nomex suit. "Would explain the racing suits."

Mikasa wordlessly zipped her suit up to her neck and sat down on the beach. "Vacation loop?"

Eren pointed at Mikasa. "Yes, *after* I figure out why we're here. Okay..." Eren started searching through his subspace pocket, before pulling out a piece of paper with a "Eureka!" He read it aloud. "Dear Eren, Mikasa and Armin. My sincerest apologies for the crash, it appears that the relevant Titan codes did not integrate with Mikasa's code. Enjoy your loop, your Admin, Ganesha." Eren stared at the paper, before tossing it aside. "Well... crap. There goes my healing factor injection."

Armin playfully punched Eren on the shoulder. "Hey, we have a vacation loop. Let's make the most of it."

Eren smiled. "Sure."

Mikasa rolled her head back and looked at Eren and Armin. "You two want to race?"

Armin made a break for his dune buggy. "You're on!"

Eren rushed his truck. "Yeah right!"

Mikasa then outstripped both of them, hopped on to her bike, and revved off. "Good bye boys!"

7.13

"Hannes, do you hate Reiner?"

Historia's question threw Hannes for a loop, distracting him from his work on the Carla's deck. "Uh, what? Come again?"

The princess incognito shrugged her shoulders awkwardly and repeated her question. "Well... I mean, do you hate Bertolt, Reiner and Annie?" Historia's despondent look hinted at a reason for her question, one that Hannes painfully noted was very familiar.

"If you mean, do I hate them personally, then the answer is no. My only issue with them is professional." Hannes frowned slightly. "I do not believe I could ever hate those three."

Historia was hugging herself tightly, shaking slightly. "Why not? They destroyed Wall Maria, they're responsible for killing one fifth of humanity. Why don't you hate them?"

Hannes sighed and pulled his welding goggles off, standing to look the newest loop dead in the eyes. "I don't hate them for the same reason you don't. You don't fault someone for what they're taught to do. You fault their teachers, you go after the people who made them who they were."

"But they took Ymir!"

Hannes held up his hand, stopping Historia in her tracks. "Ymir went with them. Of her own free will. Bertolt and Reiner didn't kidnap her,

didn't force her to do anything she didn't want to do. Ymir chose to help them."

"But-"

"Did you know," Hannes said, overriding Historia's rebuttal, "that during the siege of Trost, Annie saved Jean's life? Jean was flying right towards a Titan's mouth, and then, bam! Annie's there, on the Titan's neck, forcing it down. Jean missed that Titan by the skin on his teeth, and the only reason he survived that was Annie. Reiner was the person people went to for advice, for help. He stood up for everyone, helped anyone he could. Bertolt, man the things I've heard about him. He knew how people ticked. He could look at you and know what was eating you before you had closed the door."

Hannes' smile faded. "They didn't know what they had done was wrong, and Trost taught them much. Annie never took an innocent life, Bertolt lost all of his will, and Reiner snapped completely and developed a split personality. Annie's massacre of the 57th? If she didn't then she and her friends would have failed in their mission then and there, and they would have been party to the deaths of... shit, they didn't even know that one fifth of humanity would be killed." Hannes, weary, sat down on the deck. Historia dropped to her knees.

"They... they didn't know?"

"They never did." Hannes squeezed the bridge of his nose, willing the angst away. "Reiner, Annie and Bertolt aren't bad people. They're just messed up, and messing up more in a messed up world."

"But the 57th... all those people."

"Volunteers. People who chose to be out there, to fight the Titans. We chose to fight them. The Titans never chose to fight us. And the Shifter's knew that. They knew that each Titan was once a living human being. That they had the potential to one day be healed.

They knew that. They knew that the 104th Cadet Corp was filled with their friends, people who had chosen to kill the Titans."

Historia and Hannes sat there for a while. Hannes choked down a sob and looked at Historia. "It's just this damn war. It's just war."

Historia looked Hannes straight in the eye. "How can Eren, Armin, and Mikasa hate them?"

Hannes sighed, stood up, and walked away. "That is a question I'm too scared to answer. Goodbye."

7.14

"Eren, this is wrong."

Eren cocked an eyebrow at Mikasa, hidden next to him in the bushes. "You think this is wrong? You're one to talk. I've seen what you and Armin get up to with Annie." Eren finagled with his remote control and check for the umpteenth time that the bait was still out on the road. "This isn't wrong: this is tame."

Down the road strode Bertolt, whistling a jaunty tune and quietly going about his day. As he was walking he spotted something downright strange. "Is that a..."

The plate of chocolate glistened in the sun.

Bertolt squeezed with joy as he realized that his eyes were not deceiving him. "Chocolate! Yay!" Bertolt grabbed the plate and took on of the chocolate. "Precious."

BANG!

The chocolate exploded, and took most of Bertolt's face with it. In the bushes, Eren pumped his fist. "Yes! Test one is a complete success."

A piece of fudge bounced nonchalantly my off of Mikasa's head. "That was so wrong."

Eren looked at his sister. Mikasa looked back. For a moment, no one spoke. Then they broke out laughing. Mikasa doubled over, crying with laughter. "God did you see his face! And just that look right before it blew up! AHHHAHAHAH!"

Out in the road, Bertolt's face was healing fast. Quieting down, Eren and Mikasa peeked out of the bushes again. Bertolt, being very confused, whimpered quietly. "Chocolate...?"

Eren and Mikasa covered their mouths again and tried not to laugh.

7.15

It started with twelve hundred tons of cheap yarn. It involved one 15 meter class Titan, a blond director with a megaphone, and an army of Mikasa. It lasted all night.

The next morning, it was revealed.

Erwin led Eren, Armin and Mikasa into his office, enjoying the feel of the new carpet. Opening the yarn covered door, Erwin guided them past the linen-craft furniture and to the front of his sweater-desk. Taking only a moment to open a window (which amounted to taking a pairing blade and hacking a hole through the castle's new cozy) Erwin sat at his desk as stared at the trio. "Well..."

Eren, hunched over and plugging his ears, groaned at the noise. "Oh... be quiet. Please." A ray of sun bounced off Erwin's sweater desk. "Too bright," Eren moaned. To one side of him, Mikasa was stoically ignoring her hangover, while to the other side, Armin had donned sunglasses and tracked down an Armin-sized cozy to stay in.

Erwin banged his hand into his desk, sending a jolt of pain through the three cadets. "I don't care if you're hung-over! I just want an explanation!"

Armin readjusted his sunglasses. "Do you want a 'how' or 'why' explanation?"

Erwin gesticulated wildly. "Both! You, you, look at this!" Erwin went to the cut out window and pointed at the castle at large. "You've covered the entire castle in a giant cozy! Look at my desk! It has a sweater! It... It... Desks don't sweat!"

Armin moaned in pain. "I don't know why... we were drunk. I can't quite remember how either..." Aim furrowed his brow. "I think it involved... a Titan, at one point. And Mikasa." Armin giggled a little bit, some of the alcohol still in his system. "A lot of Mikasa."

Erwin cocked an eyebrow thoughtfully. "How much Mikasa?"

"...An army?"

Erwin went to the window and looked out at the carpeted foreyard. "Hange wasn't crazy! There was an army of Mikasa's out last night. Let him go!"

Returning to his desk, Erwin groaned. "What exactly are we supposed to do with all of this useless knitting?"

"...sell it."

And so, later that week, Erwin watched in stunned disbelief as nobles from Sina squabbled amongst themselves to try and obtain even a throw rug made from the, as the appraiser called it, 'ludicrously high quality knitting'. Erwin looked at the three equally surprised, and much more sober, cadets that had knitted it all. "How badly would you three want a job here, knitting regularly?"

7.16

How exactly Connie found himself being dragged by Sasha into yet another raid on the officer's pantry was a story for another day. It wasn't unusual for Connie, especially after he had learned lock-picking. It was even fun.

Of course, it did lead to some interesting situations. One such situation was when he and Sasha had stumbled onto an illegal gambling ring taking place in the food stores and being secretly run by Shadis. Through an ingenious combination of card-counting, careful psycho-analysis, and probably the most risky bet this side of the multiverse, Connie and Sasha had replaced King Fritz as monarchs of humanity. It had been a very fun loop.

A later run had caused the duo to accidentally stumble upon a secret passage deep underneath the walls that linked the training camp to a chocolate factory in Chlorba, the king's dressing room, the vault of a prestigious bank, Levi's secret stash of pot, and Grisha's basement.

That had been fun as well, but what Connie and Sasha found this time really took the cake.

"Yo," Reiner said as he swung past.

Connie and Sasha stared at Reiner. Reiner smiled awkwardly. "Yeah... kinda embarrassing, this is. Could you cut me down?"

Connie took a moment to fully comprehend what he was seeing. Reiner was tied upside down and immobilized in ODM belts. He was also as naked as the day he was born. "Uh..."

Reiner was blushing in embarrassment... or maybe it was a circulation problem. Humans were not meant to live upside down. "Come on Connie, this is embarrassing. Cut me down."

Connie pulled out his knife, only for Sasha to reach over and push against his chest. "No... leave him be..." Sasha half-spoke, half-moaned. She was, to put it colloquially, enjoying the view.

Reiner took notice of Sasha's stare and decided to nip a crush in the bud. "Sasha, I'm gay; you can look, but you will never touch. And It would be even better if you'd stop looking."

Connie forced Sasha off of him and quickly and carefully cut Reiner loose, even handing him a poncho for his modesty. "So... how exactly did you get tied up in a store room, again?"

Reiner's blush, which had been fading thanks to his inversion, returned full force. "Uh... hehe. Well... Armin and Eren asked me if I knew anything... about bondage."

For a full minute, Connie, Reiner and Sasha stared awkwardly at each other. "And they just left you like this?"

"Yeah..."

Connie nodded, turned on his heel, and left the room, left the building, left the training grounds, left the southern region, left the walls, and after being sufficiently far away, turned around and shouted. "NOPE!"

7.17 Shimmer712

"…I ask of you are you my master?" Mikasa blinked as she woke, the words she was saying coming out of her mouth as registered her surroundings.

"…Yeah, I am," the red headed boy in front of her said, seeming to be a bit disappointed.

Before they could go any further, a man in a blue body suit with a red spear burst in and tried to attack. Mikasa quickly blocked his blow with her sword – why was her sword invisible? – and counter attacked, driving him out of the shed.

She fought him in a while, until he withdraw, complaining of his master calling back. Once he was gone, Mikasa paused and checked her loop memories.

So her sword was magic, she was king who was fighting to win a magic cup and wish to have never been king, she was something called a Servant which seemed to be some magically summoned soldier, she was in the class called Saber and would probably be addressed by that to hide her identity and she had to fight six other servants to get the magic cup and wish.

Okay then.

She turned to her master, wondering where Armin and Eren were and if they were in this Holy Grail War thing too.

…

Armin blinked and looked at the gate he was seated in front of before checking his loop memories.

"Oh, c'mon!" he muttered when he found he was replacing someone didn't even have a name in this world and had been summoned to fill in for someone else. Then he considered one of the abilities he had in this loop.

Being able to land three separate hits simultaneously could be useful, especially if he would get them landing on different targets. But what really interested Armin was the ability Presence Concealment. While normally someone summoned as Assassin would get the skill as part of the class, he didn't due to being an irregular. But the person he was replacing had it on their own anyone.

Armin grinned, wonder if it would work on titans and formulating a number of plans to have fun with the ability.

"Alright, Berserker! It is time to leave for Japan and win the Holy Grail!" the young pale girl proclaimed. "And we shall have to pay a visit to Oni-chan too!" she added, a cruel smile on her face.

Eren roared mindlessly in response.

7.18

Levi was stunned. Shocked. Flabbergasted (if you wanted to break out the thesaurus). Simply put, this was something he had never suspected, never expected, and never thought he would ever see again. The loop started only after Wall Maria got kicked in. He had never realized that, even in breadth of Yggdrasil's strange variants, he would see this occur.

Isabel waved her hand in front of Levi's face. "Levi? You're staring again. Hello, anyone home?" Isabel cheekily knocked on Levi's head. "You're not having a psychotic break, are you?"

Farlan set his ration of bread aside, looking at his superior. "Hey Cappy, you okay? You didn't eat something that's disagreeing with you again, right?"

Isabel was still knocking on Levi's head. "You know, I think I like this new Levi. Quiet, cute, kinda like a statue. All the strengths with none of the weaknesses." Isabel sat back and waited for Levi's retort.

When there was no retort, Farlan gulped a little bit and waved his hand in front of Levi's far, getting no reaction from him. "Uh... Levi? Are you okay?"

Levi didn't answer. Farlan and Isabel's eyes widened. Isabel, ever so cautiously, took a spoonful of her coffee and poured it on Levi's

shoulder. Levi's lack of reaction spoke volumes to Isabel, who realized something was terribly wrong. "Oh crap. Levi? Levi!"

Isabel vaulted over the table and turned Levi's head to look at her. "Farlan, get a doctor, Levi's in shock."

"Already on it." Farlan got up and turned from the table, only to be tackled from behind by Levi. Isabel, who had been dragged by Levi over the table, barely kept her feet under her as Levi pulled both of them into a rib cracking embrace. "Levi..." Farlan asked worriedly.

"Never... Leave me..." Levi said, actually fighting back tears.

It was at that moment that Hange burst into the otherwise deserted mess hall and got an eyeful of Levi and his oldest friends. "Holy Fuck you're alive again!"

Eren was... confused to say the least. Amazed that this particular variant had cropped up not twice, but thrice in a row. He was also more than a little angry at Levi. "You told them about the time loops?"

Levi was glaring at Eren to beat the band, really throwing all of his skill with glares into it. "Obviously. Do you tell Armin and Mikasa about the loops when they're not Awake?"

Eren ground his teeth and tried to keep looking Levi straight in the eye. It was actually getting harder by the minute. "Yes, we do. But only on a case by case basis. You can't... you can't live with yourself when you tell them every time."

Levi allowed his glare to racket itself up a few levels before he turned away from Eren. "They're Farlan and Isabel. I would never hide this from them." Levi turned on his heel and walked back into in room that Armin, Farlan, Isabel and Hange had absconded themselves to. Outside, Eren slapped his forehead in frustration. "Damn it all..."

Eren knew who Farlan and Isabel were, just not by association. They had been Levi's oldest friends, from way back in the days when Levi had been a vagabond prowling the streets and picking pockets. Three orphans who had found each other. Just like him, Armin and Mikasa.

The difference? Armin and Mikasa were alive, while Levi, who had planned to kill Commander Erwin for shanghaiing the three of them into the Survey Corps, had led Isabel and Farlan to their deaths. Eaten by Titans, apparently. Levi blamed himself and his search for vengeance for their deaths.

Had Eren been slightly more introspective, he may have noted the further parallels between him and Levi. He just didn't.

Inside the room, Armin was giving Isabel and Farlan the standard "these are the Loops" lecture. Both of them were listening in quiet awe as Armin demonstrated the subspace pocket. Isabel pointed at the Arc Reactor that Armin had demonstrated the pocket with. "So let me get this straight. You can store anything you want in your pocket, without anyone ever being able to get in?"

"Well... It would certainly hard to get in there." Armin admitted. "Thing is, you can't use the pocket: it takes many years of training to get it large enough to hold anything larger than a wardrobe. And it needs magic to be formed in the first place."

Farlan raised a finger for attention. "Wouldn't that mean that it would be impossible for you to form it? Eren's the only person with 'magic' that we've seen. Wouldn't a pocket be inaccessible outside of a fused loop."?

"That is the beauty of the loops," Armin said.

In a separate room in the Survey Corps castle, Hange and Mikasa were pouring over the records, but only further confusion arose. "I don't get it," Hange said. "There's nothing here to explain why they survived. Levi was still obsessed with revenge, they were still his

friends, Shadis was still commander... seriously, there's nothing here. No one could have Awoken early three times in a row."

"Look at this," Mikasa said, handing Hange a records book. "This says that Farlan and Isabel were saved by a mister Roland Corsini. He was a soldier who had been in the area when Levi and his friends were ambushed by Titans. He save Isabel and Farlan's lives."

Hange looked at the log book. "This doesn't make any sense. There have been variants where Isabel and Farlan survived before, but according to you, they've been alive in the past three loops. Did you do any research as to why?"

Mikasa shook her head. "We brushed it off the first time as a variant. The second time was strange, but nothing too insane. Now I'm not as sure as to what's happening."

Hange furrowed his brow. "Damn... this can't be a new baseline... could it?"

"We'll wait a few more loops." Mikasa decided. "See if it persists."

"And if it does?"

For a moment, Mikasa's eyes became unfocused. She shook her head. "I don't know. But we will get to the bottom of this."

7.19 Shimmer712

Hannes smiled at the slumbering trio of anchors as the boat drifted down the river to Wall Rose. He could remember the first time they had made this trip and the children had *not* slept peacefully then. But now they were.

Hannes wondered if that was a problem. Were they getting too used to their home being destroyed and their neighbors devoured and

killed? Or maybe it was something else. Eren had been full of hate and angry and now… well, he still was but it didn't consume him so completely now. Although Hannes was still disturbed.

Armin and Mikasa had killed the shifter trio repeatedly, in a number of ways. Usually, it was in response to something they tried to do with Eren, usually an attempted kidnapping. But sometimes, they just…did it, just because.

And Eren… he hadn't killed the shifters yet as far as Hannes knew but some of the things he did freaked Hannes out. Like the thing with Bertolt and the exploding chocolate or kitten. Hannes hadn't gotten all the details and wasn't sure which one it was. It wasn't so bad if it was chocolate but a kitten, even a fake one? Of course, the fact that Hannes considered it a valid possibility that it was a kitten certainly gave a good idea of which direction Eren's pranks of the shifters went.

Hannes was worried about his anchors, the children he had watched over for so long. He was afraid they were making their way down a dangerous slope. One that would led them to a dangerous and frightening place, somewhere they must not go.

And he had no idea how to help them.

7.1: Stripper cakes and Sasha don't mix.

7.2: Ooh, and I've always wanted to do an elevator sage. Not.

7.3: Mikasa's loyalty and devotion to Eren and Armin is absolute. Never question it.

7.4: They're the official couple of the AoT loopers. What more need I say?

7.5: …They've also been Armin's parents a lot, so it can get awkward.

7.6: Impossible? Mikasa is a goddess of awesome and win!

7.7: Shhhhhh.

7.8: This is actually pretty darn tame, compared to what else Mikasa and Armin have done to Annie.

7.9: It's meant to be cute. IT'S CUTE!

7.10: Sasquatches, riding Dragons, wielding cannons. Call in the Mikasa!

7.11: Turtle power!

7.12: This is based on Feneris' *Preventative Medicine.* Also, please be sure to give your children all of their vaccinations.

7.13: …Dark.

7.14: Funny, so long as you ignore the fact that Eren blew Bertolt's face off.

7.15: Mikasa's embroidery is very much sought after.

7.16: And to complete the *Screwing with the Shifters* trilogy, we've got bondage!

7.17: Fate/Stay Night. I'm not familiar with it, so there's no snarky comment for it.

7.18: A mystery, ain't it. Recall 5.10?

7.19: The Anchor's may not have been a good choice after all…

Strike at Dawn: Part 8

Attack on Titan; the Infinite Loops

Chapter 8

A/N: I'm quite surprised I managed to compile this one. Really, I am.

8.1 Shimmer712

"The hell?" Eren stared blankly down Armin and Mikasa. He would have looked down at himself but the lack of neck stopped that.

"I think someone took Sasha's Potato Girl title too literally," Mikasa deadpanned. This loop, everyone were potato people. They had their limbs protruding from their bodies and they had their hair on the top but other than that, they were essentially oversized potatoes with faces.

Armin turned to look at their surroundings. "How does this even work?"

"Nudist society?" Eren suggested.

"What?" The shifter received a pair of odd looks. He shrugged.

"Not like we can get dressed and put clothes on like this. Our bodies aren't flexible enough," he pointed out. Then he frowned. "Actually, how do we do anything? The lack of flexibility means we can't actually bend down or anything so how do we pick up anything? How did we build houses without being able to grab anything of the ground?"

"How do we fight titans like this?" Mikasa asked, frowning. That got a pause from the boys.

"…" The three looked at each other.

"This loop is so messed up."

8.2 CrossoverPairingLover

The gathered loopers eyed the various magical fruits before them with unease.

Devil Fruit. They were one of the many strange and odd things that came from the world of the Straw-Hat Pirates. Upon eating one, one could gain a power.

You could create and become fire. Your body could become rubber. You could gain the ability to morph into a horse or a horseman. But one could only eat one, and many of them had powers that were strange and at times senseless.

It was a different world than their own. While the world of titans was a mostly realistic land of fear and mystery, the world of the devil fruit was a world of adventure and mystery, a world where dreams mattered.

At times their world was merely a world of nightmares. Particularly for those poor unfortunate souls who lumbered around as monsters.

"Armin"

"Yes Eren?"

"Where did you get all these devil fruits, exactly?" they hadn't had a fused loop in the fruits native world in ages, and Armin hadn't the time to obtain any devil fruit while they were there.

The brains of the anchoring trio grinned "Oh, Anakin had collected too many during his last 'shopping trip' to their universe of origin, so he asked me if I wanted some. He gave me a few at random, so I have no idea what they will grant the one that eats them."

"So, you were given magical fruit by a Sith Lord, and you want us to **eat** them!?" Jean questioned "Why the hell does he hoard them in the first place?! It's not like he needs more than one".

"Actually, devil fruit powers don't carry across loops if you don't have them either baseline or constantly eat them" Eren pointed out. There was a reason he didn't have Human-Human fruit powers.

"Plus, do we have anything better to do this loop than eat mystical fruit?"

No one had a rebuttal for Armin's question as Connie grabbed a fruit that looked like a red, spiral decorated banana.

"Hell ya! Kickass-Kickass no Mi fruit, here I come!"

"I don't think that's..." Levi tried to talk the little fool down as he ate the disgusting fruit whole. Levi ignored Connie's groans to note the equally uneasy looking Sasha, whose large green melon like fruit had a noticeable bite in it.

After a moment of unease, followed by a squint as she concentrated, Sasha's clothing shifted into something green and vaguely heroic looking.

"So, that's the Kickass-Kickass no Mi" Levi said in some amusement "Sorry kid, you ate something else..." turning his gaze, Levi didn't have any words for what had happened to Connie.

"Damn ceiling!"

Ignoring the Giraffe in the room that was the result of Connie's ingestion of the Ox-Ox no Mi (Model: Giraffe), Levi picked up a

rather dark looking fruit, and took a hesitant bite out of it.

Noting a checklist, Armin reviewed the fruit that each and every one of them had eaten.

Connie had eaten the Ox-Ox no Mi variant that turned one into a Giraffe or a Giraffe-Man fused form generally used by CP9 agent Kaku. It could be surprisingly deadly if used correctly. Connie probably would not use it correctly.

Sasha had eaten the Kickass-Kickass no Mi, and thus could turn herself into Kickass. Armin personally considered that a waste of one's one fruit limit.

Jean had eaten the Rain-Rain no Mi, which meant he could create his own little clouds of misery and make them rain on people. It was rather problematic for Eren really.

Eren had eaten the Curse-Curse no Mi: Model:Juusenkyo, which apparently worked much like Ranma's curse when it came to being splashed with water, but far more liberal with what trigged it (Considering it had also activated when Connie the Giraffe and sneezed on him) . Eren was not amused.

Mikasa had eaten a fruit of unknown power, which she later used to drive off Reiner with one punch. After a few more tests, Armin dubbed that fruit the Worf-Worf no Mi, giving her the power to defeat foes in ways that emphasized her badassery.

Historia had eaten the Cat-Cat no Mi, and now could turn into a Tabby or a Catgirl. No further words were needed.

He himself had eaten the Checklist-Checklist no Mi, which was handy for taking notes without paper. Still, he could see no use for it outside of slipping through or under cracks combat-wise.

As for Levi...

"I am the Night."

The Batman-Batman no Mi suited him.

8.3 Shimmer712

They Awoke in Trost. The purge had happened. The nobles called it the attempted reclaiming of Maria but the loopers all knew it was a culling to reduce the population within the two remaining walls. Hell, it was known to be a culling by the populace before the loops began.

The trio had gotten used to scampering around Trost like other refugees but this time, Hannes managed to track them down and drag them home with him. His home was small, intended for one inhabitant but he had found some mattresses to spread on the floor. He had initially intended to put one or two of the children in the bed while he and whoever was left took the mattresses. But Eren had taken a liking to one of mattresses (why, Hannes couldn't figure out. What was so special about a mattress?), Mikasa had no interest in the bed if Eren was sleeping on the floor and Armin point blank refused since Hannes was the only one who actually had a steady job he needed to be rested for.

So, contrary to his plans, Hannes had the bed.

He sat up in his bed crossed the room to his lounge where the three anchors were huddled together on top of the mattresses which had been shoved together. A smile came to his lips. He was glad he had plenty of non-perishable and preserved food in his subspace pocket. Otherwise, the money he made as a Garrison member wouldn't be enough to feed them all.

He wondered why he never took them home in baseline. He had checked up them, naturally. He had hated himself for leaving Carla, and the loathing had only grown when he realized he had left Eren facing back towards his mother as she was devoured.

He had kept an eye on them. He had dropped in regularly on them, checking on them and broadcasting the silent message that these children would be missed if they vanished, someone would take note if they disappeared. When the Purge had first happened, he had stopped by and held the boy as he cried and his two companions had cuddled up on either side. He had found blankets and clothes and passed them on.

In some ways, he had watched out for them, but in others, he had left them to fend for themselves. Was what he had done good enough? Or had he been failing them in lesser ways?

Hannes twitched his lips upwards as a sleeping Mikasa pulled Eren closer to her in a protective embrace. The three were adorable like this.

He pulled out his camera and snapped some pictures. Sure, the photos didn't come with an impressive story and it was no good as blackmail (with the three so content and comfortable with their close relationship, Hannes wondered sometimes exactly *how* close they were) but those weren't the only reasons for photographs.

It used to be that photos were expensive and cumbersome to take so one only had photos of those precious to them. And these three children were precious to Hannes.

He smiled one last time at the sleepers before returning to bed.

Maybe he should start a photo album. For moments like this, where life is truly a treasure.

8.4 SeaOfFallingStars, Myself, and Crossoverpairinglover

I was humming a cheery tune, walking around the training area. Those two were going to be in much pain. Eren would be safe. Life

was good. Of course, having Sasha as a companion was putting some difficulty on my plan.

"Mikasa, what are you humming?" A query left unanswered.

I had trouble finding a suitable pair, let alone 'appropriating' them. I'm not a thief unless Eren or Armin's safety was on the line. The trick now would be to ditch Sasha. Food wouldn't work. This bore thought.

"No, Mikasa, I really want to know what you're humming!" She was getting insistent. Time to shift to words?

"Allons! en garde! Allons! Allons! ah! Toreador, en garde! Toreador, Toreador!" Hopefully I carried the tune well.

"Wait, is that the tune Freddy played when he and his gang were protecting us?" She catches on fast. You had better not disrupt the plan or I will tell Ymir you tried to seduce Historia.

Looks like Connie and Jean are experimenting with powers. That'll work.

"Sasha, go test out your powers against Jean's AT field. Maybe your potatonades might get through them." It wasn't a suggestion leaving my mouth.

She ran over to them. Good, now to find those two.

~Bang Bang Bang~

"Reiner. Bertolt. Will you please come with me?" No suggestions. Orders.

They follow to a basement. I let them enter the room in front of me. Then I whistle Freddy's theme and use my psychic powers to blow out the candles lighting the room.

"Mikasa? What are you doing?" Reiner? Bertolt? Doesn't matter who said it. They'll live through this.

I screech and slam one into an iron maiden. They can't titanize here. The remaining one seems to be panicking.

"Why are you doing this? We're comrades!" Pathetic lies to save your regenerating skin, you abomination.

"Not comrades. Not to you two. Never to you two." Screech.

Both are in iron maidens. Maybe they'll be let out. Maybe not. But they won't be able to join the military. My mission for the loop is done.

I whistle cheerfully, the same song as before, as I walk out of the basement and into light.

"Mikasa? Mikasa!"

Mikasa blinked her eyes as wakefulness returned to her. "I... Ar... min? What happened?"

Armin hooked a finger over his shoulder at the giant television screen. "You were watching Batman's 'Mikasa Sakura Syndrome'... and you fainted."

Mikasa sat up, but a wave of nausea struck her hard as the memories resurfaced. "God... If I ever do something like that get me taken off as Anchor. Please." Armin helped work Mikasa into the seat facing the screen. "Iron Maiden's... seriously, Bruce is some sort of psycho. Speaking of which, where is that stinking rodent?"

Armin pointed at the corner, where Eren was trying to beat up Batman. "Two to one Eren wins."

"You're on."

17 minutes into the future, however, saw Batman sitting on the defeated and out cold Eren, nibbling on a plate of Nachos that Alfred

(Who had popped out of nowhere) had provided.

He was, after all, Batman.

8.5

Darkness descended on the territory of Wall Rose. Inside it's confines nary a human wandered nor lay at rest. The land had fallen to the Titans of Ragako village. It sickened Connie to know that this had happened again.

The Beast Titan's attack varied in timing, but it always made a beeline to his home village, each and every loop. It confused him, tortured him at night whenever he asked himself: 'Why Ragako? Why my home?' These were questions that Connie lacked the ability to answer.

As his horse made its way along the edge of Wall Rose, its hoofs clicking on the earth, Connie grumbled quietly. "Might as well rename the Walls Ba Sing Sei." He mumbled. His comment was missed by the Gerger and Henning, the soldiers who were riding through the dark with him, and by Bertolt, who was put of ear shot, but still caught by someone.

"Don't you mean Na Sing Sei?" Reiner asked.

"I don't know Chinese!" Connie retorted with a shout.

"Hey, easy there," Henning said from the front. "I know we're all stressed out, but we're come through this. Maybe you'll even have some stories to tell your grand kids."

"Heh. Trust us, we'll be fine with just having grand kids," Reiner said.

Connie looked back. "You want grand kids?"

Reiner shrugged. "I wouldn't mind them."

"Shut up," Gerger hissed. "Do you want to bring every single Titan from here to Chlorba down on our heads?"

"Feel free to shout then, cause there aren't any," a voice in the darkness said. Under the light of their own torches, Ymir, Historia, and their attachment, Rene and Nanaba, emerged from the darkness. Nanaba was frowning deeply when she asked the west going attachment, "where's the breach in the wall?"

"...huh?" Connie winced at Gerger's confusion and shock. He, and really no one present, could fully comprehend that there had been no breach, because then the question of how the Titans got into the wall would be raised. Which would in turn lead to even greater confusion as the only people who knew the answer to that were the other loopers, Reiner, Bertolt and Annie.

Nanaba's harsh words cut through his thoughts. "What do you mean, huh? We didn't see anything, so the breach had to be in the southern half of the wall, where you were inspecting. So where is it?"

Gerger ground his teeth and answered. "We've seen no breaches."

Silence reigned.

Connie closed his eyes and stifled his confused emotions. He had Awoken to the face of his Titanized mother just hours ago. Now he was about to relive the hell that had been Utgard's siege by the Titans, and if the number of pings he had received was anything to go on, he'd be going it alone, at least until Eren, Mikasa and Armin could arrive.

As the sky cleared up to briefly show the distant ruins of Castle Utgard, Connie weighed his options. He could try to convince the squad leaders to ferry the nine of them up to the top of Wall Rose and just to walk the way back to Chlorba or Trost, but the prospect of the sheltered castle was too much for then to pass up. A break along

the perimeter of the wall rarely worked, since the Titans would, inevitably, find him. Then there was the issue of the Beast Titan...

"Damn..." Connie mumbled as, powerless, he followed the others towards the castle.

The fire, Connie admitted to himself, was warm enough, and huddled around it inside of the Castle, along with Ymir, Historia, Bertolt and Reiner, was more relaxing than it should have been. He was sitting in the company of two spies, a princess, and... and whatever the hell Ymir was. Connie groaned into his palms. "Survivors, that's what we are."

"What was that?" Historia asked.

Connie chewed his lips in annoyance for having spoken aloud again. "I said that we're not soldiers Christa. We're survivors now."

For a moment, the four other members of the 104th cadet corps stared at Connie, varying levels of worry and guilt crawling across their faces. Connie stood up from the fire and walked to the window. Outside, the darkness consumed the world. "We're not supposed to be here. I'm not supposed to be here." A smile, a crazed, pained smile wormed its way onto Connie's face. "I'm not supposed to be here; I'm supposed to be dead."

"Connie don't say-" Connie turned and forced Reiner's arm off of him.

"Don't. You. *Dare* ." Connie growled. "Everyone, every person I knew... they're inside the Titans now. You know it, Ymir knows it, fuck, and even Christa knows it. They're all gone."

The fire crackled. "You're wrong," Bertolt said. "They're not dead. Not so long as you remember them. As long as you remember them, hold them close to your heart, then they'll still be alive."

Connie turned destitute eyes on Bertolt. "I don't remember them all. Does that mean that some of them are dead? Does that mean I have some responsibility to the dead? That I need to live for them? Fuck that! They should have been allowed to live on their own terms!"

Historia got up. "Connie, you don't know that anyone's dead. You're just... tired, from riding all night. You should get some rest."

Connie stared at Historia, silent. "No. You're wrong, on all accounts. I shouldn't rest." Connie took a step towards Historia. "I'm not tired." He took another step towards her. "I don't need to sleep." He took three slow steps, looking Historia straight in the eyes. "And I never said... that they were dead."

Connie pushed Historia aside, reached into the fire, and removed a burning log. Ignoring everyone's gasps of shock, Connie walked back to the window and threw the log out into the darkness, where it splintered and burst into a surge of embers, illuminating the face of a Titan. "Ragako village has come out. To welcome me home."

"TITANS!"

Four lives for forty. It was a cold, damnable equation. For most soldiers, the numbers seemed like four lives for none. To them, the Titans weren't even human. They didn't know what Connie, Bertolt, Reiner and Ymir knew. To them, it was four lives, lives that had chosen to endanger themselves, lives that belonged to men and women that knew the risks, and were dying to droves of innocent, mindless civilians.

It made Connie sick to see this happen, to hear of it time and again. The Titans... the soldiers... could either side be called evil? Whose side could Connie chose? Whose side should he choose?

Inevitably, Connie's time to choose past him by. Ymir leapt into action, Titanizing and fighting the Villagers. "I'm so weak..."

Reiner rested his hand on Connie's shoulder. For a moment, Connie understood the pain, the madness that Reiner suffered. It was all...

More than any living man could bare.

"Connie! NOOOOO!"

For a moment, the rush of wind greeted Connie like an old friend. The ground opened up, and bit him in half.

"Hey mom. Hey dad."

Connie's father looked up from his newspaper, seeing his young son standing in the doorway. "Why hello to you to Connie. Thinking of tucking in early?"

Connie shrugged lightly. "Maybe. Maybe I will. Good night."

Connie's mother turned from her laborious task of washing dishes. "Good night Connie."

"Good night son," his father added.

Connie walked to his room, climbed into bed, and slept. It was a very good night.

8.6

The lights of Trost district twinkled in the dark. Torchlight, a handful of gas lamps, candles scattered here and there. Its denizens walked the streets not-quite happy and not-quite carefree, but they walked the night streets of Trost. Above them, the stars twinkled, their own roads shining down on the citizens. The light of stars and the light of man. The juxtaposition brought strange feelings to Jean's mind.

The rim of Wall Rose stretched to the left and right, curving out and meeting with the main wall in the distance. Fifty meters above the city, surrounding it, protecting it, jailing it. So much of humanity was institutionalized by these walls. There were few exceptions.

One of those exceptions was sitting next to Jean, legs dangling off the edge, nursing a beer from her subspace pocket and watching the city lights flicker. Jean had brought Sasha up to the top of the wall to brainstorm ideas to help Connie, but so far neither had managed to figure out a useful idea. How were you supposed to help someone who was immortal and had killed themselves?

So Jean and Sasha had resigned themselves to drinking beer and watching the city, with the resolve to drag Connie out at one point and get him professional help. They weren't psychologists... but then who was? Everyone in the loops were stir crazy. How were they going to fix this?

A surprisingly cold wind heralded the arrival of a third. "There you two are. I've been looking all over Trost for guys," Historia scolded. "Did either of you hear-"

"Yes, we know about Connie," Jean answered. "We tried to help him, couldn't do it, we'll try again tomorrow."

Historia started at the interruption and glared at Jean. "Why aren't you trying to help him now then? Why are you just leaving him alone?"

"He wants to be left alone," Sasha mumbled. She stared at her beer. "Connie... he's in pain and we can't help him. The only thing we can do... The most important thing we should do is keep him from getting hurt again."

Historia shook her head and pointed with her cane at Trost. "Well, at least try and tell him that." Historia's annoyance faded a little. "We're stuck in here for who knows how long. We should be helping each other, trying to keep each other safe."

Jean pointed at Historia with his beer. "And you know how to do this?"

Historia's already weakened drive evaporated under Jean's question. "I don't know how to help Connie. I don't know how to help anyone. But I do know that we have to help them somehow. Take their mind off the pain. Show them that even the darkest of times is worth suffering through, because... we'll be waiting for them."

"We?" Sasha caught the clarifying word.

Historia nodded solemnly. "I will. I'll do my best to help Connie, and anyone who thinks that these loops are too much for them." An unsure look crossed Historia's face. "Would you, you know, help me?"

Sasha and Jean sat there for a moment. Sasha set her beer aside and stood up, her Overboard forming from the air next to her. "Where's Connie? Still at the barracks."

"Where would he be?" Jean quipped, hovering off the ground and starting towards the cadet training ground. Historia and Sasha launched after him, towards the grounds. In their minds, a thought solidified.

'If it's needed... I will help anyone here.'

8.7

"Ymir, this is a bad idea."

"It's only a bad idea if we're caught Historia." Ymir finished adjusted the last speaker, and started to crawl out from underneath the boy's barracks, Historia following right behind her. The two girls quickly bolted for the girl's barracks.

"I still say this is a bad idea," Historia repeated as she and Ymir closed the door and climbed into their beds. Ymir merely put a finger to her lips, pulled out a comically large switch, and flipped it.

In the distance, the speakers played.

"He's got moves like Jagger, he's got moves like Jagger, he's got moooOOOOooves like Jagger."

A shout followed that. "KIRSTEIN!"

Ymir and Historia stifled their laughter.

Armin's plan, for this loop, had been to see if he could get Reiner to be, as he put it; "redeemed by the power of love." Naturally, bets were cast as to whether or not Armin would succeed, who Armin had planned, would it end in marriage, etc.

Armin's pre-shipping plan first started with infiltrating the Wall Cult and managing to legalize gay marriage, since Reiner's orientation was as volatile as Hange's gender. Step two was to make sure that the selected candidate, Bertolt, was bisexual. Step three was to make sure that Annie would not interfere (which in this case meant simply telling her Bertolt's feelings and having her rebuff him).

That all settled, Armin stepped back and put his plan into motion.

One year later, Armin was left wondering where his plan had gone so wrong.

If there was one good thing that Mikasa would admit about Levi at this very moment, it was that he was killer on the piano. He really did well with 'Here Comes The Bride', shockingly so. He'd been practicing with different instruments.

The crowd of well-wishers and friends that were seated was massive: the whole of the 104th had gathered to watch two of their

own join each other in holy matrimony. Historia, Annie and Mina had been talked into being the maids of honor. Shadis, as the highest ranking military officer anyone knew, was officiating. The confusing bit?

Bertolt wasn't Reiner's groom, he was his best man... and Annie's boyfriend. That baffled Mikasa, if only because Armin hadn't planned it. Armin's plans almost always went off without a hitch. Except when they involved Hitch, in which case they went off with her.

Shadis opened his book and coughed lightly into his hand. Silence fell like an ACME anvil. Glancing at his book, Shadis began speaking. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the bonding, in holy matrimony-"

"Dipshit, read it after both grooms are up there," Levi called from the piano. Shadis went a little pale as he realized that Levi had a better grasp on the procedures of the wedding than he did. He snapped the book shut as Levi started playing again to cover his snafu.

That signaled the appearance of the groom and the man giving him away. Mikasa turned to see both and repressed an eye roll at the sheer... improbability of it. Who would have thought that the person that Reiner would woo would be Marco?

Jan, Awake but hiding it, led his best friend down the aisle, smiling all the way. "Real happy for you man."

"I know," Marco whispered back. As he ascended the alter, Jan moving to the side, he locked his hands with Reiner's and smiled. "You ready?"

"Born ready," Reiner said with an unmatchable genuine smile.

Shadis nodded and opened his book again. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to witness the joining of Marco Bodt and Reiner Braun in holy matrimony. Do you, Marco Bodt, take Reiner Braun to be your

lawfully wedded husband; to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, so long as you may live?"

Marco's smile could have lit up a room. "I do."

Shadis nodded at Marco and turned to Reiner. "And do you, Reiner Braun, take Marco Bodt to be your lawfully wedded husband; to protect and defend, on both battlefield and off, to hold close and allow nothing to stand above him?"

If Marco's smile could have lit a room, Reiner's could replace the sun. "I do."

Shadis nodded to himself. "Is that so..." With greater volume, he addressed the room at large. "If there are any who would seek to object to their marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace."

"I object!"

The congregation at large turned in their pews to see the newcomer, who had thrown the doors wide open. Up next to the alter, Jan gasped. "Le Gasp! It's by gay twin brother, Gene!"

Gene Kirstein marched forward. "Marco doesn't love Reiner. He's just faking it. I love him more, and so challenge Reiner to a duel for his hand in marriage!"

A set of pairing blades were tossed at Reiner, who fell into a fighting stance. "You want to prove your love?"

Gene pulled two blades from behind his back. "Yeah, let's."

Jan took several steps towards Marco as Reiner and Gene broke into a furious battle. "So... you and my brother?"

"Yeah..." Marco smiled slightly. "But a duel for my love. It's so romantic."

Meanwhile, in the pews, Armin was furiously trying to figure out where his otherwise expertly executed plan had gone so wrong.

"You didn't account for the variant to be a Soap Opera Loop?" Eren asked Armin.

That caught the blond off-guard...as he walked towards the wall and banged his head against it.

6.6 (Continued) SeaOfFallingStars

Hange was amazed he wasn't coughing up blood. The dance they had performed to combine hadn't killed or injured him! How? The canopy in front of him showed Annie. She was staring in shock and Hange was... chest-high? How gigantic was Superion?

[Are you alright Hange?]

"Yeah. Remember; she's in the nape of its neck. You'll need to rip her out!" Glee filled Hange's voice. Sure the Trio would see this, but to live it was another thing!

[Understood. Brace yourself for motion.]

Superion shifted his stance and pointed a slender (for his size) finger at the female titan.

" **Now, Annie Leonheart, surrender or be captured. It makes no difference to me.** " The bold words were just starting to sink in when the gestalt punched off the titan's head.

Even though it was headless, the titan tried to stop Superion from-

---

"Hanji, we know how the rest of this played out. Annie was in Skydive's cockpit after being ripped out, minus an arm, then they

gave her to the Scout Regiment and Superion killed Bertolt and Reiner. They told us." Armin wasn't too impressed with the story. The ones who weren't Awake for it or hadn't heard it listened in interest.

Sasha was handing out snacks for them, a large bowl of popcorn in her lap. Hanji looked outraged at Armin's blatant puncturing of her story. Mikasa spoke up from behind her.

"And if you tell anyone of what happened once Annie was captured, I'll tell them what you did in the harem loop to bypass the Ranma Patch." Her quiet voice, as usual, was at odds with the threat.

"Fine, fine. At least it yielded interesting data! How DID you hear of the story anyway?" It was a valid question. Especially given that most of the time, once one of them Awoke they kept Awakening for solidarity.

"They were on the Lost Light. I wish Reng was looping as he's good at helping our psychological issues and Magnus keeps us in line."

There was a pointed glare at Sasha and Connie.

"And if he ever finds out how you two managed to invert Swerve's bar and the Energon storage, he'll tear you apart." The shift in tone from reminiscent to heated was jarring. The pair smiled.

"It was just another pantry raid. How were we supposed to know it'd get everyone drunk?"

Hanji couldn't help herself. The thought of everyone's rations being alcoholic was too funny to not laugh at. They'd need to do it at some point.

8.9

Levi stared at the luxuriously delicious black tea that had been freshly brewed. It certainly surpassed even the stocks of dried tea leaves he had in his subspace pocket, but it carried a bitter taste that he couldn't quite dispel. "Erwin, your bribery won't work."

Sitting across from him, Erwin smiled slightly. "Now Levi, I know that you do not object to this sort of dealing on principle. It's just a few worshipers. They're not too troublesome."

Levi stood up, walked to the window, and opened it. The roars of the crowd poured into the room. Levi closed the window. "A few?"

Erwin's smile widened. "The point still stands Levi. Their worship of Eren as a savior has already paid the collective salary of the Scouting Regiment. In a few weeks I'd estimate we'll have balanced our budget."

"The gratuities I can understand. But the Tea?" Levi pulled back his chair and sat down on it again. "This is extortion."

"And you're above extortion?"

"I'm above extorting the idiot masses." Dimo Reeves was a very smart person, who could be guiltlessly extorted. "What I want to know is how you're going to keep Eren's Titan cult from declaring war on the Wall cult."

Erwin waved Levi off. "Now Levi-"

BOOM!

The room jumped in the shockwave of the bomb, both Levi and Erwin falling out of their chairs. Levi glared at Erwin. "I told you."

The duo raced down into the barricaded courtyard to find several corps men, and to their surprise, policemen, reinforcing the gate into the yard. "Oh. Hello Erwin," Nile Dawk, commander of the Military Police and Erwin's old friend, said. "You wouldn't believe how-"

BOOM!

"-Fanatical, these Titan Cultists are. Quite an issue, as you can see." An arm burst out of the door and made a grab for Nile. The commander grabbed the arm and broke it. "Bit of a pain, I admit."

"What's going on down here?"

Levi, Erwin, Nile, and the barricaders all looked up from their personal struggle to see Eren, confused, staring at barricade. "My cult trying to blast it's way in?"

The door burst off of its hinges, sliding forward from the sheer crush of bodies. Erwin, Nile and Levi found themselves propelled towards Eren, feet scraping against the cobblestones as they were pushed. "Run Eren, RUN!" Levi shouted, turning into a vampire and launching himself into the fray. Several cultists went flying as Levi struggled to deal with them non-lethally.

Eren himself took one look at the charging cult and teleported out to the waiting The Carla, up in suborbital flight well above the Walled Nation. "Well, I know where I'll be for the rest of the loop."

8.10 SeaOfFallingStars

Eren had titanized to seal Trost. This wasn't anything new to the loopers.

However, the plan to protect him was for the most part. The outfits, the music, it was crazy. Strangest of all was Ymir/Blaine being affected. They had cleared the way for Eren.

Mostly. One of the Garrison was holding them up. He was yelling at them for their plan.

"What are you doing!? Who are you!? Is this how you want to end your life!?" Connie turned towards the bearded man.

"I'm going to rock." One strum later, and he was embedded in some roof, smoke coming from his boots.

Connie turned to the impromptu rock band.

"Alright, let's get to Armin and Eren and keep the path clear!"

Upon arrival, they happened upon an alternate use for the music.

They cherished the mental image of several titans clearing the path with synchronized headbanging. After all, they wanted to rock.

The Four Loves

-Eros-

Historia chuckled a little as she looked over her grades. "Wow... this is more stressful than fighting Titans. At least with that, if we don't pass we don't need to worry about retaking the course."

Ymir tossed her own grade sheet across the room and kicked up her legs on the bed, lounging. "Right... Seriously Hiss, why do you even care about grades? It's a high-school loop. In Japan at that."

Historia shrugged, scribbling a few notes on her grade sheet. "I guess... if we're going to do something, we should give it our best effort."

Ymir chewed her finger nail and pointed at Historia. " *You* , should give it your best effort. *I'm* not giving a fuck."

Historia sat down at the desk next to her and Ymir's bed and faced her girlfriend. "You should care Ymir. There are loopers out there with theses, doctorates, loopers who have pioneered entire fields of

study. We shouldn't waste our time not trying to keep up with them. Look at Armin, or Hanji, or even Connie. They're so smart and capable in the right conditions. Don't you think that's worth trying to emulate?"

Ymir looked at Historia and cocked an eyebrow. "No. If I know that sine plus one equal's cosine, or I don't-"

"Sine squared, plus one, is cosine squared," Historia corrected. Ymir rolled her eyes.

"If I know that, then a Titan's going to eat me all the same. The fact of the matter is Historia..." Ymir sat up, frowning slightly. The fact is, it's pointless. Whether or not I know how to do maths is irrelevant to my field of work. All I need is my ability to fight." Ymir got off her bed and put her grades down on the desk. "But... you did want me to do well, right?"

Historia looked at the grade sheet. Ymir's lowest score was a 78%, in trigonometry. Everything else was a collection of 80's and 90's. Historia got up and smooched Ymir on the cheek. "Yeah, I wanted you to do well."

Ymir blushed and kissed Historia back. "I was thinking about taking my motorcycle for a ride on the coast. Wanna come with?"

Historia beamed. "I'll get my helmet."

As the duo cruised down the coast road of Japan, the sun slowly setting over the western mountains, Historia hugged Ymir tighter and repressed a random laugh. Only grades to worry about, the love of her life in her arms, and the beauty of the blue, brilliant ocean.

Historia snuggled closer to Ymir. *'This world... This world isn't a terrible place, but it's still full of such beautiful things.'*

'We're in heaven.'

-Storge-

The door jingled as Sasha pushed it open, her arms balancing several bags of groceries. "Guys, I'm back!"

"Bout time. What you get?" Jean shouted from the living room.

Sasha deposited her groceries on the kitchen table. "You know, meat, bread, some noodles, tomato sauce. I was thinking pasta was on the menu tonight."

Jean paused his video game and hopped off the apartment's couch. "I think pasta's good for tonight." Jean started putting the food away, shunting the pasta, ground beef, red sauce, and an onion to the side. "Connie got back half an hour ago. He's in the shower, still trying to get that dust off him."

"Trying and succeeding," Connie announced triumphantly, walking into the room and steaming like a Titan. "Geeze, you'd think that being a HVAC assistant would be easy for a guy like me."

"Fun sized friends are hard to come by," Sasha joked.

Connie brushed it off and saw the food that Jean was putting aside. "We having pasta tonight?"

Jean nodded as he emptied the last "Yeah. You wanna get the water boiling? I'll cut up the onion."

Sasha quickly handed Jean a knife and Connie a pot. Connie had the pot filled with water and on the burner as Jean began slicing the onion. Sasha pulled out a skillet, greased it, and had the found beef in it in moments. Jean dumped the chopped onions into the meat, followed quickly by a dash of garlic.

Inside of thirty minutes, the three were eating the delicious food and talking about their day, enjoying the quiet time. In baseline, quiet

time wasn't common, but here and now it was in abundance.

They treated it with respect and gratitude, and enjoyed it.

-Philia-

Hanji's head appeared from around the door. "Hey Hannes, me and Levi were thinking about hitting a bar in Tokyo. Wanna come?"

"Hmm?" Hannes looked up from the paperwork scattered around his desk. "Oh, sure. Just let me finish grading these papers."

Hanji waited diligently as Hannes finished his work. The older teacher finished with a single red-mark to the paper of a particularly belligerent student and set the collective work aside. "Well Zoe, what's our game plan for tonight?"

Hanji shrugged. "Just a bar with Levi. There's this great sushi place in the city, all upscale and fancy." Hanji snorted. "Sushi, upscale. Who'd have thought it?"

"Who would have?"

Levi was waiting outside, drumming his fingers on the sports car that no-one could fully explain as to being in his possession. Apparently he "stretched his paycheck" to buy it. "About time you two jackasses showed up. I was going to leave you in another ten minutes."

"Yeah, we love you too," Hannes joked as he climbed in.

The drive into Tokyo was uneventful and quick. There were a handful of traffic stops and a rail-crossing, but beyond a handful of angry drivers and one guy who was intent on going a quarter of the speed limit, nothing interesting. The sushi bar itself was exactly how Hanji had described it, upscale and fancy.

That also meant it cost a lot of money, and after some significant begging from Hannes and Hanji, Levi covered it. As the night wound down, Hannes lifted a saucer of sake. "To the vacation of a lifetime."

"Here here!" Hanji seconded. Levi raised his own saucer, and together the three teachers drank.

-Agape-

A long beach of white sand, the brush of the waves upon it, the slowly closing dusk, and three figures, one far from the water, one deep within it, and one balanced between the extremes, and meditating. Eren lazily drifted through the water, occasionally pushing along with his arms. Mikasa lounged on a towel, staring up into the darkening sky. Armin sat in the encroaching waves, his water-bending soothing the turbulent waters that rushed in and out.

Eren, at present, swam over to Armin's spot and sat next to him, silently watching the distant sky shift towards a deeper purple. "Hey Armin."

"Yes Eren?"

"What's the ocean feel like?"

"It feels... strong. A part of me. Slow, rhythmic, soothing. Protecting." Armin glance at Eren. "It feels like you and Mikasa."

Eren smiled lightly. "Yeah. All cool and rhythmic, before we flood you and destroy everything."

Armin's own face hinted at a smile now. "Yeah. Just like that."

"He's not the ocean." Armin and Eren looked at Mikasa. Their sister sat at Eren's opposite side, entwining her fingers with his. "Eren's the

moon. He moves us, gives us direction. He is powerful, but not the strongest. Armin and myself... we're the ocean."

"Two sides to its coin. Am I right Mikasa?" Armin said.

Mikasa nodded. "Two sides to its coin. Armin's gentle, thoughtful, slow and methodical. I am powerful, wrathful... a force of nature." Mikasa looked towards the distant, faintly twinkling stars. "We are the ocean. He is our moon."

Under the water, Armin pulled Eren's hand into his own. "Two halves of a whole?"

"A balancing act," Mikasa said.

Eren raised an eyebrow and looked at his siblings. "Wow, that sounds... really lame. Like Downtown Abbey stuff."

"I know," Mikasa admitted.

Armin looked more downcast, but Eren pulled him into a hug. "It's still great stuff though. You should try poetry."

Armin shrugged, though he also brightened a little. "Maybe."

The sun set slowly, on the three, the sea, and Japan.

8.12 CrossoverPairingLover

Holding up a hand of brown cards, Hannes looked towards the similarly carded Armin with a look that was essentially a poker face.

But a Poker Face that seemed to be hardened by card based combat, as if the very outcome of the card game could decide the fate of the universe.

In Hannes's defense though, he had played a few such card games. Same with Armin.

"...This is an oddly intense game of cards" Historia mused.

"All card games are intense where those cards come from" Eren reminded her.

What was left unsaid by Eren was there once a loop in which combat with Titans was done with such cards, in which victory meant the Titan fell apart, and defeat meant being eaten.

Only the two currently playing the card game actually enjoyed that loop.

8.13

Ganesha slammed his head into his desk and groaned. "Ugh…" He was so tired. First he had gotten Homestuck looping, then he had binge-watched a loop, and then he had been given the loops for RWBY, which was immediately taken away from him by Artemis.

And now, he had a letter from a few of his loopers. The great remover of obstacles was feeling at the end of his rope, but regardless, he had to soldier on. One of the writers was, after all, Steven Quartz Universe. Maybe his letter would help him unwind.

Opening the letter, the god of knowledge and many other things began to read:

' *Dear Ganesha-*

Hi! I'm Steven Universe. I'm a crystal gem in training, I like pizza, and you probably know all of this. Well, Pearl wanted me to ask you if there was anyway if she could loop into the Evangelion universe

any time soon. Apparently she had some questions for Rei Ayanami about Ramiel.

-Yours Truly, Steven.'

Ganesha cocked an eyebrow. "Really kid? This is all you've got to say. This letter business is for important matters only." The God opened another one.

' *Dear Admin Ganesha-*

I would like to thank you for the continued communication, and interaction with myself. As a military instructor, I find your decorum in the pursuit of the stability of my universe to be quite admirable. However, there is the matter of my code. My ability to Titanize, while originally stable, has begun to waver between loops. It is quite disconcerting to me. Regardless though, I do welcome the recent additions to our baseline.

-Sincerely, Keith Shadis'

Ganesha rolled his eyes. ' *At least he's using it for its intended purpose.'* Ganesha pulled out another letter.

' *Dear Ganesha-*

Thank you for getting Ymir looping.

-Yours sincerely, Historia'

Well, sometimes there were just good letters to read.

8.1: I hate the "potato-Girl" meme. This, I like.

8.2: He ate the Writer-Writer no Mi this loop.

8.3: Cutesy.

8.4: Not so cutesy.

8.5: Now it's just downright depressing.

8.6: This is meant to be a balm to the depressing.

8.7: Ymir and Historia make everything better.

8.8: Marco and Reiner make everything better.

8.9: Titan Cults… make everything worse!

8.10: Headbanging Titans. What more is there to say?

8.11: My take on Socrates.

8.12: It's time to loop!

8.13: Poor Ganesha. His blood pressure must be through the roof.

Strike at Dawn: Part 9

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 9

A/N: Well, another entry into the Attack loops anthology. Please, read and review. It's polite.

9.1 Crossoverpairinglover

Mikasa noted the boy who she was currently sharing her parent's home with. A rare loop, and she had to deal with some visitor messing with the sheer wonder of it.

The boy noticed her upset state and frowned "Let me guess, I'm interrupting your family time?"

Mikasa's glare was all the answer he needed.

"Look, I'll clear this up now, I'm not from this loop. I'm not supposed to be here, and I admit your concern is somewhat unusual to me and my loop in general. I have...issues with my father. My best friend has so many issues with both of his parents you could write a psychology book about it. His ace's situation with her mother and mother-in-law is just unpleasant. My student council president's parents keep trying to marry her off to get higher social standing. Really, the only person in loop who has a good relationship with both parents in nearly all loops is a girl named Shirley, and sometimes her father is involved in human experimentation."

"However, I am here. That doesn't mean you can't enjoy time with your mother and father. I won't interfere, as long as you don't mind

me enjoying the novelty of having a mother for once". the last line was said somewhat sadly as Mikasa's glare softened.

"Very well. I suppose I'll just have to tolerate you this one time, Suzaku Ackerman".

"What happens when someone has a tie for the position of 1st ranked cadet?" Jean asked Armin as the two observed the pair of Ackermans destroy everything in their path.

"...I'm not sure actually" Armin admitted. "I think it depends on Shadis's mood"

9.2

"Oh Leeeeviiii."

There had been a pants based pun in there, somewhere.

"Look what weeee'veeee gooooot."

In fact, Mikasa had thought it would work. She may not have been Armin, but she was entitled to pranking her cousin.

"We're wearing our-"

Levi turned to his trio of Anchors, pressed his palms together, bowed, and quite suddenly Eren, Armin and Mikasa's blue jeans popped like balloons. "Have a nice day... Jackasses."

Naturally, Eren was not happy that one of the rare pranks that Mikasa had planned did not go over well. Armin was quite embarrassed to be standing around without pants. Mikasa herself...

Well, she got a rise out of Levi. That worked for her.

9.3

The mess hall of the cadets barracks was stuffed with it's usual occupants. For this particular loop, only the Anchoring trio had awoken so far, four years on. And for some reason, Armin was agonizing on something that baffled him. He claimed to have forgotten something.

Mikasa had seen what happened when Armin forgot something. The most recent situation had been five hundred years ago, and it had resulted in cyborg-Titans that had taken over the Walls. As such, she was more than a little scared. "Armin, are you sure that their's something you missed?"

Armin nodded. "I can't recall it, but I know... I know that I've forgotten something. I just know it." Armin gulped. "Mikasa, I'm scared."

Mikasa reached over. "Don't worry Armin. I'll keep you and Eren safe. Speaking of that, where is Eren?"

Outside the mess hall, Eren raced by. "Titantitantitantitantitantitan!"

Armin slammed his head into the table. "A long time ago, Eren convinced me to regularly Geass him to repress his rage towards the Titans. I think... I forgot, this loop."

"TitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitantitanTITAN!"

9.4

"Er..."

' *Am I...* '

"Ere..."

' *I...feel...'*

"Eren..."

' *I'm in...side...'*

"Eren!

'I hate... Waking up in my Titan."

Eren groaned and sat up, his back stretching in pain. His body was a living pincushion, every nerve and muscles fast asleep. The world was both so bright as to be painful, dark enough to be indistinct, and fuzzy enough to give him a headache. Eren swallowed hard and tasted hot foamy spit. "Agh..."

He could feel hands on him. One set gentle, smaller, even familiar. The other was colder, rougher, but Eren sensed a lack of malicious intent, and of clumsy slowness. Eren forced his eyes open again and ignored the nausea that struck him in response. "I'm here... give me a moment."

The world resolved itself slowly, fading into familiar shapes. Two faces coalesced from the blur, one long and topped with a thatch of blond, the other more rounded and gentle, infinitely unique and speaking. Jean and Mikasa. "Are you alright Eren?"

Eren nodded slowly, his fine motor control shot and the world spinning. "I'll live. I'll live... I hope." Eren tried to stand up, and almost fell over. Jean moved fast enough to grab him though. Eren glared a little at the young man, before glancing around the room. What he saw staggered him.

Long, tall pylons of hardened flesh, stretching from his Titan, supporting boulders and rocks. The faint glow of the ground

indicated the location: the sanctuary underneath the Reiss chapel. Eren slowly righted himself, stunned. "I... did I create this?"

Jean chuckled. "I barely believed it when I woke up. Here I was, ready to die in baseline, and suddenly, all of this. I admit, you had me worried there Yeager."

Eren snorted quietly. "Yeah, but I guess having you be here means my plan didn't work out perfectly."

The chirping of bats heralded, of all people, Levi. The vampiric man appeared in a swirl of the flying creatures, as emotionless as ever. "Well, it seems the man of the hour is awake. I was wondering if you had wound up in a coma."

Eren was just staring at Levi. "...How did you do that?"

"My last loop was Castlevania." Levi gestured to his fangs. "Dracula, obviously." Levi pointed upwards. "Someone wants to see you, by the way. So clear up." Levi's body dissolved, from the feet up, into bats. "You look like shit."

Mikasa floated Eren up to the surface, where they were almost bowled over by Armin. "Thank god you two are okay. You nearly gave me a heart attack."

Mikasa shrugged. "We'll live. We just... oh." Mikasa glanced around, and after a moment, Eren saw exactly what had shocked her. The earth had been torn to shreds, revealing the Reiss sanctuary to the open sky. In the distance though, something much larger was... was it crawling away. "Armin... is that what I think it is?"

Armin nodded solemnly. "That's Rod Reiss, or at least the Titan that was Rod. Heavily deformed and hotter than hell itself, and what's more, it's ignoring us." Armin casually slapped Mikasa on the back. "Nothing we haven't handled before."

Jean shouted something at Eren, an order to help Hange with his wounded shoulder. The group of nine quickly boarded into the cart that had ferried them out there, Jean taking up the reins as the pursued the distant aberrant Titan. Mikasa pulled out a compass. "Hmm... based on it's heading, the Titan is moving towards Orvud District." Mikasa pursed her lips. "Damn..."

Eren groaned and ran a hand through his hair. "I always hated that district."

"Why's that?" Connie asked.

For a second, Levi saw that the Anchors were looking at Sasha. Their eyes quickly shifted back to Eren and Hange. "It's a long story, and we need to stay focused."

Half an hour later, a cantering of hooves announced a new arrival. "Ho, Levi squad. Are you behind this Titan?"

Levi craned his neck over at Erwin Smith, the commander of the Scouting Regiment. "Yes, in fact. We have much to report, but we've recovered both Historia and Eren."

Erwin reined his horse in and along into a trot next to Levi's spot in the cart. "Good. What can you tell me about this Titan."

"That Titan is Rod Reiss, transformed..."

"Holy lord, it's the sun."

From their spot atop Wall Sina, bordering Orvud District and watching Rod Reiss' Titan slowly approach, Sasha glanced up and was nearly blinded by the first rays of dawn. "Ow... Is that...?"

Connie shielded his own eyes, not looking away. "Yeah. It's the rising sun." He grinned a little. "I guess this hot night in hell is finally over."

"Is that what we're calling it now?" Levi snarked. "The Hot Night in Hell? Please, the Hell isn't here yet."

Jean glanced back at the cannons, arrayed on the lip of the Wall and ready to lay waste to the Titan formerly known as Rod Reiss. Erwin has suggested using cannon fire to try to kill the Titan, and if that failed, to throw Eren at it. "You know... the Hell Titan wouldn't be such a bad name for it."

"I vote calling it the Hell Titan," Historia through her two cents in.

"Whatever..." Connie muttered. "It's just that, after all this time, all these loops fighting through the Reiss chapel, gaining a few minutes here, a few seconds there, isn't it weird that we suddenly get like, four hours of time."

Sasha pulled an apple out of her subspace pocket, before putting it back in. Jean took notice. "Not hungry?"

"Not after all of this."

Historia reached into her pocket and pulled out a loaf of bread. "Here Sasha. It's just how you like it."

Sasha took the loaf and wolfed it down. "You know just to bake a loaf of bread, don't you?"

Historia smiled. "I'm good with helping people."

Levi, believe it or not, chuckled. "Well, don't make a habit of it. We might get back into the habit of calling you Christa."

The benevolent girl rolled her eyes. "I do like helping people. I can still be myself, but at the same time, I'm also the person I wanted to be. I'm meaningful, on my own terms now." A smile crept onto her face. "I am Historia Reiss, and I mean something, to all of you."

"Yeah, yeah, we don't need to be told you're awesome." Eren's voice roused the group, signaling his, Mikasa's and Armin's return. The

Anchor trio had been in council with Erwin to figure out the battle plan. "You guys ready to fight?"

Jean stood up. "Ready as I'll ever be."

Sasha and Historia leapt to their feet. "Let's do it!"

Levi nodded silently, eyes turning red in anticipation.

Connie, perhaps the most reluctant, got to his feet. "Well, might as well not die here."

Eren turned away from the rising sun, facing Rod Reiss' Titan form, the Hell Titan. "Let's do this!"

"YEAH!"

Eren, quite suddenly, found himself staring up at Bertolt's colossal Titan form, from within his twelve year old body. "WHAT! THAT'S IT!?"

It was later agreed upon, by consensus, that Loops had a terrible habit of ending at exactly the wrong time.

9.5

Another late start into Trost, and Jean was already running.

The wash of pings that had hit him had told him that everyone was Awake this loop, and that they had a guest. In fact, Armin admitted he had been looking forward to this person, just before Jean had bolted out of earshot. He really didn't care who had showed up: if he was this late, there might not be enough time to save...

Marco. Jean was too late.

Marco's bisected corpse, a grisly sight, was lain against a wall for inspection. Jean, staggered and pained, walked to it. "Marco... I'm so sorry." The distraught man crouched down and tried to gain a handle on his emotions. "I'm sorry."

"Jeeeeeaaaaan..."

Jean's head jolted up at the ethereal voice. "What...?"

"Jeeeeeaaaaan... I've come too back haaaauuuuunt youuuuu..."

On the cold street in Trost, Jean gripped his head in stunned horror. "Oh my god..."

"Jeeeeeeaaaan..."

"I'm hearing voices."

"I've- ...wait, what?"

Jean gripped his head and visibly shuddered a scream. "I've finally cracked... I'm hearing Marco's voice! I've gone mad!"

"Wait, you think I'm a voice in your head? Seriously!?"

Jean started to sweat. "Oh no... get out of my head! You're not real!"

"Jean, I'm right here."

Jean looked over his shoulder, at the perfectly intact and somewhat annoyed Marco standing on the street. The taller boy nodded at Jean. "You see, I'm-"

"Oh god I'M SEEING THINGS!"

Marco deflated. "Oh goddammit." He pointed at one of the soldiers who was watching the exchange with wonder. "You! Am I real?"

The soldier jumped at the sudden invocation of herself, before stuttering out a loud, "Y-yes! You're as real as I am." Several voices of agreement followed, no one quite wanting to annoy the soldier that, in their mind, had appeared from thin air.

Marco folded his arms and glared at Jean. "Seriously Jean, I'm not in your head. I'm just loo-"

"MASS HYSTERIA!"

Marco now actually glared at Jean. "Seriously, are you actually crazy or just screwing around!?"

A beat passed in the conversation. Jean glanced over his shoulder, looked Marco right in the eyes, and answered. "You're... half-right."

Another beat passed. "You jerk."

"Yeah, I know." Jean smiled and stuck out a hand. "That really you Marco?"

Marco took Jean's hand with a firm grip. "In the flesh." At that moment, Marco's hand phased through Jean's. "Mostly. Ever heard of a looper by the name of Daniel Fenton?"

"Have I? Come on, let's get you introduced. Oh, and by the way..." Jean pointe at the half-corpse. "How'd you do that?"

The corpse's left half reappeared, and the whole duplicate flashed Jean the thumbs up before disappearing. Marco smiled and duplicated himself again. "Ghost powers. You gotta love em!"

Jean's AT field wrapped around him, and together he and Marco hovered off towards the other loopers. "Yes you do."

9.6 SeaOfFallingStars

Eren Yeager, Cybertronian name 'Titanfall'

Biography:

Cadet Yeager is one of the more intriguing persons to enter my office. He has blatant mental instability mixed with bloodlust. He is fanatically devoted to his friends and tries to learn skills to keep them alive in addition to expanding his fighting repertoire. His two closest allies are his 'siblings' Mikasa 'Clear-Cut' Ackerman and Armin 'Checkmate' Arlert. Magnus tells me that they are one of several Special cases that he would like me to do. Yeager saw his parents perish at a frighteningly young age alongside Mikasa, which spurred him into joining the military. As a result, his drive and outlet for his bloodlust keeps him relatively sane in comparison to the others.

Somehow, his bloodlust worryingly is related to the instability; the longer it is contained the worse his mental state is.

Skills:

Cadet Yeager shows an interesting and eclectic set of skills. Ranging from astonishing hand-to-hand skills and intermediate sword handling, he also shows impressive knowledge of anatomy for several species.

I gave him a simulated test against opponents larger than himself across several biomes and locales to test this; of the twenty tests, only three were failed. The rest ended when he lethally took down his opponent.

His alternate form is strange. While it is bestial for a vehicle, he also can navigate close to every type of terrain a wheeled vehicle is on. He tells me that training with some sort of 'Omni-Directional Gear' made using his wheels easy in comparison. His bloodlust also manifests two unique Outlier abilities. One lets him strengthen his substructure to hit harder or in turn endure a harsher blow. The second lets him heal faster to the point that field repairs are often all he needs. Very curious to see in action.

History:

Eren Yeager comes from a strange world referred to at this point as 'Titan-Terra' as while similar to Earth, it is also populated by biologically improbably giants. Apparently some natives can switch between being human and being a titan. He was raised on the outermost district of the country he was born in. Shingshigana, I believe. It was meant to be a decoy so the rest of the area would be safe from the titans.

Aside from a disturbing event where Mikasa was almost kidnapped, there was not much of note during Eren's childhood.

This changed during local year 845 P.W. (that is Post-Wall, referring to stone walls running the length of the nation to protect it) when the 'Colossal' titan broke one gate, allowing titankind to swarm in the walls, and the 'Armored' titan broke through the gate to the land behind the outermost wall. As he watched his home be destroyed, Eren swore revenge on all titans.

Within a few years he joined the military alongside Armin and Mikasa. They distinguished themselves when, on the day of their graduation, they had to fight off the titans after the 'Colossal' titan broke another gate. They managed to seal the breach, through methods Eren tells me is classified. I inquired further but he told me that unless Ultra Magnus was in the room he wasn't going to tell me.

He became quiet and did not answer any more of my questions or fill in any more of his history. I hope that Mikasa and Armin yield answers.

Conclusion for Ultra Magnus: Psychologically unstable, best kept busy with labor-intensive tasks. Subject cleared for combat missions under supervision. Keep away from Metrotitans at all costs.

9.7 SeaOfFallingStars

Pandora was nervous.

Sure, she had been grounded for the stunt she pulled helping Athena, but that was to get it working! Honestly, she tried to help her mom and got grounded. At least she got to spook Belldandy. Or was it scar? Either way, she was feeling better and-

"Where are you going, young lady?"

-Hestia was on her. Shit.

"Just, visiting Ganesha to talk over something. Several fused loops, and the frequency of which they've been scheduled." An eyebrow was raised, awaiting clarification.

"I swear on your immaculate dwelling and skills I didn't do it! May I combust if this is false!" It still didn't budge.

Though the fact that the room (or Pandora) wasn't on fire spoke volumes of why she was taking off. Hestia sighed and rubbed the ridge of her nose.

"Fine. I will accompany you so at least your mother won't wind up on a warpath. Then Pandora, we will discuss your habits with potential loopers." Pandora didn't know if to sigh in relief or squeak.

"Alright. Just... Most folks have one universe per loop. I have six running parallel at best, more often it's desynchronous to the point that as soon as one ends another begins while five others can be at any point in time. Skuld was amazed, but I think that's because someone who shared her domain in the multiverse managed to stay sane through it."

"Vector never sees his loop reset?"

"Nadda. If anything, he acts as a moderator. Heh, I should grant him that title. My universe acts enough like a forum."

Pandora's childish giggling continued as they hunted for Ganesha. Along the way they passed Freya, who was busy trying to set up a fused loop in between her two main sets, and Hermes, who took one look at Pandora, winked, handed her something, then walked off.

"What did he give you?"

"Nothing much. I just asked him next time he was in Bell's world if he'd pick up some Transformers. I may have one or two of their sub-universes locked off, but I still keep an eye on them. Skuld'll have to see what Brainstorm did. A time chase! A legitimate, stable, time chase! Why, if Shockwave hadn't flipped and almost successfully destroyed time as a concept there, I'd honestly set that to be one of the more frequent loops!"

"We're here. I'll go prep some food. Tikki Masala and Gyros?"

"Sure. He won't mind as long as I'm tidy."

Stepping into Ganesha's office, Pandora was surprised to see Skuld in there chatting with him over something they pulled on Zeus. She pouted.

"You pulled a prank on my quote 'Grandfather' who has more than once groped me and I didn't get to see it?"

They paused, before looking at her. Ganesha seemed annoyed, while Skuld was still chuckling.

"Sorry, I came to discuss the odd amount of Transformers fused loops with Attack on Titan." Ganesha nodded, while Skuld moved to leave.

Pandora blocked her.

"Nope, got something to tell you as well. Besides, Hestia's cooking a meal and I know you love her cooking."

9.8 RecordTheRecording

Wall Maria. This infamous construct failed time and again to not let man-eating giants rush past and feast upon the hapless people like an overworked cubicle-dweller would to a Happy Meal.

Even when certain very powerful people knew what was coming and how it would unfold. Such was the cruelty of their home Loop.

But that doesn't stop them from trying, at least some of the time.

With a crash and a rumble, a huge hole was once again kicked in the Wall, and the Titan responsible walked in.

However, things went a little differently on account that said Titan found himself to be the only Titan there. Looking about in puzzlement, he soon saw why.

There was another Titan running from a horde consisting of every other Titan nearby. Slung over the fleeing Titan's shoulders dangled something very out of place and undoubtedly very expensive: a gigantic ice cream sandwich.

In his confusion and surprise, he never noticed Mikasa heading for his nape.

9.9 SeaOfFallingStars

Another Awakening, another loop. Armin looked around, seeing they were in a... cargo plane? He was in a dune buggy, while he spotted Sasha, Connie, and Jean in the plane with him. Why was Sasha in a tractor with a thresher on the back? At least Jean's dirt bike made sense if his in-loop memories were right. Motorstorm Festival? What was it? How did they wind up here?

"Alright lunatics, you and the siblings on our wingman are about to drop. I don't care if you decided to name your group something snappy like the 'Survey Corps' or anything like that. I've never had a man die on any sort of skydive and I'm not about to stop now! Cargo bay doors are about to open so start your engines! You're going to find a good spot for folks to race in. Understand?"

"Sir, yes Sir!"

Well, maybe that explained Sasha's tractor. The dimly lit interior made it hard to make out who was driving what. Connie looked to be in some small thing that was mostly roll cage. Jean was in a makeshift armored truck of some sort. Armin himself? A mobile headquarters vehicle.

Light spilled in as the doors opened and they were flying VERY low for a plane. The cacophonous roar of the mismatched vehicles was muffled by his rig, but Armin couldn't help but smile. They were going to their team's area (an old military base if his memory was right) but decided the 'Motorstorm Combat Drop' was the way to do so. Pushing a button on the dashboard, Armin got into contact with his friends.

"Alright, I'm not sure if Eren and Mikasa can hear this, but once we arrive at our base, let's review what is going on then make plans for this loop. Everyone ready? Charge!" The glee that filled his voice was that of a man set free.

As they all surged out of the cargo plane, the tropical locale briefly went backwards before their vehicles began to gain speed (at various paces) over the uneven terrain. Poor Connie kept sliding through the mud and ricocheting off the others.

Shortly after passing some other racers going in a different direction, Eren and Mikasa joined them. Mikasa's mud-stained racing uniform had the survey corp's symbol on it. Eren… was driving some sort of muscle car themed monster truck.

It was good to race with friends.

~Bang Bang Bang~

When they arrived at the rather beat up base, Armin saw an older aircraft hangar repurposed as a garage and a barracks that was surprisingly well-restored. Stopping his vehicle, he got out as the others pulled up behind him.

The figure running from the garage was somewhat scary. Apparently, for this vacation loop, Hange was their mechanic, and there were two of them.

"Alright guys, let's get our vehicles in there and then head over to what looks like the HQ building for a planning session."

At least this universe was nice enough to run on video game fuel logic. Thank Yggdrasil for that.

9.10

It was only a few seconds after the beginning of the loop. Eren Yeager stared at the big nosed... thing, that had replaced Armin this loop. He internally debated what he should do.

"Hi!" said the spectacular idiot named Billy. He pulled two pies out of nowhere. "Do you like *pies* ?"

Eren came to a decision. He cocked a leg back and kicked Billy into the mouth of the nearest Titan. It was oddly satisfying. Behind him, Mikasa cocked an eyebrow. "You do know you're going to need to explain where he went, right?"

"Well, not for a long while," Eren pointed out. He dusted off his hands and smiled. "That's at least one... problem... solved..."

The Titan that Eren had kicked Billy into was gripping it's head in obvious pain. Some sort of growth, almost like an enormous tumor, was sprouting on it's face. Suddenly and without warning, the growth erupted fully, developing into a gigantic nose. In fact, it now bore a striking resemblance to...

"No..."

The Titan pulled two pies out of nowhere. " *DO YOU LIKE PIES ?*"

Eren and Mikasa were running, fleeing for the gate, before the Billy Titan had even finished it's sentence. "Mikasa, what's going on!?"

"I don't know! I've never seen that kid in my life!" Mikasa glanced back and nearly tripped over her own two feet. Eren skidded to a halt next to her and stared in open horror at what he saw.

A second Titan was approaching the Billy-Titan, nearly the giggling monstrosity. Eren found himself furiously thinking of how he shouldn't tempt fate. And then, fate screwed itself over by having the Billy Titan bite the regular Titan.

Eren gulped. "Well, I guess... this won't go over well."

And then the Titan grew a giant nose. Billy's stupidity was contagious in Titans.

"Run, Mikasa?"

"Yes Eren. Now we run."

Ten minutes, lots of fire, and one loop reset later...

Eren, staring up at Bertolt's slowly retreating form, turned to Armin. "Armin, have I ever told you how much me and Mikasa love you?"

Armin pursed his lips as Mikasa wrapped her arms around him. "You could stand to now mention it more, I presume. Why, what's wrong?"

Mikasa nuzzled up to Armin. "We met a new looper. In the span of ten minutes, it infected the Titans with his stupidity, drove half of Zhiganshina insane, nearly ate us, and finally crashed the loop."

Armin opened his mouth, closed it, and sighed. "Harsh."

Eren nodded. "Yeah, you don't know the half of it."

9.11 Crossoverpairinglover

"We're off to slay the Titans, the horrible Titans from beyond!"

"Let's domesticate bats this loops" Armin suggested.

"Hi Ho! Hi Ho! Off to Slaying we Go!"

"Levi seems oddly tall among the rest of the dwarves this loop" Mikasa observed

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"Got to Slay them all, Survey Corps!"

"I wish I was a Whismur" Eren stated the current wish of all three anchors

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9.12

"I'm gonna kill every last one of them and gargle on their blood, but not before I teach them how to speak, so they can beg for mercy while I kill them slowly and painfully!"

'Ladies and gentlemen, an Abridged Loop,' Armin thought. He tried to keep himself from face palming. This particular variant, while

thankfully uncommon, was his least favorite. It railroaded like nothing else, even when everyone was looping. Eren was a Titan hating sociopath... well, more of a Titan hating sociopath than usual. Mikasa ignored him on a good day, and belittled him the rest of the time. And then there was the fact that Eren was going to start hearing his mom's voice inside his head...

"I'm gonna kill em all!"

Armin lost the battle with his impulses, and face palmed.

And, fast forward two years, and he was in the training corps. Armin really had no idea why: Eren was borderline psychotic, and Mikasa was the most enabliest enabler to have ever enabled. But perhaps out of habit, or perhaps camaraderie, he found himself string down Shadis again, out in the hot sun. Shadis was yelling in his face, again. "WHY! ARE YOU! HERE!"

Armin just shouted back, "I DON'T KNOW SIR!" cursing his nasal voice all the while.

It could have been worse though. He had been very clear with Reiner that he was a guy, so at least Reiner wouldn't hit on him. That was one problem nipped in the bud, at least.

Meanwhile, in the back of the group of new recruits, Reiner was slightly and involuntarily shaking. "Armin is not a girl. Armin is not a girl. Armin is not a girl..."

Step number two for surviving the loop: make friends with Marco. Is wasn't nearly as nutty as the others, just lonely. Marco was a safe bet for companionship.

In fact...

As the group was dismissed, Armin sidled up to Marco's side, as the tall, freckled boy made his way to the barracks. Armin intrusively

ribbed him. "Hey, Marco, did you forget your ping again?"

Marco stuttered and winced. "Oops. Sorry Armin." He tried to cover his fault up with a grin. "Still getting the hang of this time travel thing."

Yes, Armin decided. He was in for what was at least a survivable loop.

"TitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitanTitan!"

Armin tried his best to keep a straight face. He, Eren, Mina, David, Harold and... that guy... who died first? Well, their squadron was being sent out to fight the Titans in the battle of Trost. Which meant, at any moment now...

A leaping Titan flew up. The squadron scattered, but in case of one, not fast enough. The blond guy with the short hair immediately found himself eaten by the leaping Titan. His last words? "Looks like... it got the jump on me."

Now Armin was supposed to say something... what was he suppose to say...? Oh, right. "Oh no! Thomas! We knew him so well!" That was his name, right? Thomas?

Eren, predictably, flew into his homicidal rage standard form, type B (where he went after the Titan with his ODM gear), and shot off in pursuit, dragging... well, basically everyone with him. In the following seconds, Eren got his leg bitten off, David and Harold got crushed by a Titan, and Mina, having been internally narrating the entire ordeal, was slammed back first into a wall. Armin grumbled as he landed onto the roof opposite of Eren.

Personally he had had enough of this loop, and the rampant death and destruction did nothing to faze him. Armin idly tracked the aged

Titan that had tried to eat him the first time, bored and wondering whether or not he'd be sent to Eiken if he died.

As was normal though, as the Titan dropped him down it's gullet, Eren reached in and grabbed his arm, throwing him out of the Titan's mouth and on to the rooftop. "I'll show you!"

Armin cocked an eyebrow after a moment. Wasn't something opposed to happen? Like a... crazy something?

"How's that, bitch?" Eren asked. Oh right, that. Now Eren was ranting at a voice in his head. "You always compared me to her! She's not even your kid!"

"No, Eren, get out of there." Armin said flatly.

"Shut up! I hate you!" Eren ranted insanely.

Armin rolled his eyes. 'Well, this was a waste of a loop.'

"I'll show you! I'm gonna kill all-!"

And then the Titan but down and ate Eren, leaving a fairly annoyed and apathetic Armin on the rooftop. "Well... that could have gone worse."

It was later that day that Armin met up with Marco again, as the cadets were waiting futilely for someone to bring them gas so they could scale the wall. The newest looper seemed quite disturbed by the variant. But the appearance of his Anchor was enough to bring a smile to his face. "Hey Armin. You holding up?"

Armin shrugged. "I let Eren get eaten again, and he Titanized, so at least we don't need to worry about the Rogue Titan not saving us. But he's still insane, so we'll have to deal with that."

Marco looked more than a little horrified at Armin's nonchalance with the fact of Armin's apathy, but he forced it down after a moment. "So, you said something about the loop ending soon. In like... a few hours?"

The loop incidentally did end soon. It would terminate once Eren sealed Trost, meaning that Armin would only need to tough it out for the next few hours. "Yep. Let's just hope nothing goes too wrong."

At that moment, Mikasa landed on the rooftop. "Where's Eren?"

"Spoke too soon."

It was later, when Eren had almost sealed the gate, that Armin decided that, above everything else, everything was worth seeing Eren seal the gate. It was simply a badass show.

9.13 Crossoverpairinglover

Eren, Mikasa and Armin were in a dazed state.

That was the first thing that Sasha noticed when she poked her head into the magical underground room of mystery that was Eren's basement, now sterile white and resembling the interior of a discrete and malevolent government facility.

As she entered the basement, knowledge entered Sasha's mind.

This was a Truth Trap: a room in which those who entered without permission were frozen, with the next one to come in able to get all the answers they wanted out of them.

Apparently this was the room that Eren's father through in people who he wanted answers for, perhaps trying to root out who sneezed first. Sasha wasn't sure she wanted to know the answer.

Their faces were somewhere between 'high on truth serum' and 'brainwashed', and it was kind of disturbing.

However, it was also a time she could get some interesting information out of them. After all, the anchors had secrets that few others knew.

"Oh Armin!" she decided to go alphabetically first "What's it like having Ymir and Historia for moms!"

"Oh, it's wonderful" if Armin had ever spoken like that, Mikasa and Eren would have freaked out and gone to beat up the nearest person capable of mental manipulation "They are so loving and caring. Historia makes delicious lunches and Ymir scares all my thug like bullies away..."

Finishing her questioning of Armin after a number of other questions and further details on others (and a comment about some alternate Ymir's biology that made her want to drink), she turned to Mikasa. "How many people have you killed because of them hurting Armin or Eren in previous loops?"

"Not enough"

Sasha decided to file that answer in 'recycle bin', and deleted it immediately. "So...how many times have you been multiplied?"

While Armin's responses were interesting, Mikasa's were somewhat terrifying. So she turned to Eren, hoping he was going to be more stabl...life considerate, than his sister.

"So Eren" she decided to ask the truth drunk Titan Shifter "Do you do anything that Mikasa and Armin don't know about"

She immediately regretted the question when she realized what sort of responses that risked, but thankfully Eren did not tell her such things.

"Well, they don't know I was involved in the Death Note War" Eren began.

"The Death Note War?" Sasha inquired, but before reality could answer...

She found herself in a Konoha Ramen Bar, a steaming bowl of Pork Ramen before her and a hungry Anchor pigging out beside her.

9.14

High above the sunset-stained clouds, high above the Walled world, the Carla cruised lazily through the sky and clouds, it's turbines at quarter rotation, the autopilot set in a holding pattern. Inside it's structure, Quinjet's had been inventoried, weapons stocked and rooms prepared. Armin had cooked dinner with Sasha that evening, and the twelve loopers had gathered for the night. They had taken up residence in the forward command center, which had over time been converted into a lounge. A few couches, matching carpet, and a table had come together to give the group a little respite.

In the lull of hardship, Marco was catching up with Jean and Connie, resting their feet on a beer cooler. Ymir and Historia has sequestered themselves to a small love seat. Levi and Hange were sipping expensive tea while Sasha had grabbed a beer and had kicked back with them.

Hans was smiling and picking through his delicious shrimp pasta and discussing Armin's recent loop into an Abridged world. Eren and Mikasa were silent, watching the clouds drift lazily by after another long loop into the world of the Pokemon. A glass of milk was held in Eren's hands, while Mikasa stuck with water.

As the sun began to sink underneath the horizon, Marco called for attention to his person. As the group turned to him, Marco smiled.

"Well, I guess I should all say that, as the newest looper here, it's a real pleasure to be alive and kicking again. Really, I'm alright."

There were one or two restrained chuckles. Sasha put her hands to her mouth and called at him. "Too soon."

Marco smiled at Sasha and raised his drink. "I know that, after all this time, we've changed. That in some respects we've grown apart, or together. That we've become different people. But I know, in the end, that we are still our friends." Marco's smile turned a little wistful. "We're still true companions."

Marco pulled the cooler he and Jean had been resting their feet on out into the middle of the room. "Long ago, we made a pact, that once we had grown old, we'd all come together to drink and share our tales." Marco made a grand, wide gesture. "So here, together, with beer, stories, and aged minds, why don't we make good our pact."

Marco kicked open the cooler and held up a beer. "Take a beer, and tell a story. Let's hear about what you've done in the Loops. What do you all say?"

"Here here!" half the loopers said. It was time to swap stories.

"Hmm... I beat the Colossal Titan using only a salt shaker," Eren began. The stares were enough of a clue to tell him that most of the loopers were more than a little incredulous. "In my defense, it was a salt shaker the size of a building."

"The giant Tolberone bar." Mikasa scratched her chin. "Wait... or was that a giant Twix bar..."

"Wasn't it a Hershey's chocolate bar?" Armin thought up.

Hans smiled and flicked up a finger. "I got one. I saved the whole of Wall Maria's territory with just baseline abilities, and a sonorous charm."

"Bullshit," Hange said, but it did nothing to damage Hans' smile.

Jean sipped his beer mulling a story over. "Hmm... what about that one time when Levi ended up as my dad? Heh, crazy times, right?"

Levi reached over and took Jean's beer. He proceeded to through it out the window. "Strange times indeed."

Sasha smiled and pulled a bottle of some sort of green-brown liquid from her pocket. "Ladies and gentlemen, potato-cider. The ultimate Irish beverage."

"Really?" Ymir looked at the bottle. "Can I try some?"

"Sure!" smiling innocently, Sasha handed Ymir the bottle.

The Titan shifter proceeded to drink straight from it and savor the taste. "Woah. Strong stuff you got here." Ymir's arm fell off. "Is it supposed to do that?"

"First person who tried it..." Sasha took the bottle back and sipped it happily. "They went blind. Don't worry though. You'll recover." Sasha sipped from the bottle again, and was frozen midmotion.

Historia put her cane aside. "Fuck with my girlfriend, fuck with me."

Ymir caressed Historia's chin with her free hand. "Don't do that. It'll only last until she thaws out, and then, she'll be bitching at you."

"Moving on!" Hange said loudly. "I believe that, if you asked me, my most interesting loop was into an alternate history of Great Britain, where they figured out how to manipulate genetics. Case in point." Hange removed a large, scaly thing from his pocket, placed it on his back, and ground his teeth against the pain. A moment later, large, feathery white wings burst from the carapace of the genetically modified creature. "Tada!"

Levi rolled his eyes. "Feathers? Really?" Two large wings folded off his back. "Vestigial wings are what you should have."

"I look like an angel," Hange countered. "I'm keeping this."

"Santa Titan," was Historia's statement. Judging by the extended groan that emitted from Eren, it was a story best left unheard.

Ymir, however, leaned back into her chair. "I don't really got any stories. Not a real good memory, not yet." A smile crossed Ymir's face though. "Who says I need one anyway? I'm fucking Ymir: what's there else to say?"

"Well, what about your backstory?" Historia asked. "Those are always great stories."

"Meh." Ymir shrugged. "It's too complicated to really explain."

"Story, story, story, story," the collective loopers chanted.

Ymir rolled her eyes, never fully losing her smile. "Alright, alright. So, a while back, I got this weird variant. 'Parrently, I wasn't just any ole schmuck who got caught by the Beast Titan: I was the daughter of the First King. Which made me Historia's great, great, great Aunt, or something." Ymir looked at her beer for a moment, and downed it all. "Very disturbing loop, that one."

The collective beer drinking was indicative of the group's agreement.

Marco recovered first. "So, I guess I might as well explain how I got my ghost powers." The shouts of 'YES' got him going on. "So, I'd just woken up in this house that I didn't recognize, and my in loop sister was trying to help me…

The loopers talked long into the night, recalling their old times, and swapping their stories, just as they had promised to do, all those years ago.

9.15 SeaOfFallingStars

Eren was immediately suspicious of the banquet he and Levi squad were invited to. it said he could invite some friends, so Mikasa, Armin, and Sasha were with him. As the group (plus Hange, who always seemed to gravitate towards Eren) sat at the noble's ridiculous table, everyone who was looping looked at Sasha.

Potatoes were a prominent dish, which rubbed them the wrong way. Rolling her eyes, Sasha went to eat first.

"Really guys? You KNOW I prefer meat!" A loud crunch echoed as she bit into one of the ones near her.

After a few seconds, her face shifted to anger and she swallowed the large chunk of potato.

"These are poisoned. Why did you poison them?" The noble was shaking. How did this rural girl not keel over from the toxins baked into his dishes?

Of course, even with well-trained bodyguards they still didn't last more than a minute or two.

9.16 Crossoverpairinglover

"We now pronounce you, Hange and Hanji Zoe, husband and wife!"

As the wedding bells chimed and the bride and groom kissed, a somewhat nervous Armin turned to Levi with a frown.

"Are you sure about what you heard about non-awake loopers and non-loopers being spared the 'can't have non-baseline children' rule?"

Levi nodded, having seen some strange combinations in past fused loops. That loop with the female Draco Malfoy in particular was one

that he would not want to forget, just for how much it was scaring to see Dracoline flirt with...well, it wasn't Harry but it was still abnormal.

"So, that means those two could possibly have a kid?"

Levi nodded, before he paled at imagining the results.

Note to self, next Scout Regiment mission was to ensure there was no Uranium within the walls. Or Adamantium. Or Vibranium. Or Hardtofindium. Or Pizzazium Infinionite. Or Tellerium.

Especially not Tellerium.

9.17

Hanji kicked down the door, an apparatus of gears, cogs, and suction cups trailing behind her. "LEVI! It's time to-"

"Ack! OUT, OUT, OUT!" Petra shrieked. Isabel, roused from her position, saw Hanji and turned a very deep shade of red, despite her already pale cheeks. Levi himself looked completely unrepentant, but was glaring daggers at Hanji.

Hanji herself was a little confused. "Levi, what are you doing with Isabel and Petra?"

Levi's expression was plumbing new depths of annoyed. "We're having a threesome shit-glasses." Levi finished bandaging Petra's arm. "What does it look like!? I was thirsty, and they said yes."

"Wait..." Isabel pointed at Hanji. "You're not freaking out... did you already know?"

"That Levi was a vampire? Yeah, I've known for a while." Hanji strode to a window and pulled the blinds back, eliciting an

embarrassed groan from the room's sole sparkling man. "The heliophobia didn't tip you off?"

Hanji adjusted her glasses, the jovial posture and tone deserting her. "Right now though, I need to speak with him. *Now* ."

The girls caught Hanji's tone and scampered, Isabel only stopping to blow a kiss at Levi. Levi himself sighed and met Hanji's gaze. "Hanji, look, I-"

"No," Hanji said flatly. "No, there is no excuse for this. Isabel and Petra are not looping! I know you're happy that variants with Isabel are more frequent now, but that's an excuse to do... that!"

"I'm just thirsty. I need to drink someone's blood, and they said yes," Levi countered angrily.

Hanji clenched her fists. "Dammit Levi, you know the connotations of a vampire sucking someone's blood!"

"I'm not having sex with them!"

"No, it's just a BLOODY THREESOME!"

Levi's face twitched, fighting rage. After a moment though, Hanji shrunk in pained defeat. "Levi, I know that you care about them, and that you do love them both, but they aren't looping. They don't know you like you know them. Isn't doing this... taking advantage of them?"

The pain in Levi's eyes betrayed his thoughts. "Hanji, I can't just... I can't just step back and let them... drift away from me." Levi looked down and away from Hanji. "I don't want to lose them, and if being close to them means that they'll loop that much sooner, then isn't that good enough?"

Hanji didn't answer immediately, instead stepping forward and trying to pull Levi into a hug. The shorter man stepped out of it. Hanji

heaved a sigh. "Levi... did I ever tell you about the loop where I had two children?"

The vaguely surprised expression on Levi's face, betraying his utter shock, confirmed that Hanji had not. The scientist smiled lightly. "Before the loop began, I ended up getting some call girl from Chlorba knocked up. It was twins. And... I raised them." A wistful, and pained, expression coalesced onto Hanji's face. "My little boys, Sawney and Bean. You can imagine what happened when the loop ended."

Depression. Sorrow. Agony. Horror. Anger. Denile.

Hanji reached forward and succeeded in placing her hand on Levi's shoulder. "There will be a lot of debate on what's right and wrong in the loops, and if you've suffered, than it can be much harder to figure out what they are. Levi, I know that you're lonely, and thirsty, but please, for their sakes; leave Petra and Isabel out of this."

Levi stared at Hanji, before pulling her arm off of his shoulder. "Hn. I will decide what's right and wrong for me to do."

Levi walked to the door and took the handle, but paused. "But... I'll try to control myself."

Levi stepped out of the room, leaving Hanji all alone with her thoughts and memories.

9.18

Eren stared at his dessert. "Mikasa."

"Yes Eren?"

"Do you think that Armin and Sasha have gone a little overboard with their creative cooking?"

"No. Why?"

Eren held up his dessert. "This is a brownie... in the shape of Reiner's head!"

For a moment, Mikasa stared at her brother. Eren stared back. Then he started eating his braunie.

9.19

It was during a lonely loop, with only herself and Hange Awake that Mikasa found Hange camped out on top of an embankment, a camcorder poised in his hands. The mad-scientist smiled at her and returned to his recording. Mikasa, rather intrigued, pulled out her own set of binoculars and checked down range to see what Hange was recording.

In the distance, a castle rose above the trees, with several derelict stables and cottages around it. Mikasa instantly recognized the castle as being the same one that Levi squad had sequestered Eren in prior to the 57th expedition beyond the walls. In fact, Mikasa was sure that if she tracked to the right spot, she'd probably see Eren, working with the rest of the squad to make...

Oh. So that was what Hange was recording.

Mikasa lowered her binoculars and hunkered down next to Hange. "Hange, what are you filming my brother?"

Hange winked at Mikasa. "Blackmail. You can never have too much of it."

Mikasa's eyes narrowed. "Be that as it may..." Without warning, Hange's camcorder vanished into Mikasa's subspace pocket, surprising the gender-bending scientist. "Eren and Levi are, for this

loop, in a close, loving relationship. And I will not allow you to ruin it for them."

Hange groaned. "Aww... come on. I never get a chance like this. Please Mikasa."

Mikasa leaned back, her face darkening from the shadows, and from her intent. "No."

With that, Mikasa took Hange by his hood and apparated them away.

9.20 Crossoverpairinglover and myself.

It's great and noodled appendages lay against the wall.

It's meaty eyes gazed upon the unrepentant and the sloth.

It's gurgling sent the ignorant and the foolish squirming away in fear.

Eren Yaeger stared in fury at what awaited him, and bit his hand in fury.

As lightning answered his action, Eren vowed that humanity would be safe this loop.

Sentient, Pasta, Gods, Would, Not, Triumph!

NEVER!

As the Rogue Titan stared it down, the Flying Spaghetti Monster seemed to almost frown before reality itself dissolved.

"Up next, will Eren and Megan be able to save their mother from being assimilated by the horrible giants! Find out next, on Battle of the Giants! Only on 4Kids TV!"

The loop after that debacle, Eren found himself very unhappily slumped over a bar in Trost district, drinking. "You know, this could have been worse."

Mikasa, her name having been happily restored, raised an eyebrow from her spot next to him. "A 4Kids loop... that could have been worse? Really?"

Eren held up a bandaged hand. "It didn't let me keep the Spaghetti-Titan, so it has to have been a good thing."

Mikasa could not find a fault in that argument.

9.21 Shimmer712

Tucked away and hidden from sight, Eren and Mikasa watched as a man was pulled from his house by the military police. Said man was vomiting and soiling himself, to the officers disgust. One officer was calming placing a number of items in a wagon. The pair recognized the items as possessions of the nobility.

How could they not recognize? It was mere hours ago they had planted them in the man's house and left and anonymous tip.

"They'll probably execute him for stealing so much from the nobility unless he proves it wasn't him," Mikasa noted.

"Why set him up with execution?" Eren asked.

"A corpse cannot molest anyone," Mikasa said. "And given how much he upset Armin with his actions during the baseline when he and Jean were disguised as you and Historia, he deserves punishment."

"...I would have been happy with just giving him non-lethal poisons..." Eren muttered. Why kill someone? You couldn't really do

anything to a corpse. A live person you could make really miserable. A live person you could make sure *suffered* . Eren wondered if he sometimes crossed the line then shrugged it off. He had Armin and Mikasa. Even when they were kids, when he got angry, they had always made sure he didn't get carried away. If he crossed the line, they would pull him back over.

He considered the possibility of the other two crossing the line, then dismissed it. Armin and Mikasa had never been prone to the sort of outbursts he had. They had always been sensible and controlled. The notion of the pair sliding down the slippery slope was just stupid.

Eren ignored the fact he himself had been uneasy with some things they had done. Armin and Mikasa were the safe ones. If anyone was going slip, it would be him.

And he wouldn't because he had them to make sure he didn't.

9.22 Shimmer712

Eren looked at the list.

Things Not To Do

1) No Exploding Kittens .

Geez, he didn't even blow up a full grown cat little alone a kitten. The closest would be the incident with the chocolate. Which Eren still believed was hilarious.

2) Do not repeat the Bubblegum Kenny incident

Eren remembered that one. Short version, he and Historia decided to mess around with Kenny and Rod. Historia had stopped to gawk at something that Eren had done while Kenny… rolled with it. And wound up causing Rod to curl up in a ball and blubber to himself.

On the bright side, no Hell Titan. Or was it the Inferno Titan or something. Did Rod's titan form have an official name now? On the down side…Eren totally agreed with Hannes (or was it Hans this loop?). *It was not to be repeated.*

Eren shuddered. Kenny was a scary scary man.

3) No Squid cannons.

…It was still funny.

4) No hordes of Giant Spiders unless you have a way to keep them under control.

Okay, Eren had to admit that was his bad.

5) No groin attacks involving knives.

Rod was a bastard. That was all. Eren scowled and considered what he should do this loop. He shook his head and looked at the list.

The long list.

"Why am I the only one getting a list?" he grumbled.

9.23

In the early dawn, the Wall opened it's eyes, and launched into song.

"Hooooooooooooh I'm a wall, I'm a wall, I'm a wall, I'm a wall, I'm a wall, I'm a wall, I'm a wall wall wall."

Meanwhile, down amongst the sane people:

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Three months and one enlistment later:

"You know," Eren said one fine morning in the mess hall. "This whole things coming to life deal-"

"I'm a sandwich!"

Eren ate his sandwich and mercilessly ignored it's screams of pain and terror. "It could have gone a whole lot worse."

"I know," Armin said. "Our blades are enlisting themselves-"

"Yeah, I've gotten a pretty good kill count, five Titans before I dull."

"Pssh. Yeah right."

"-Our walls are keeping eyes on the Titans for us-"

"Ooh, there's one, there's one, there's one, don't forget those two..."

Erwin frowned and wondered if the Wall would be more specific.

"-and our ODM gear doesn't break anymore!"

"Except Philmore," Mikasa clarified as she sat down next to Armin.

In the armory, Philmore the ODM gear opened his eyes. "You know guys, I've always wanted to sing. SOMEWHERE, OVER THE RAINBOW, WAY UP HIGH..."

"Argh..." Groan the rest of the gear.

Armin cracked his knuckles and leaned back, putting his feet on the table. "It's still mostly positive," he pointed out.

"Could you get your feet off me?" the table asked.

"Oh, sorry."

9.24 See Mohn

Hannes sighed, hearing the familiar crash of lightning and steam that heralded the fall of Wall Maria yet again. Quickly shouting instructions to the nearest soldiers to prepare an evacuation, he took off with his gear toward the three Anchors' usual starting point. When he got there, Eren and Mikasa gone, and the wall somehow hadn't been kicked in yet.

"Where are Eren and Mikasa, and... What the hell is that?" he said, finally looking up.

Armin shrugged. "Eren and Mikasa are off trying to get Carla away from the house. This one's new to us too, but it hasn't attacked yet, so we just might be able to save her for once."

A Colossal Titan with skin, a bald head, and a long nose peeked over the wall, fingers from both hands extending down over the edge. Hannes couldn't help but snort when he saw the thing's disproportionally tiny and beady eyes.

Armin furrowed his brow, then snapped his fingers. "I remember now, this was graffiti back in the Hub." Comprehension dawned on Hannes' face.

The Kilroy Titan was here.

9.1: It's a fused loop with Geass, apparently.

9.2: Levies. Great pants, poor people.

9.3: A shout out to a great Abridge series.

9.4: My reaction to the *BADASS* that is the most recent chapter of Attack on Titan

9.5: Marco Bodt. Dead, but not.

9.6: Eren is not stable.

9.7: A writer wanted to clear something up.

9.8: I want that sandwich.

9.9: A racing game. Love it.

9.10: Hurricane Billy. It's a long (and stupid) story. But we can now say that the Attack on Titan Loops are almost into the modern age of the loops.

9.11: The joke is they're singing... the Survey Corp, that is.

9.12: Abridge on Infinite!

9.13: That Death Note War is going to be important later.

9.14: Making good on an old promise.

9.15: Sasha's Conduit power's don't grant immunity to a specific poison, only to poisons inside of potatoes.

9.16: Taking Screw Yourself to a new level.

9.17: Of course, then you get into the complications of what we can... politely... call the ethics of sex and companionship inside of the loops. I'm not sure I executed this well, so please be gentle.

9.18: Reiner *Braun.*

9.19: I decided to branch out a little bit, practice my yaoi. It's surprisingly fun to write.

9.20: Thank golf that 4Kids can never get a hold of AoT.

9.21: Frankly... that bastard deserved it.

9.22: It's a long list.

9.23: Everything... *IT'S ALIVE!*

9.24: Kilroy wasn't here.

A/N: That's a lot of loops... Maybe we have time for one more!

9.25

Ganesha, Administrator for the worlds of Magic: The Gathering, Attack on Titan, Evangelion, Steven Universe, and now Hometsuck, was dealing with a major headache. A headache named Eren.

Eren was a good kid. He was idealistic, empathetic, intelligent, in touch with his emotions, held (most) of humanity in high regard, and cared deeply for his sister and brother. And he was in severe danger of Sakura Syndrome.

Sakura Syndrome was a nasty mental illness, a real piece of work, but one anchored in two major factors endemic to all creatures in the multiverse. It sprung from the simple, logical realization that no matter how badly your hurt someone, they would inevitably get better in the loops. It was compounded by the fact that almost all beings inside the multiverse could experience pleasure and gratification on some level. These issues, combined with the natural tendency of the loops to slowly traumatize all loopers over time, and Eren's own

psychosis... things were not simple. Ganesha groaned again. He was stymied.

He had to find someway to put up some sort of wall between Eren and insanity. Some way to safeguard him. But he was drawing a blank. He needed something. He needed...

He needed food. He was hungry. *'I wonder if Kali will make that special curry I like so much...'*

An idea snapped into focus. Ganesha lunged at the computer and began frantically typing. If he could pull this off, it would be a miracle. If not...

Well actually he didn't stand to lose anything for trying. He had to add just one final looper to the roster. And it would be one no one expected.

Strike at Dawn: Part 10

Compilation 10

A/N: Well, I bet you weren't expecting this to be our final looper!

"Mom!"

Carla Yeager struggled against the onrush of cold darkness, forcing her eyes open. As her fading awareness was reinforced, a sense of horror flooded her. She could barely hear the screaming in the distance over the deafening sounds of her children's shoes.

"MOM!"

It all hurt. Carla had never tried to understand everything Grisha had said about broken bones, but she could still feel her legs. Or could she? Was she so delusional that she was imagining things?

"MOM!"

Carla let out a long sigh, closing her visible hand. Sparks of agony flickered across her back and legs, her arm and torso hazes of pain. She could feel her life slipping between her fingers.

"Mom, don't move, we've got you."

Carla forced herself to look up at Eren and Mikasa, kneeling next to her, Eren taking her arm. "What... What are you doing!? You have to run now!

Addled by the pain, Carla failed to recognize the syringe that Eren had stuck into her arm. "Don't worry mom. We're here. We'll be fine."

"Get out... run..." The world was fading in and out. Carla could feel her life fading slowly. "Mikasa, get Eren out... out of here."

Mikasa was holding her hand. "We'll be fine mom. We'll be fine."

Carla was feeling... euphoric. She was dying but... ' *Is that so bad?* ' She gritted her teeth as darkness enveloped her. "Be... safe."

"We love you."

"I know."

The world fled from Carla's senses, and she died.

10.2 Crossoverpairinglover

"Attack on Titan? Hell no! It's Shingeki no Kyojin!"

"Funimation can't do squat good!"

"Brycen Papenbrook sucks!"

"Original intent!"

"The roar is wrong!"

"It should have been broadcasted in sub only!"

"Texans can't edit scripts!"

Levi shook his head in annoyance as he looked down at what the wall was keeping out this loop.

"Subbers," he muttered.

When she came to, she had a massive hole in her memories, more pain than any dead woman had a right to, and a surprisingly murky head. "Mwah..."

A syringe wormed it's way into her mouth. "Rest... Sloth. I have use for you."

The fever persisted, visions and memories flooding her waking moments and her dreams. Children, gone. Husbands, vanished. Pain, confusion, gasps of clarity that fled on the heels of heat and sorrow. When she did awaken, there were times when she saw.

She saw an old woman, with grey hair and an ornate dress. A tall, stalwart man with an eye patch. A precession of men in white coats. A disturbing androgyne. A beautiful woman with long black hair. A fat, bald creature. A boy with long hair that seemed familiar. Words she could not understand passed between them. "Homunculus."

What was a Homunculus?

On the seventh day, her fever broke, and she fell into a deep, natural sleep. In the dark, dreams and visions flitted behind her eyes. When she finally did awaken, she was sobbing.

"So you're awake now. 'Bout time." She started to turn her head to the voice, but when the painful stiffness made itself known, she stopped. She exhaled, feeling the silent pleasure of stopping.

"Oy! Get up!" The voice shouted at her. She remained still though, until the voice decided to make her move and upended her bed.

The owner of the voice, the disturbing raven-haired androgyne who had watched her while she had been ill, grabbed her by the shoulder. "Get up! We're going to Dante."

She backhanded the androgyne, only to be grabbed and thrown at the wall. "Fucker..." she muttered.

The androgyne, not inclined to indulge her, grabbed her by her hair and lifted her. "Oh, you don't know the half of it. Trust me, I'm just getting-"

"Envy!"

The androgyne jerked at the name and spun on their heel. In the doorway, the stalwart, eye-patched man was standing tall, glaring at them. The androgyne chuckled darkly. "Oh, hi Pride. When'd you get here?"

Pride stepped into the cell, glaring down at Envy. "Long enough. You were supposed to escort Sloth to Dante, not beat her." Pride kneeled down and offered Sloth a hand. "My apologies. Envy can be rather... well, envious at times."

Sloth gulped and took Pride's hand. "I... where am I? What's going on?" The words, lost upon her for so many days, started a flood. "How did I get here? Who's Dante? Who are you? Why am I alive? Where are my chil-"

Pain. Seeing pain that almost knocked her off her feet. Pain that drove her to her knees, gasping for breath.

Pride, gently, brought Sloth to her feet. "All of your questions will be answered soon. If you come with us, we can show you what you are here for. We can show you what must be done."

"Hn. Great, now we need to babysit her as well," Envy muttered.

Sloth was slowly feeling the pain abate. But feeling the memory in her head, dancing on the edge of her perception, hurt. A thought came to her, dark and beckoning. ' *Let the memory fade. Do nothing for it, care nothing for it. Take no care of it and forget. Be...* '

' *Sloth* .'

Dante was the woman who she had seen the first day, as ornate and proper as she could recall. She was smiling even. "Welcome Sloth. We have waited quite a long time for you to join our ranks."

Sloth stared up at the roof above. She was a less preoccupied with the fact that Dante had chosen to introduce her inside of a cathedral, and more with the fact that the cathedral, and the entire city surrounding the cathedral, was underground. "Really? I wouldn't have imagined that I'd be so important."

Dante smiled, an act that danced on a sword's blade between enticing and malicious. "Your creation represents something for us. For all of us." Dante gestured to the other beings assembled in the cathedral. "The five you see before you are your new siblings. Gluttony. Lust. Wrath. Envy and Pride you've already met."

Standing in the upper level, some of the assembled Homunculi were muttering. Sloth could catch a few of the words, such as "weakling", "whore", "potential", "interesting", and "hungry". Against her better judgement, she glanced up. The Homunculi were assembled in the western corner, conferring quietly.

She could recognize, of course, Envy and Pride. The tall beautiful woman was probably Lust, and the fat man next to her could be no one but Gluttony. Which left the title of Wrath to the short boy, who was staring at her intensely. 'He must rather hate me.' She thought. Aloud, she simply answered, "So what of them. You haven't told me why any of this is happening."

Dante's malicious/enticing smile was back. She gently ran her fingers across Sloth's chin. "The answer... is the Philosophers Stone. That is the answer to our pain."

"I'm not going to get a straight answer am I?" Sloth muttered. Dante's grin became terrifying.

"You see Sloth, the Philosopher's stone is the key to immortality for me. I've searched for it for years, trying to recreate it. It has allowed me to transfer my soul to a new host body, surviving for centuries. And with it, I can gain immortality indefinitely. But it has vanished from me, and now I'm looking to create a new one."

Sloth rolled her eyes. "Congratulations. You want to recreate the most powerful alchemical item in all-"

' *What is alchemy?* '

Sloth cut herself short, choking on the words. Dante took the opening, ignoring or not noticing the sudden hitch in Sloth's breath. "You're correct. And to do that, I need you." Dante started pacing around Sloth. "You see, I know that you're experiencing something. Something you can't fully explain. A pain seems to come from nothing. But I can tell you where that pain comes from." Dante leaned in over Sloth's shoulder and whispered. "Trisha Elric."

Agony. Agony that tore her skin and flayed her soul. Agony that sent her to her knees, that drove her apart. Agony she needed to escape. Anything to escape it...

When the pain ended, Sloth found herself low to the ground, surrounded by water and... just a head? She tried to make sense of what she was seeing, even as Dante tapped her foot into the water. "Impressive power Sloth. Liquefaction will be very useful where you are going. Now can you pull yourself together?"

Sloth stared at the mass of water that, apparently, was her body. For a moment, she didn't care for what was happening to her. What was the point? A bolt of pain, though, reminded her of what Dante had, and could, do to her. Summoning her will, Sloth slowly reformed, pulling herself into a standing position. The water swirled for a moment before coalescing into her body.

Dante nodded in satisfaction. "Beautiful work Sloth. It seems you have the power to do as is needed of you."

Sloth was busy checking to see if her body was stable, and found it somewhat pleasing that she had little need to consciously maintain her form. "Well, I guess I don't really have a choice, now do I?"

"Go with the flow," Dante intoned ironically. She started walking towards an elevator. "Sloth, I will not be able to free you from this binding, but I instead offer you a far richer sacrament." Dante stepped into the elevator, Sloth stepping in after her. "Freedom, from your past and memories. All I ask is that you find, and control..." An evil grin came to Dante's face. "Edward and Alphonse Elric."

The agony came back, driving Sloth to her knees. Dante giggled darkly. "Kneel..." Memories flooded her mind, the pain increasing tenfold as she struggled to stem the tide. Sloth felt her consciousness weaken...

" *Mom!* " Green eyes and black hair. Dark eyes and tan skin. Names... Eren, and Mikasa. And an abatement of the pain.

Sloth rose to her feet. Dante smiled. "Soon, it will be our time in the sun. Soon."

Back in the dark of the sunken city beneath Central, a silent, psychic ping reverberated throughout the world. Not a single returned. Wrath pursed his lips. "Well... shit."

The next three years came and went in a blur as Sloth settled into her new role. Dante's promise of freedom from her memories, and eventual return to humanity, had spurred all of the Homunculi into a fervor of work. Sloth had thrown herself into the role that she was to play.

Sloth was to act under the name Juliet Douglas, as the secretary to Pride, who's own alias was of Führer King Bradley. She would be his bodyguard, and act as the spymaster for the Homunculi. Further more, she would also be their chief assassin, as her liquefaction ability granted her nearly unparalleled potential for stealth and espionage. Her position also granted her a front seat to the strange art called Alchemy.

Alchemy, it seemed, was the process of converting one material into another using the components of said material. Alchemy could turn

graphite into diamond, or turn water into the component hydrogen and oxygen, but it could not create something from nothing. And it could not create human life.

This was the law that Dante promised the Homunculi the Philosopher's Stone could break. Any attempt to craft human life with Alchemy, or to recreate it, would create a Homunculus. That was what created Wrath, what created Lust, and what had created Sloth. In the case of Sloth, she was the attempt made by Edward and Alphonse Elric to bring their dead mother back to life.

The notion though... the memories plagued her, sickened her and pained her to even recall them. Sloth could feel herself slowly growing to despise the boys. The memories of Trisha Elric caused her nothing but pain.

The other memories though, that were different.

In the dark of the night, Sloth found herself recalling the memories of Shiganshina. She could remember a boy, her son Eren. The memories changed abruptly towards the end, as a new face, a young girl named Mikasa, entered her life. At the very end, the memories took a turn for the horrible, as they showed her the eventual fate of the woman she had been in her memories.

It bewildered her to recall such events, confused her to no end. It was as if what she recalled had actually happened, and yet she couldn't explain how it existed. It was as if it was all a dream. Or perhaps she was dreaming now, trapped in the nightmare of Amestris and Homunculi.

Sloth didn't know if she cared for these memories. All she knew was that she wasn't Trisha Elric, and that she had a goal to strive for. Recover the Philosopher's stone for Dante, and become human by any means necessary.

And if that meant murdering the boys whose memories caused her so much pain... then so be it.

10.3 Crossoverpairinglover

"...Dear Mr. Springer. After careful review, I am afraid to tell you that your attempt at writing an informative novel was an absolute failure. Please try again after some loops in an English course at a high ranked university. Best Wishes, Hermione Granger and the Hermione Granger Informative Looping Novel Award Committee..." Sasha read off the letter as the poor fellow sulked in the corner. "I told you that you should have written about something else".

Connie did not respond to her taunt.

"Say, what did win that book award anyway?" Historia was actually genuinely curious.

Meanwhile in a secluded corner, Jean sneezed as he turned a page in Of the Proper Build of a Harem King (or Queen) in the Multiverse, by Issei Hyoudo "Equestrian Polygamous variants, the tale of Bellerophon "Lero" Michaelides..." He read the chapter's title before feeling dread.

The dread of a variant loop one knows they are going to get one day.

In a small cafe in a distant southern city, Edward Elric groaned in annoyance. "Al, why are you making me do this?"

The giant suit of armor that was sitting next to Ed gently pushed the bottle of milk to him. "Because you're eating for both me and yourself. So drink up. It's just milk."

Edward glared at the milk. "It's cow piss that doesn't even have the decency to call itself cow piss." Edward grabbed the bottle and drank it down quickly, trying to avoid allowing any of it to touch his tongue. "And anyone who says otherwise needs a wake up call."

The other patrons rolled their eyes and Alphonse folded his arms. "It's important you get your nutrition. I may only be a suit of armor, but I know the importance of calcium. Besides, look at these rock hard abs." Al rapped his torso armor, the hollow metal ringing.

For a moment, the Elric brothers silently stared at each other. Then they broke down laughing. "Geeze Al, do you just spend your nights thinking up these jokes?"

"Oh, I wish," the boy-possessing-armor said.

At that moment, a ping, a psychic burst of static, sounded off, followed closely by a second. "Ah, crap. Forgot to ping."

"Eh, it's only been a few minutes since we awo-"

Alphonse's reassurance was cut off when a rapid fire fusillade of pings hit the brothers. Edward winced as the pings settled into a rapid pattern. "What the... Is that morse code?"

"What are you two talking about?" the cafe tender asked. Both brothers ignored him, Edward pulling a pen out of his coat pocket and grabbing a napkin. The elder and shorter Elric started writing.

"N. C. E. N. C. E. N. C." Edward stopped and underlined the pattern. "Central. Let's roll Al."

Ed and Al pulled out their wands, left their cash on the table and left the cafe. "Thanks for the grub tender."

"Wait!" The owner shouted. "This is ten times what you owe me! I can't take this!"

Ed and Al smiled and twisted on their heels, apparating away. For a split second the world closed around them, pressing from all sides as if they were being forced through a rubber tube. Then, just at the moment where it almost became unbearable, the world coalesced and settled. Ed and Al were now standing atop a large bell tower, the

agreed upon meeting place for Central. Hooking his automail prosthesis on to the rim of the roof, Ed flipped into the belfry, where a familiar child stood to greet him and Al. "Hey Wrath."

Wrath, despite the seriousness of the situation, smiled at the brothers Elric. "Been too long Ed, Al."

"What's the matter? MLE replace Dante, immanent alien invasion, another Homunculus become a looper?" Al asked as he stepped into the belfry.

Wrath frowned. "I wish it was that simple. I've been Awake for the past three years you know, ever since Sloth was... well..." Wrath, Ed and Al all spared themselves a moment to recall that Sloth had been Wrath's mother surrogate, and the end result of Trisha's failed resurrection. Wrath gulped hard and continued. "The thing is though, I think someone's replace Sloth this loop."

"Really? That's so strange," Winry said as she fell out of the roof. The other loopers didn't react strongly, as Winry had been looping for a rather long time. "Did they ping you back?"

Wrath shook his head. "I don't think they even know that they're looping. Something is seriously up with her."

"Eh, it can't really be a problem," Ed pointed out. "It's probably someone..." Edward trailed off as he recalled his loop memories. "Oh... Fuck." Edward gently took Wrath by the shoulders as Alphonse stilled behind him. "This woman... she's not supposed to be looping. She's supposed to be dead! Literally, at the beginning of her loop, she's supposed to be dead."

Wrath leaned back, a little confused. "But... who is she?"

And Edward answered. "Eren Jaeger's mother. We need to help her, now!"

Wrath forced Ed's hand off of him. "Alright, I know that it's good and moral to help someone in need, but... what's with the doom and gloom?"

"Have you ever been to Eren's loop?" Ed asked. "Because if Eren ever heard that we hurt his family, he, and the other two Anchors, will declare an inter-loop war. No if, ands or buts about it."

Silence came crashing down.

At that moment, Maes Hughes landed in the belfry. "What I miss?"

Inside of Ametris' Military Headquarters, Sloth's pen quickly ran down the page, marking her place. The Homunculus in disguise clicked her lips and handed the sheet back to the runner. "It all seems to be in order. Just remember that you don't need to doubt your own skills.'" *Or bother me to proofread what you do,* ' she thought.

The runner smiled, quite abashed. "Thank you miss Douglas. I'll try."

"Sure you will," Sloth muttered as he left. ' *Humans... Why do I want to become one?* '

The answer to that question was simple though. Sloth was tired. Tired of the painful memories that plagued her at night, tired of thirsting and not being able to drink, tired of starving to death and yet not dying. She was tired of the dulling of her senses, tired of being tied to Trisha Elric, tired of hiding. This was the pain of a Homunculus.

But mostly, she was tired of her curiosity, of her want to find the strange boy and girl who spun madly within her mind, tired of not knowing the answer. She wanted to find them, needed to. They did not cause the pain of Trisha Elric.

The pain had dulled though. Years of training herself, preparing herself, acclimating, it had all rendered the pain transitory and weak. She felt little beyond annoyance when she recalled the sons of Trisha. She didn't need to be anyone's mother... beyond the two that she knew she had to be a mother to.

Sloth pursed her lips and put her pen to some stationary. She had a job to do, and if she got distra- "Yello there."

Sloth tried not to crush the pen in her grip. "Yes?" she addressed the man who had come to her desk. A quick mental cross reference brought the name of the man to mind.

"Maes Hughes," he introduced himself. The bespectacled and bearded man was using his best disarming smile on Sloth. "Miss Douglas, right? Secretary to Führer King Bradley?"

"Yes that's me," Sloth answered apathetically. "Mister Hughes, if this is another one of your attempts to show off your daughter's photos, you can save your breath."

"Aww..." Hughes flipped open a wallet with several photos of his daughter and wife. "But they're so precious."

Sloth stared at Hughes, clicked her pen, and started writing. "That's cute."

Hughes leaned in, finally getting to the heart of the matter. "Actually Miss Douglas, I've been asked to do an audit of our files, and I've found a discrepancy regarding your personage. If you could come with me, I could show you the issue itself."

Sloth held herself very carefully, trying to prevent herself from over reacting. If someone had managed to find out that Juliet Douglas was an alias, they would need to be eliminated. Very quickly pressing a small button concealed underneath her desk, she alerted Lust. Sloth smiled as genuinely as she could and stood up. "Well, as

the secretary to the Führer, I cannot allow any sort of issue with my self to stand. Shall we, Mister Hughes?"

"We shall, Miss Douglas," Hughes answered formally. Hughes began to lead Sloth through the hallways of Headquarters. "You see, I was examining some of the older military records for any mentions of Colonel Mustangs involvement with the Ishvalen conflict, and came across a passing mention of another Juliet Douglas."

Sloth politely smiled. "Another Juliet? I wouldn't be surprised; Juliet isn't a particularly rare name."

"It's a nice coincidence. Just something I thought I could dismiss. Thing is though, while Juliet is listed as deceased, her military record wasn't struck from the roster." Hughes looked over his shoulder at the trailing woman. "Miss Douglas, I would imagine that someone has conflated you with the other Miss Douglas."

Sloth nodded. "Tell me, why does this involve me?"

Hughes stopped in the hallway. "Because, when I cross-referenced the previous Juliet Douglas' information with your own, I found that she also shared your place and date of birth, previous affiliations and residences, and your military record. In fact, the only thing that you didn't share with her was her date of death. So, Miss Douglas, while this may all be a miraculous coincidence or mistake, I'm inclined to think otherwise in the case of the Führer's secretary."

Sloth didn't react overtly to the accusation, merely smiling. "Mister Hughes, may you follow me? I believe I can show you the truth."

Sloth now led Hughes deeper into the building, tracing a path through the maze of corridors. All the while she kept a close eye on Maes, as he himself carefully noted the hallways they passed through. Coming to a door, Sloth opened it and ushered Hughes inside.

Lust, Envy and Wrath were waiting inside of the room for Hughes. "You see Mister Hughes, there's something you should know..."

Envy made a run at Hughes.

"...You're not going to live long enough to know the truth."

Hughes pulled two throwing knives out of his pocket and drove them into Envy's shoulders, far faster than Envy could react. With a single kick, Maes sent Envy flying across the room. "Miss Douglas, I sincerely doubt that."

Lust and Sloth jumped into motion, Lust sidestepping another knife and moving to close the distance on Hughes flank while Sloth swung a whip of water fashioned from her arm at Hughes. In the back, Envy tried to move, only to find that the throwing knives embedded deep with it's shoulders weren't going anywhere. "Don't let him stick you!"

Almost as if to illustrate Envy's point, a knife clipped Lust's shoulder and sent her flying. Using the sudden opening in her concentration, Hughes delivered three more knives into Lust's body, at her shoulders and into her stomach, fully immobilizing her in the same manner of Envy.

Now it was down to Sloth and Wrath-

Wrath leaped into Sloth's form, his ability to merge with any matter he came into contact with locking his body inside of Sloth's. Sloth, for lack of a better term, locked up as Wrath took over her form. "What? Wrath, what are you doing!?"

"Sorry Sloth," Wrath said.

Hughes sighed in relief and pulled a thin stick out of his coat pocket. "Well Wrath, it seems we've gotten the 'evacuate' part of the plan down. Now, step two?"

Inside of Sloth's immobile body, Wrath spoke. "Step two."

Hughes took Sloth by the arm, and with a twitch and a crack, both vanished into thin air. Suddenly free from the oppression of the knives, Lust and Envy shot to the spot where, moments ago, Sloth had been. But she, Wrath and Hughes were gone without a trace. Envy turned to Lust.

"...you saw that, right?"

10.4 Pixel the Square

Who the hell was this emo dancer looking guy? That was all Eren could think of. He looked no older than he, but his long black hair and outfit were just weird. He needed to know why the hell Armin wasn't here, he did not want a repeat of last time.

"Mikasa, who's this guy? Where's Armin?"

"Eren, that is Wander, he doesn't say much. All we know is his name and that he plans to fight Titans one on one without ODM."

Eren froze, "What? I have to see this. When is he going out?"

"Tomorrow."

Damn, he'd have to wait. Someone taking out a titan without ODM? It was something only he'd done, but he had a supreme advantage, his Titan form. He had trouble sleeping that night, anxious to see Wander in action.

Eventually though, the time came and he trailed Wander.

"Agro!" Wander called the biggest horse Eren had ever seen. He thought he was fairly tall, but this horse's shoulders were as tall as he was.

"I want one..."

"Good for you Eren."

They both watched in amazement as Wander rode up to a Titan and started climbing up it. The titan fought and shook in fatality until Wander reached the nape. It would have been amazing had another titan not have come along, plucked Wander off like grapes off a vine, and promptly eaten him.

"Dumbass," Eren said, amazed no longer.

In a warehouse on the distant outskirts of Central, a section of previously unoccupied air exploded as Maes Hughes, Wrath Izumi and Sloth (formerly Trisha Elric) appeared. Sloth, in her bout of disorientation, almost missed the sensation of Wrath disentangling himself from her body. Almost.

Sloth lunged, enveloping Hughes in her watery grip. "Move and I'll crush you."

Hughes cocked an eyebrow and teleported out. "Nah, not today. Besides, you've got people you need to speak with."

Sloth, trapped between a traitorous Wrath and a Maes that was more powerful than any human had a right to be, ran though her options. She could try to run, in which case she'd be running from Wrath, who had already demonstrated the abnormal ability to take control of her body. If she stayed, then the other Homunculi and Dante would see her as being party to treason against them. And if she tried to battle her way out, she'd only be incapacitated. So what did that leave her?

Bluffing. It left her bluffing. Sloth narrowed her eyes. "Let me guess? Someone's going to walk in and try to appeal to my humanity? Try and offer me the chance to become a double agent?"

"Actually," an achingly familiar voice in the dark of the warehouse said, "we were thinking you could step out of the fight entirely. You

know, become a neutral party. Maybe even a friend?"

Sloth rolled her eyes and turned to the voice. "Alphonse, it's been too long. How's being a soul trapped inside of a suit of armor treating you?"

Alphonse, armor and all, emerged from the darkness. "Oh, it's pleasant. Never get tired, never get thirsty, don't need to do too much cleaning. How's being a Homunculus?"

"Oh it's *hellish* ," Sloth cheerfully responded. "Don't need to eat, don't need to sleep, you know, all that pesky stuff humans do. But hey, you would know since you damned me to be this."

Up inside of a foreman's office, Edward grumbled. "I hate it when she's like this."

Winry slapped her husband. "She's just venting. Let Al do his thing, and once she's all ready, we'll explain the loops to her."

Down on the floor, Alphonse waved off Maes and Wrath. "Sloth, or would you prefer Juliet?"

Sloth cackled. "Oh, mommy dearest is fine by me Alphonse. Isn't that who you wanted? Your mothers smiling face? Well here it is." Sloth's face split into an inhumanly wide rictus, a grinning parody of glee.

Alphonse was not impressed. "I know that you're very shaken by all of this Sloth, but you're in good company. I experienced a similar situation when I first found myself here. I can assure you though, given time you will come to understand."

Sloth rolled her eyes, but clamped down in her emotions anyway. She was hitting all the wrong buttons with Alphonse, being too direct and sadistic. She needed subtly. "Well, what is it that you want me to understand? If you brought me here then obviously there is something you feel you need to explain."

Alphonse nodded subtly. "I believe a few answers would be in order, but I must warn you, they are quite complicated, even ludicrous to an extent."

Sloth gave Alphonse a look that bordered on incredulousness. The young alchemist sighed. "I believe the first issue to address should be the most important one. Are you familiar with the name Carla Yeager?"

Dread, fear, terror, abject horror at the notion that anyone would know, because if anyone knew, then Dante and the other Homunculi certainly would. Sloth stamped the emotions down and growled. "...No. I've never heard of that name."

Alphonse nodded, as if expecting that answer. Moving his hand behind his back, Alphonse pulled three small marbles out and tossed them onto the ground. The marbles rolled to the center of the room and stopped quite suddenly. Then, to Sloth's shock (though her shock was slowly diminishing, as she had already seen strange things that day) a riot of light emerged from the marbles. Alphonse pointed at them. "Portable holo-projectors. Useful when you need presentation space."

An image appeared, before suddenly shifting, fracturing, and then resolving into the image of a familiar boy. "Do you recognize this boy Sloth?"

Sloth didn't answer.

Alphonse gestured, the image splintering and becoming the image of a young asiatic girl. "What of her? Do you recognize this girl.

Sloth said nothing.

Alphonse didn't sigh or make any verbal instance of emotion, but Sloth had the impression that he was distinctly worried. The image of the boy returned to stand with the girl's image. Alphonse stepped forward towards Sloth. "These children are named Eren Yeager and

Mikasa Ackerman. They were born and raised in the city of Shiganshina. They lived in a world surrounded by high walls that prevented monsters, known as Titans, from entering and devouring all of humanity."

"Mikasa devoted her life to Eren and protecting him. Eren wanted to see the outside world, and destroy the Titans and those who wanted to stop humanity from leaving. To that end, Eren wanted to join the Scouting Regiment, which would regularly leave to explore the outside world. His mother, Carla Yeager, forbade it. In the year 885, disaster struck. Titans entered the Walls surrounding Shiganshina, and Carla Yeager was killed. And that was suppose to be the end of Carla's story."

Alphonse stepped through the hologram, disrupting it. "Sloth, what I'm asking you, is this: do you remember the life of Carla Yeager?"

Sloth was shaking, but if it was out of fear or fury she could not tell. She tried to articulate her thoughts, but could not do so. Finally, she settled to glare at Alphonse. The younger Elric brother nodded, as if he had expected this reaction. "I can only tell you want we know and suspect. We need you to confirm or deny this."

10.5 Crossoverpairinglover

A city of dazzling light, filled with more people than Connie could count.

So much technology, so much noise, so much...so many kinds of people!

There were people like him, people who liked just like Mikasa, and people with skin tones he had never seen before. Who knew people could have skin that dark in color, or brown skin that wasn't a tan?!

Was this what perfection looked like?

"Nope, just Times Square, New York. I mean, if you are looking for the greatest place on earth, you probably are in the right city."

Moving his gaze from the golden arches of McDonald (whatever that meant), Connie turned around and saw a floating figure overhead: a gold and red armored human whose suit resembled the one that he had seen used by Armin on previous occasions.

He noted the people around him were staring at the suited man interest, as if he was famous or something.

The armored man landed in front of him and seemed to be sizing him up, before extending his hand. "So, I take it you're a tourist here on a loop, right? Why don't you come with me?"

"Avengers, Assemble!"

"We're already here Cap," the armored man commented as the blue and red dressed soldierly looking man looked bashful.

"Sorry, it's just I didn't get a chance to shout it last loop. The G-5 Marines were not cooperative."

"What's an Avenger?"

All gathered heroes eyed the rather confused Connie, who blushed. "What?!"

The Armored man shook his head, but began to explain. "The Avengers are a team of Super Heroes whose job is to protect people from danger. Natural disasters, rogue super villains, things like that".

"We're an independent organization, allied to but not bound by the government bodies of the free world," the blue dressed 'Cap' continued. "From here in New York to Latveria to the Stars above, it is our solemn duty to protect all innocents".

"So what, you guys are all mercenaries or something?" Connie tried to wrap his head around the idea of 'Super Heroes' that were actually liked by people.

"No, mercenary implies a pay-check," a younger looking fellow in a red and blue costume that sort of resembled a spider-web in pattern laughed bitterly. "It's more of a 'great power comes great responsibility' sort of thing. Basically, instead of fighting dangers because you are drafted into the military, you do it because you think it is the right thing to do".

Fighting Titans because you wanted to, not because you were told or expected to do so? Honestly, Connie could not imagine his world operating like that.

"It ain't an easy job," a short and hairy man in a yellow costume grunted. "And you don't do it because you want to be popular. No bub, being a hero means that you are going to have problems with egomaniacs with magic rings," -the armored man coughed awkwardly- "crazy red skinned racists," -the soldier glared at the table- "jealous step brothers," -a muscular blond fellow with a hammer looked sad at the mention- "Killer artificial intelligence modeled after your own brain patterns," -a man dressed in red with a ant-like helmet looked distinctly uncomfortable "-grouchy news editors," the spider-web dressed man slumped over in depression "-and the odd giant killer robot," he finished. "No, you do it because it is what is good for everyone else."

"What's a racist?"

The assembled team exchanged confused looks, before shaking their heads sadly.

"Basically, it is the belief that being a certain skin color or ethnicity makes you better than another person solely because they are not the same as you," The soldier explained as Connie looked dumbfounded.

"That sounds stupid".

"Yes, yes it is. Now, getting off that topic, are you interested in joining the Avengers for the loop?"

With a scalding steam blast, Connie blew a hole right through the training room's last target as Cap/Captain America/Steve Rogers looked on.

"Impressive. I've seen 'Conduit' powers before, but it'll be good to have a looper with some for a loop. So, have you decided on a code-name yet?"

Connie looked contemplative, but nodded. "I was thinking about calling myself Steam-Man"

"Steam-Man huh? Well, I suppose we haven't exactly exhausted the -Man quota yet, we'll get you a costume once Wasp wakes up..."

"ALERT! ALERT! THANOS THE MAD TITAN DETECTED IN TEXAS..." The Iron Man's voice rang out through the training room as the two looked alarmed."...CORRECTION, THE DESOLATE LANDSCAPE FORMERLY KNOWN AS TEXAS! AVENGERS, ASSEMBLE!"

"A Titan!? Don't worry guys, I've got this!" Connie ran ahead as Cap shouted after him that this wasn't the sort of Titan he was used to.

Sloth was not afraid. She refused to be on principle. Amongst the Homunculi, she was the most powerful, even if she was the youngest. By that simple fact, there was very little that any of human could do to frighten her.

That Alphonse had declared her closest, dearest secret to her as contested fact did not affect her at all. Not one bit. And that was what she continued to tell herself while she waited inside of her cell.

After Alphonse had relayed her lack of answer to his questions, Edward, who was not her son, had informed her that they would be keeping her safe. That safety amounted to having Wrath immobilize her for a second time, provide her with a two way radio and some water proof books, and alchemically seal both of them inside of a watertight room.

At least the books might be interesting. And she could have had worse company.

"Sloth, just read the Manga's. They'll help."

The company could have been Alphonse. As it were, Sloth elected to ignore Wrath in totality and glare at the cell walls. The reborn child of Izumi Curtis groaned and tried again. "Sloth, I know that you're scared, but really, your secrets are safe with us. We can protect you, but only if you listen to me."

Sloth leaned against the wall and quietly resigned herself to her thoughts. Wrath grumbled and took one of the books. "Alright, if you won't read, then I will. We might as well get you up to speed with what Eren and Mikasa are doing."

Sloth twitched, but made no attempt to stop Wrath. Wrath decided that was a good sign, and flipped open the book. "Chapter one. It was on that day that humanity received a grim reminder. That they lived in fear, and shame within the prison they called protection..."

"What the hell are you reading Wrath?" Sloth grumbled. Wrath quickly switched to her side of the cell and showed her the book. Sloth glanced at it and noted that the entire page was covered in pictures. The content of the picture caught her by surprise though:

A massive Titan loomed over the Wall, glaring down at the humans of Shiganshina. She remembered when she had seen it, looking out of her window, that she had thought that it's singular goal had been to hurt her and her children. Then she saw the piece of the Wall that it had kicked loose, hurtling towards her...

Sloth slammed down on the memories and grit her teeth, angrily turning away from the book. "What the fuck is that, some kids book?"

Wrath's jaw dropped. The book slipped from his grasp as he stared at Sloth. Then, slowly, a look of pure fury spread across his face. He grabbed Sloth and slammed her into the wall. "What the Hell Carla! What sort of sick game are you playing!"

Wrath stared into Sloth's eyes. "Don't you love them? Don't you love your children? You can live with them, we can help you. Why aren't you listening!"

Stunned, Sloth didn't answer Wrath. The child Homunculus was shaking with fury. "Why aren't you trying harder? Why can't you just choose right?" A choked sob escaped Wrath. "Momma, why can't you choose right?"

"...Momma?"

Wrath gently let Sloth go, not meeting her eyes. "The Sloth I knew... she was like a mother to me. I know that doesn't make any sense to you, but I still care about her. Edward and Alphonse miss Trisha. I miss my Sloth. And Eren and Mikasa miss Carla." Wrath gulped and once again was able to meet Sloth's gaze. "Sloth... Carla, if I could show you how to reunite with Eren and Mikasa, would you give up everything to see them again?"

Sloth didn't answer immediately. Her emotions, a whirlwind of pain, confusion, and most of all fear, stilled her tongue for painful minutes. A thought, perhaps a memory, came to her. "We're here, mom."

Sloth stood up. "Start talking. We're going back to Dante."

Wrath nodded slowly, pressing his palm to the side of the cell and alchemically opening a hole into the passageway. "I guess, all of this starts with the world tree, Yggdrasil."

I want you to imagine a tree, infinitely powerful and complex. A god in every sense of the word. It contained every world that can, has been, and ever will be. It contains both our world, with Amestris and Alchemy, and the world of Carla Yeager, with the Walls and the Titans.

It was a peaceful tree, protected by deities, and safeguarded by itself. But something went wrong. Something damaged the World Tree, and almost killed it.

To keep all of the worlds from being destroyed, the gods and goddesses that ran Yggdrasil enacted a compromise: time loops. A certain person inside of every world would live out a specific time period, anywhere from a single day to entire years. The period of this world is from when Edward and Alphonse pass through a city in the south, to just after they reclaim their bodies.

Once that end marker is passed, usually a few days after Edward and Alphonse have reclaimed their bodies, Edward finds himself, without fail, back in the city to the south (I can't recall the name, my apologies). Edward then relives the history of the world from that point on, with the skills and knowledge that he achieved in the previous life.

The end point is fixed of course. Edward relives the period from the point where he "Awakens", to the point where, in the original timeline, he saved Al's body. He has the opportunity to reclaim his and Al's body, but there are times when they don't. Sometimes they're too busy, or can't risk losing the edge that their Alchemy grants them.

Ed's the only one guaranteed to have remembered the events of the past timeline, but others can as well. This is sporadic, but not uncommon. We call Edward the "Anchor", while Alphonse, Winry, myself, are "Loopers".

You're a looper as well Carla. The difference though, is that you're a looper from another world. You're from the world that Eren, Mikasa,

and their friend and brother Armin Anchor together. It's actually quite remarkable.

What happened with you Carla, is that you looped into our world as your first loop. When the loop ends, or you die, you'll return to the world of the Walls, but with the power of a Homunculus. A human with a Homunculus' power is a frightening thing.

Carla, what you need to know is that, if you trust me, and be patient, then you'll see your children again. You'll be better for it. So please, please believe me.

If you trust Dante, she will destroy you. And I care too much for you to let that happen. So tell me: who do you trust? Someone who is ready to give you the benefit of the doubt and collateral, or a woman who will destroy you when you show her what I've given you?

You have that choice, to be Sloth, or Carla. Choose.

10.6 Crossoverpairinglover

Sasha Blouse: Rare Comedic Relief Character. Spared from death due to brutality of said death.

The floating yellow letters in front of the archer thought they were more clever than they actually were.

Rather like Connie really.

"So, I take it you're the oddity of the loop?"

Yes. Now don't ask us questions, it makes you seem disturbed

Hans: Local drinking champ. Should be dead

Said lover of the fine ale swatted the yellow words away, wondering if someone spiked his drink this loop

---

Hange Zoe: Mad Scientist, because every loop needs one. Can wear anything

"How fascinating!" the scientist perked up from her microscope and it's smallpox sample to the magical words that had appeared before him. "Is this a Roguelike looper?!"

No. I don't give you random crud, I just annoy you and don't do anything useful except inspire bartenders.

Ymir: Inspired by love and has a relationship that seems decently mutual and healthy. Probably going to die before Berolt and Reiner return.

The former Titan turned Titan shifter ignored the floating words behind her as she sampled a Cobbler's wares.

She did have a dance to take her Historia to, she didn't have time to be distracted by random loop crap.

You are doomed! No one ends up happy in Marv...Detective Com...Attack on Titan. You are so going to die! Doom!

Noting a pair of heels, Ymir turned to the clerk. "Do these come in a black?"

I should stick to bothering droids...

The elevator tram trundled into it's berth, in the city deep beneath Central. Sloth pulled the grate open and led Wrath out into the cathedral that Dante had taken to meeting in. Inside the main ballroom, four of the six Homunculi, along with a much younger girl,

were present. The girl spoke. "Sloth, it's a pleasure to see you've captured the traitor."

Dante could place that condescending tone anywhere. "Dante. You've jumped bodies again."

Dante, in her student Lyra's body, preened. "A woman cannot stay old and decrepit forever. A healthy body is quite a useful tool."

"As if any body you'd use is healthy," Wrath mumbled.

Sloth ignored the belligerent Homunculus and stepped forward to the assembly. "Fellow Homunculi and Dante. Wrath's treason has been an unexpected boon to us, because he was hiding something." A red jewel emerged from Sloth's hand, having been concealed inside of her watery body. "This is what we have been searching for."

Sloth tossed the gem to Dante. "Philosophers Stones. In fact..." Sloth held up her hand again, several stones balanced between her fingers. "Enough for each of us."

"WHAT!" Lust nearly shrieked. She shot to Sloth's side, plucking one of the Stones from her hand. Gluttony waddled after her, equally dumbfounded. "Are these... are they real?"

"As real as can be," Sloth assured. She handed one to Gluttony and tossed a third at Pride. "Our salvation, ladies and gentlemen, is at hand."

Envy growled something and stepped backwards, narrowing his eyes. Pride, with his lone good eye, starred at his own stone. "Miraculous..."

Sloth pulled her own stone from her hand, marching over to Dante. The body-snatching immortal raised an eyebrow, before comprehension dawned on her. "You want me to fulfill my end of the bargain."

Sloth nodded, kneeling before Dante. "I have things I, as a human, must do. With Trisha Elric's memories plaguing me, I can't succeed. Release me."

Dante chuckled low and dark, her hand moving behind her back. "Humanity, with a Philosophers Stone? The task is child's play. Hold still." Dante rested a hand on Sloth's forehead.

Sloth stared into Dante's palm, waiting, breathing, trying not to imagine all the ways what was happening could go wrong. ' *Go with the flow. Don't fight it. You'll see Eren and Mikasa aga-* '

Dante rested her right hand on Sloth's shoulder and paralyzing agony swept through her. "Destroying Homunculi? With the remains of the human you were made from, that's also child's play."

Alchemic energy coursed through Sloth, burning away the water and transmuting it. In the background, she could hear Wrath screaming, Lust shouting in horror, Envy roaring with laughter. ' *No...* ' "Please, god, no..."

An explosion of feeling, Wrath slamming into Dante and her, sent Sloth reeling. "YOU BITCH! I'LL KILL YOU!"

Sloth was flung like a rag-doll, her form dissolving into the air. It dawned on Sloth that Dante had transmuted her into Ethanol, something she, without Alchemy, could not reverse. To her surprise though, another blast sent her flying, and then another. Wrath was propelling her along, trying to get her somewhere safe. Finally, with a splash, Sloth was immersed in a large basin of water outside.

Wrath skidded to a halt above her. "Sloth! Are you okay?"

Sloth struggled, and managed to slowly raise her head above the surface. "I'm... here..."

Wrath kneeled to the water. "Stay here. Stay safe. I'll take care of Dante."

Wrath left the water side, and Sloth found herself alone and exhausted, trapped within the basin and working to keep her body from dissolving. Sloth groaned, and sank into the water.

The water was cool, and comforted her. Sloth could feel it intertwining with her form, merging with her. Slowly, the diffused Homunculus began to realize that, if she chose to, she could merge with the water and regain her physical form. After that, she would emerge and... then what?

Sloth had seen Wrath's power, seen how he had fashioned a Philosopher's Stone from his own body, pulled many more from his so-called subspace pocket, but if what he had said was true, then all she needed to do to see Eren and Mikasa, the children of her memories, of her dreams... All she had to do was die.

' *That would be easy...* ' Sloth said

Sloth closed her eyes, and opened them slowly. ' *It would be easy to die. It's always easy to die.* ' Sloth whispered.

' *I've died before...* ' Sloth murmured

' *Continuing hurts.* ' Trisha whispered. '' *It's painful to see everyone. You're not who you are.*

' *Letting go is easy. It's lovely.* ' Sloth said.

' *I can let go,* ' Trisha declared. ' *I owe this world nothing.* '

' *You owe Wrath,* ' a third voice whispered in the dark.

Sloth closed her eyes and slowly opened them again.

' *Pass on. Be at peace. Be as peaceful as the water,* ' Sloth whispered, her voice a caress.

' *Leave them behind. The dead deserve rest, and all anyone has ever done is keep you from it* ,' Trisha growled.

' *...don't... fear...* ' Her voice called from the darkest depths.

Sloth closed her eyes.

' *Rest.* '

' *Give up!* '

' *...fight...* '

...Sloth opened her eyes.

' *You're free,* ' Sloth said.

' *You're nothing!* ' Trisha shouted.

' *...fight.* ' she said.

Sloth blinked.

' *Do Nothing!* ' Sloth declared.

' *Be Nothing!* ' Trisha screamed.

"Fight," she said.

Sloth closed her eyes...

' *...I'm going to see the outside world...* ' Eren said.

' *Be safe Eren,* ' Mikasa murmured.

' *We're here for you mom,* ' they said.

' *...we're waiting for you.* '

Carla Yeager opened her eyes. Slowly, she integrated her form with the basin's water, and once she was replenished, drifted to the edge

and walked, painfully, out of the water. Carla turned in her heel and plopped down on the ground with a wet squelch. "Ow."

The Yeager matriarch stared at the water, at the reflection staring back. ' *Is this who I am? Who I really am?* '

The reflection changed, into Sloth. "It's so easy being you..." Then again, the reflection became Trisha. "And you have no place in this world, do you?" The face slowly became an amalgam of the three. "So what do I do now?"

Carla sat there, contemplating herself for a moment. Said moment was interrupted when an explosion went of in the distance. "Oh crap, Dante!"

Carla leaped into the basin. "Introspection later, help now!"

Wrath dodged another barrage of earth spikes and retaliated with a blast of lightning. "Seriously, this is the last time I'm putting a Philosopher's Stone in Dante's hand."

"It'll be the last thing you do!" Envy shouted in his monstrous form. The fight had rapidly gotten out of hand for Wrath as Envy and Dante brought their newly acquired Philosopher's Stones to bear and began wrecking the city. The fight would have been even worse, if not for Wrath's sudden accomplices.

Lust and Gluttony had very quickly turned on Dante and started using their own Stones. Against Dante and Envy, both of whom had a hilarious edge in terms of experience, Lust and Gluttony would have very naturally ended up losing quickly. Alongside Wrath, with his own experience and power and Philosopher's Stone, the fight was more level. That didn't make it easy, as Dante demonstrated by dropping Lust into a hole filling with spikes, but at least no one was dead yet.

Wrath backflipped over a blast of fire from Dante, then grabbed Envy's fist and halted it. With a quick flip, Wrath leapt on to Envy's arm and directed a blast of force lightning at the Homunculus' head. Envy screamed in pain and threw Wrath across the square.

Lust and Gluttony tag teamed Dante, the Ultimate Spear and the Ultimate Jaw moving with unnatural coordination against the master Alchemist. Dante rolled and twisted between Lust's long spear nails and Gluttony's grabs, retaliating with miniaturized explosions. A single blast caught Gluttony across the face and drove him like a nail into the ground. Lust danced swiftly, covering the area with her claws and blocking Dante from finishing off Gluttony.

Wrath grabbed a Philosopher's Stone from his pocket and leapt out of the crater that Envy had thrown him in. The cobbled together Homunculus laughed as Wrath formed another bolt of lightning in his palms. "You think you can beat me? I've been killing-"

At which point Wrath decided to prove that talking was not a free action and unleashed a surge of alchemically infused lightning so intense that it illuminated the entire city like a fragment of the sun. Envy's scream didn't even overcome the crash of thunder. When the light faded and the smoke cleared, Envy was one very dead Homunculus and Wrath was running for Dante.

Dante nearly screamed when Wrath killed her son, and did scream when he joined the fight. Enraged, Dante simply unleashed the power of her stone and launched into the sky atop a tower of spikes and alchemic lightning. "YOU FOOLS!"

Lust, Gluttony and Wrath froze in shock as Dante towered over them as her power overwhelmed the local matter. "DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT ME?"

In the distance, a fainting pounding noise could be heard.

Dante's power ripped the tower in half and nearly crushed all thee Homunculi. The Immortal seized Lust and Gluttony and lifted the two

Homunculi in stone vices. "YOU WILL SUFFER BEFORE YOU DIE, IF YOU DIE!"

The pounding sounds became louder.

"I WILL SEE THE ENTIRE WORLD BURNED NOW THAT I HAVE THE POWER OF THE PHILOSOPHERS STONE. AND ALL OF IT SHALL BE ON YOUR HE-WHAT THE HELL IS THAT NOISE!"

Dante, power mad, spun on her heal, and managed, for just a second, to see what she could almost call a living tidal wave, but was more accurately a Carla who had highjacked several thousand gallons of water and grown to (there really was no other way to put it) Titanic size. Carla's fist crashed into Dante's body, and Dante's world went black.

Edward, Winry, and the newly restored Alphonse had returned to their warehouse with the plan to try and convince Carla to retake her pre-loop identity, only to find Carla chatting with Wrath, Lust and Gluttony, amiably, while using a very unconscious Dante as a foot rest. Maes, the only remotely normal human in the building, was gesturing at the group in stunned silence. Alphonse and Winry were, understandably, shocked.

Edward took it in stride. "Well someone's been making new friends. Hello everyone, I'm Ed Elric and this is my girlfriend and brother. Pleased to meet you all under these nice circumstances."

Lust was sipping some tea someone had brewed up. "A pleasure, Fullmetal Alchemist."

"Lust, can I eat him?" Gluttony asked innocently.

Lust patted Gluttony's head softly. "Sorry Gluttony, but you can't eat our hosts. We'll find you something later. And besides, he'd barely make an Hors d'oeuvre."

"I'll show you Hors d'oeuvre!" Edward shouted and nearly tackled the friendly Homunculus. Winry promptly caught him and say on Ed, the Fullmetal Alchemist grumbling.

Wrath quickly caught the returned trio up to speed as Ed applied minor medical alchemy to Al. "So after all of that, we came back here to see what we'd missed. Maes was practically shitting himself when we all showed up together."

"You could have taken me with you," Maes mumbled. Wrath waved him off. It was, after all, his fault for falling asleep on guard duty.

"Anyway, in the end it was all a big success and we've come out on top. Dante's caught, Envy's dead, we have Lust and Gluttony on our side." Wrath laced his fingers and cracked them luxuriously. "I think we've come out on top for once."

Edward and Alphonse rolled their eyes. "Aren't you forgetting Pride?" Al asked. "And what about Hohenheim? We can't just tell dad that an inter-dimensional woman is inhabiting a body that looks like Trisha's."

Wrath winced. "Well, we'll... cross that bridge when we get there. Until then, we'll pretty alright."

Carla smiled politely and set her drink down. "Edward, Alphonse, I... well, I will admit, I'm not sure what to feel."

Those present in the room turned to look at the youngest member. Carla cringed under the attention. "I... I don't know what to do anymore. I've spent three years as Sloth, pursuing Dante's goals because I thought I might be able to return to humanity. And now you're telling me I will, in just a few months. You're telling me that everything I've done, the lies I've told, the lives I've ruined, even ended, not mean anything in the greater scheme of-of things?" Carla's voice cracked at the end.

Alphonse quickly slid over to Carla's side. "Miss Yeager, that's not true. What you've done was wrong, but you were desperate. I can understand that. What happened isn't your fault, and you'll learn from it, and be more able, next time, to make the right decisions."

Carla gulped down a small sob. "You really think that?"

Alphonse smiled. "I know that. You'll be a great mother when you get back, and in the meantime, we'll help you become a fighter."

Winry hooked one leg over another. "Miss Yeager, we can help. Just ask."

Carla Yeager, for the first time in years, genuinely smiled. "Th... thank you."

Lust set her tea down and stood up. "Gluttony, come along."

"But Lust, I'm hungry."

"That doesn't mean we should intrude," Lust started off for the door, only to feel a surprisingly strong grip on her wrist. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Carla smiling.

"Be safe."

Lust winked. "If anything could stop us, I don't think we've met it yet."

Back at the table, Dante groaned as she awakened. Edward raised a leg, and brought it down on Dante's head, and for the second time in so many hours, the world faded to black.

10.7 Crossoverpairinglover

The tall man in the trenchcoat and fedora (which he had obtained a while back when he had to impersonate the Phantom Stranger)

frowned from the roof top as he observed the trio below him from up top the building in the Trost district.

The dark haired youth whose form burned with a dark rage deep within, in a manner similar yet different to the Stands.

The sole remaining Oriental of this world, a warrior of utmost fidelity, the most dangerous of all types.

The blond strategist, blessed with a great intellect, and the calculative turn that war made of such a mind.

The Jaeger, the Ackerman, and the Arlert.

The three Nebulous Anchors of this world.

The three threats.

"So, observing people from the rooftops like a gargoyle are we? My my, I heard you had been doing work with Batman Jonathan, but I never thought you'd start acting like him."

The figure sighed deeply, before turning to the darkly dressed figure that watched him from the other side of the building.

In his dark cape lined with gold thread, and his chess king esc mask, Zero, alter ego to Lelouch, stared him down.

His fists clenched, ready to do battle if need be. Zero just shook his head.

"Clam down Joestar, I may be allied to Anakin but I do not share in your families feud with him. I have not come to pester you, or one of the members of your cursed family. As a member of such a family myself, I like to think I am rather empathetic. No, I am more curious as to why you stalk the anchors of this world this loop."

Jonathan sighed, before noting the fleeting forms below.

"They are dangerous."

Zero didn't seem phased. "You could destroy a universe Jonathan. I could destroy a universe. The Monarch could destroy a universe. It is the potential of all loopers to bring the end to entire worlds, to end the stories of millions. What makes them any different from you and I, bar your muscle tone and my ability to inspire nations?"

"That is not what I meant," Jonathan clarified. "Tell me, Demon Emperor, what makes you and I different from them?"

"Well, they differ from me because they lack my fashion sense as I lack their muscle tone," Zero offered. "They differ from you because they lack an immortal stalker of a step-brother and are in conflict with zombie-giants instead of a super-powered vampire."

"No," Jonathan clarified. "They differ from you and I because they walk down the dark path. The path towards madness."

Zero shook his head. "Jonathan, are you sure you are not just overreacting? You say the same thing about virtually all of the loopers who pre-date Equestria. Hell, you once suggested the Equestrians were benevolent Bureau types these days. You see darkness in everyone beyond your loop, it is not a good thing." Zero turned around, as if aiming to bound away.

"Anchors have fallen to despair, to confusion, and to doing scripted comedy on TLC. They have never once fallen to Sakura Syndrome, and they won't anytime soon. Trust me on this Joestar, being paranoid about everyone around you isn't healthy."

Zero teleported from the roof, leaving a disguised visiting Anchor of the Joestar cluster yet unswayed from his fears.

10.1 (epilogue)

In a pile of rubble in the Walled district of Shiganshina, a woman stirred. Her free arm, sprawled out, twitched and slowly moved to her face. Carla Yeager gasped as she felt warm, human skin. "I'm... I'm back."

"Mom! Mom!"

Carla's eyes widened as she recognized the voices, *her children's voices!* Carla's original plan of making a showy introduction of her powers went straight out the window. Carla liquified her body and flowed out from the wreckage of her house, healing her shattered body and spinning in her heel before racing down the hill. "Eren, Mikasa!"

Her son and daughter skidded to a halt in the road just in time for Carla to grab them both and hug and kiss them. "Oh, I've missed you so much."

Eren blinked and gasped. "M...mom? What are you-"

Carla smiled broadly, tears sliding down her face. "Yes Eren. I'm looping. I'm finally here, for both of you."

With only an instant of hesitation, Mikasa magnetically seized Carla, followed almost immediately by Eren. Thus, in that lonely street in Shiganshina, as Titans slowly filled the city, a family, for once and finally, was reunited.

10.1: Welcome, Carla Yeager to the Attack on Titan loops. Bet you guys never saw that coming!

10.2: I would like to formally thank and credit Crossoverpairinglover for writing so much this chapter. He really came through, and get this: he wrote all of these in just a week! Also, the dub was great, I loved it, really.

10.3: Believe it or not, Connie can write. Better than me in fact.

10.4: Colossus are powerful. Titans are numerous. Quantity over quality bros!

10.5: Connie would make a pretty decent superhero. Steamboy…

10.6: Sentient headlines. I can only apologize for my friends belligerence.

10.7: Insanity… a fearful thing. But Carla will fix that, right?

.

.

.

… **right?**

Basking in the Sun: Part 1

Attack on Titan: the Infinite Loops

Chapter 11

A/N: Well, my first chapter after clearing one hundred thousand words. Personally I'm glad I reached this point. It makes me proud to have gone this far. But I couldn't have done it without all of my contributors. Thanks fellas.

To say that the loopers gathered in a small clearing north of Trost were stunned was an understatement. Armin, Ymir and Levi were flabbergasted, had their minds blown, and were in shock. No one, not a single looping soul, would have pegged Carla Yeager as the next looper. Armin opened his mouth, choked on the words, and managed to articulate a single syllable. "...How?"

Carla shrugged. "I don't know. I just... woke up. As Sloth in Amestris." Carla smiled lightly and liquified her arms. "At least I can do this."

Ymir grumbled something about how she didn't have a power, only to almost suffer a heart attack from an abjectly furious glare from Eren. The only blood Yeager in the group had been clinging to his mother's skirt all day long, ever since she had tracked him and Mikasa down. Mikasa herself was standing at Carla's side, but not a single seasoned looper entertained the notion that she was doing anything less than her level best to make sure that every single thing that could harm Carla was dead.

She did, after all, know how to create doppelgängers.

Armin finally got his thoughts straightened out and held out his hand to shake Carla's. "It's a real pleasure to have you here Miss Yeager."

"Oh, please. Call me Carla," Carla said bashfully. "I know that you'll all... well, very much older than me."

"Edward must have filled you in on our history," Armin surmised. "What exactly happened in Amestris."

"Well..."

Two hours later...

"...and so, we said our goodbyes, and the loop ended," Carla finished her tale.

Levi and Ymir gently clapped. "That was a surprisingly engaging story," Levi said. "Really, quite a tale."

"Says the man who fought his way through a burning forest with cobbled together ODM gear, fighting vampires, alongside werewolves, before turning into one and dying," Ymir snarked.

Levi shrugged. "Twilight can be interesting sometimes."

Mikasa interjected at this point. "Eren, we still have an issue. The Helicarrier."

Armin, Levi and Ymir all winced as the fact dawned on them. It would take a gentle touch to point out that...

"Mom, we named a flying aircraft carrier after you."

...well, that. Everyone except Carla and Eren facepalmed. Carla herself blinked in surprise. "Uh... what?"

Eren stood up and ran out out the clearing. A moment later, *The Carla* , a massive flying aircraft carrier, burst into existence from within his subspace pocket. Eren ran back into the clearing. "That's what."

Carla nodded. "Right... well, my house has been destroyed, so I guess... that's as good as any house." Her tone however showed her that she wasn't exactly comfortable.

Eren realized that as well, quite fortunately. "Oh, uh... well, we, uh, were planning in renaming it!"

Carla looked at her son and lightly pulled his ear. "I can tell you're lying," she sang. Eren removed her hand belligerently.

Ymir coughed into her fist to get the attention on her. "So, miss Yeager, we know you. We should probably introduce ourselves. I'm Ymir. I'm a Titan Shifter, a dreamer, a girl with no set past, and a girl with a girlfriend." Ymir wrapped an arm around Armin. "And I'm usually Armin's mom."

Carla blinked. "Uh... you're twelve."

"Lots of variants happen where she's my mother," Armin clarified. "And usually she's either my step-mom, or my sire."

Carla opened her mouth, thought about what Armin had just said, and promptly shut it.

Levi waved his hand a little. "My name is either Leviathan, Leviticus, or Rivaille Ackerman. I'm a distant relative to Mikasa, humanity's second greatest soldier, a professional neat-freak, a deadpan snarker, and on bad days, a vampire."

"And I'm Armin," Armin said. "I'm our tactical genius, the science nerd, an inventor on the side, Mikasa and Eren's keeper, and their husband."

Ymir, Levi and Carla spluttered loudly.

Eren rolled his eyes and hit the chortling Armin. "Don't do that, it wasn't funny the first time and it isn't funny now."

Armin smiled. "You gotta admit, it was kind of funny."

"Perverted Shota," Eren muttered.

"But I am a cute Shota, right?"

"ANYWAY..." Mikasa loudly cut across her adoptive siblings. "We'll get you introduced to the rest of the loopers when we can mom. That sound good."

Carla smiled a little as Armin and Eren continue their bickering. "I'll look forward to it Mikasa. I really will."

11.2 Crossoverpairinglover

"So, I see we're doing a monster loop this time around," Count Levi managed to restrain his Romanian Accent with great restraint as he noted the loopers currently visible. "So, roll call?"

"I feel funny…" Marco, currently on top of a dark horse and holding his severed head in his arms, complained.

"This wasn't funny the first time, and it ain't funny now," Jean the Centaur complained.

"Just don't forget about the latrines this time would you?" the currently pint sized and winged Sasha chirped from Connie's shoulder.

"Why in the hell am I a Were-Giraffe!? There is no such thing!?" said Giraffe-Man complained.

"Has anyone seen Ymir?" the crow footed Armin questioned. "I haven't seen her this loop, though I could have sworn I heard her earlier..."

Mikasa's fox ears twitched in response as something invisible shifted nearby.

Looking up and down the row, Count Levi noted the lack of their favorite Titan-Shifting Anchor.

That couldn't be good.

The wall wasn't mean to protect Humanity from the Monsters this loop: it protected the Monsters from Humanity.

Hundreds of them were swarming the walls, all armed with pitchforks and torches and shouting something religious-like.

However, they were not unchallenged in their protesting.

"FEE FY FOO FUMB!" The giant voice bellowed, causing the crowd to shake in fear, their murderous fervor forgotten as a giant figure appeared in the distance. "THIS LOOP IS WEIRD!"

11.3

"Really? That's your secret to staying stable in 3DMG? I would never have thought of that," Marco said in downplayed awe.

Bertolt chuckled lightly and scratched his head in embarrassment. "It's nothing, really. You just need to think of it like swimming. Keep your center and you'll be fine."

Marco took his roll, then broke it in half and tried to hand it to Bertolt. "Thanks man. That's gonna save me a load."

"Hey, I don't need your roll. I'm fine, really," Bertolt said. He pushed Marco's roll away, but Marco pushed back. "I don't need it."

"I insist."

"Please, really, I'm fine."

"Aww..." Marco sighed and ate his roll. "Your loss Bertolt."

The tall young man smiled. "I got my own roll, but thanks, really."

Marco winked. "He, you deserve iiiiit..."

Marco trailed off as Jean grabbed him and dragged him off. "SorryMarco,ShadisWantsYou, LetsGo." Jean literally dragged Marco out the door, confusing Bertolt. Once they were outside, Jean nearly threw his friend to his feet. "Marco, what the hell are you doing?"

Marco stared at Jean in confusion, dusting himself off. "Well... I was getting some 3DM tips from Bertolt. I wasn't flirting with him." Marco winked. "You're the only one for me."

Jean twitched. "...First, please don't say stuff like that. Secondly... It's Bertolt! He's... You know..." Jean made gestures that trie to indicate exceptional size, before realizing how unhelpful that was and leaned in and whispered it to Marco. "He's the Colossal Titan."

Marco clicked his lips and nodded. "I know that. It doesn't mean I'm gonna treat him any differently."

Jean frowned and put his hand on Marco's shoulder. "Marco, I know that Bertolt regrets what he did. I also know that Reiner went insane because of it. If you get too close to Bertolt or Annie or Reiner... Marco, I've seen it happen. You two get all buddy buddy, and when you die, they snap."

Marco opened his mouth, then closed it with a grimace. He tried to speak again after a moment. "Jean, I know that they're dangerous, and fragile. That's why I'm trying to be friends with them. I want to help them."

Jean put both hands on Marco's shoulders and looked him dead in the eye. "I know buddy. I tried it myself. And I can tell you this: you won't succeed."

Marco, gently, removed Jean's hands from his shoulders. "I'll be there for them. I'll learn how to help the shifters. If they need a person to give them advice, or to argue with, or to cry and comfort them, I'll be that person. Jean, you need to understand that one day, those three may start looping, and we'll need someone who knows them inside out and that they trust."

Marco pushed past a stunned Jean and started walking back to the mess hall. "And if no one else... then that person will be me."

The door shut behind Jean, who stood out in the evening soaked courtyard, silent and shocked, an then contemplative. After many minutes, Jean turned on his heels and marched inside. Marco had already restarted his conversation with Bertolt. Jean slid in net to Marco. "Hey, mind if I join in? I gotta work on my 3DM skills if I want to beat Eren."

Bertolt looked surprised... and flattered. "Sure, I can help you with that." Next to Jean, Marco beamed.

Jean, Marco and Bertolt talked long into the night, and when it was over, could count each other as friends.

11.4 Crossoverpairinglover

Sentient species rarely had predators.

With sentience comes intelligence. With intelligence weapons were forged. Plans were developed. Safeguards created.

Nothing liked to be eaten. Just as animals developed poison, camouflage, defensive armor, or great speed to avoid foes, sentient lifeforms developed ways to be safe from their predators.

This normally led to their decimation and quite often extinction. For it was not until the sentient species reached a certain point in their

development that they came to appreciate the wild beauty of what had once been a threat to them, or realize that killing off the threat to them led to a whole mess of problems for the planet.

However, this world had predators of sentient species...ones that defied the rules of nature.

These massive creatures were pouring into the city, strange and tumbling mockeries of human form that were just, off, in the force. They felt like something between man and monster, a twisted mass of nightmares and wild instinct.

The panic and fear that they brought forth to those who dwelled in this city was toxic and dark. Had a Sith Lord dwelled here, he could have gained much power from it.

However, she was the only Jedi here, the only one who could stop them.

She stood on top a roof overlooking the massive hole, currently dressed in the brown fatigues of this loop's soldiers. Her body shifted slightly, her past obtained Skrull abilities morphing her skin from the white she had looped into here to its natural green, her black diamond tattoos reforming on her body.

The loop had kindly provided her with a pair of blades in each hand, rather nicely considered her usual blade, Undbitr, would stand out in this loop.

As was her curse, she would stand alone in this fight. Loopers were always separated from her by great distance, as was her bug. However, that did not mean she was not protect the innocent of this and every loop she came to.

The Jedi had lost their way in her world, but she never would. Not like the baseline Bariss Offee. Not now, not ever.

Meanwhile in the Quinta District of Wall Maria, the anchor trio of this loop was keeping watch of the nearby wall, expecting the Titans to appear soon.

With a concentrated blast of the Force, the Titan was blown away from the trapped civilian.

As the startled woman ran as fast as she could, Bariss burst over its' head aided by not only the Force, but the training of Red Foot Zeb. Coming down its back, she slashed with the blades and landed on the ground behind it, just as the monster slumped over and dissolved away.

Having reached the breach in the wall after saving a number of innocents, Bariss glared at the sight of hundreds of Titans approaching.

Reaching into her subspace pocket with The Force, a ring flew out and slid onto her hand as she pointed it right at the advancing titans.

"Wind!" she shouted as the Ring summoned forth a gale that blew them back. While it would not destroy them, it did give her the necessary space.

Smashing her foot against the ground with immense force, a rock column shot up from the earth and formed a patch on the wall. It was not as thick as the original wall, but it would hold them off.

Thump thump!

Bariss did not need The Force to tell her a Titan was behind her. Nor did she have to put much thought into it as she used the Force to knock the Titan to the ground, exposing its neck for an easy swipe.

She did not have time to rest however: for there were still Titans to be...

KRA-KOOM!

Lightning struck.

The Wall had been initially breached by a Titan of Colossal Size.

Now, a Titan of large, but not colossal size, covered in thick Armor was charging in to smash through the wall that separated district, from the interior.

The Garrison troops were no match for it, it was the immediate threat to the innocents around her.

And so, apparating in front of its' intended path, sparking electricity formed around Bariss's fist.

"Lightning Dragon Iron Fist!" Bariss shouted as she struck the Titan square in the face with the blunt force of a Lightning Dragon.

The Titan was sent tumbling backwards, shattering a few homes but now momentum-less. It forced itself back up, somewhat more intelligently than the other Titans.

In fact, as Bariss floated before it via levitation, she felt a different sort of feeling around it compared to the other Titans. It felt less warped, and intelligent. It lacked the hunger that seemed to pervade the creatures, and most surprisingly of all...

"Guilt," Bariss whispered as the Titan looked at her in confusion, in the way many humans would when they first saw a levitating green skinned humanoid. "You feel guilt..."

Her eyes narrowed. "You feel guilt!? You planned to unleash a horde of flesh eating monsters on innocent people, and you feel guilty!? Your actions are that of either a droid, a sociopath, or a soldier in a war without morals, and you feel guilty!?"

The Titan, out of fear of her continued verbal assault, moved to swat her like a fly. Bariss just blocked it with superior strength.

A loop as a Daxamite would let you do that.

"I don't know what you are: a soldier who knows what he is doing is wrong but cannot or will not stop, a victim just as much as the people you hurt, or someone so mentally broken you wake up to see carnage in your wake. However, you will not be hurting anyone this loop, never again."

Steam billowed from the Armored Titan, as if trying to create a scalding shield for itself against her.

However, she would not be striking him with something tangible.

"Armored Titan," she spoke in the Ancient Language of Alegesia, a language of magic. "let your empathy and guilt rule over your objective!"

As the beast roared in pain as it felt something alien infect it, Bariss was so intent on the magic at work she didn't notice the guy in the black top hat aiming a pair of pistols at her.

BANG

11.5 Pixel the Square

"Hey Mikasa, did I ever tell you your hair is soft?"

Eren was currently running his hand through Mikasa's hair, which she sort of allowed, given his current mental state.

"Armin, come here buddy, let me give you a hug."

Armin knew it was best to appease him, knowing full well what might happen. The trio walked through the streets, Eren staring up blankly at the buildings as he walked by.

"You know, we should just live underground. Then the titans can't find us."

Mikasa was sorely tempted to point out everything wrong with that plan, but instead shook her head.

CCCRRRAASSHHHH!

The wall had been breached. This was not a good time, Eren was in no shape to fight, so they had to take him somewhere. They ran through the carnage stoicly, except for Eren.

"Holy shit Mikasa are you seeing this?That big guy just ate that little guy! I think he needs a hug."

Mikasa looked at Eren. Yes it was good that he recognized the severity if the situation but his solution was less than amusing. Eventually they made it to a supply depot and picked some 3DMG. They stood on the wall, looking down, Mikasa planning her attack.

"Oh hi Captain Levi. Pfffffffff unitentional rhyme. Your hair looks soft, can I touch it?"

"Ackerman! What the hell happened to Yeager?!"

"Long story..."

Eren had forsaken permission and started playing with Levi's hair, after which he gave him a hug.

"There's no time for this! You two, get out there and fight those titans. I'll find someone to watch over Yeager."

"No no Levi, I'll go fight the giant dudes, they need some hugs."

Levi wanted to argue but it was better they had more people fighting. Though he'd keep an eye on him, it would not bode well to lose him. With that, they all charged the field, while not straying too far from Eren.

"Heeeey Johnny, come let your buddy Eren give you a hug!"

This was ridiculous. Eren was essentially walking up to a titan to be eaten. Mikasa started to move in for the kill when she was horrified.

THUMP!

The titan had smashed Eren.

"Come on Johnny, that wasn't very nice! I will hug you!"

Eren launched upward only to get entangled in the cords. Mikasa was already halfway to him when in his flailing, he killed the titan. He finished untangling himself and knelt of the corpse.

"NNNNNNOOOOOOOOOO! JOHNNY I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I'M SORRRRYYYYY!"

Everyone in the area stopped. What the hell was up with Eren? Was he mourning a titan?

"I'll make it up to you Johnny, I'll go hug all the titans. FOR JOHNNY!"

Eren was swiftly closing in on another titan, his group of friends following closely behind, killing the titans Eren had ignored.

"FRANK! COME GET A HUG!"

Eren swiftly closed in, but his foot got tangled in the cable somehow and flew right by the titan, which was also accidentally killed. Mikasa just stared at him. Even in this state he was quite effective. Levi also sighed, Eren wasa threat to titans even if he wasn't trying to. Eren turned around.

"NO! FRANK! NOT YOU TOO! I SWEAR I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU ALL!"

Eren was yelling at the sky, and he drew in more titans. The rest of the party had given up, just watching as titan after titan fell before Eren, who was doing it completely unintentionally.

"I've failed... I wanted to spread love but I ended their lives. I'm the monster, not these big guys."

Armin went to comfort him. But Mikasa stopped him.

"Let him have his moment."

"So what is up with him?"

"He thinks he's high or drunk."

"Why?"

"I gave him some rations and told him they were 'special' and this is what happened."

"We should try this more often..."

"No, look at him, he's so sad."

"WHY CRUEL WORLD WHY?!"

11.6 Crossoverpairinglover (All misspellings intentional)

Jeen Curstain, loople of the rowld were Tietens dlelllld, was nt happe.

Afta beng eten bi a Titon, Gean had hoppd at the preevus loob wood thade rom is mined.

Enstaid Jene us mow in a bery simelar koop, gust ith beeing a mokkere of his onne wrld.

Gasping for breath as if he had ran from Wall Maria to the center of Wall Sina without stopping, Jean turned to an equally exhausted Armin in horror. "What. The Fuck. Were We. Just. In?"

Removing his Guide to Multiversal Variants (3rd edition) from his subspace pocket, and skimmed through the book rapidly, yet somehow reading it all off.

"Galen Malek no, Bureau no, Megido no, Pokewars no...oh here it is. We were in the Hogwarts variant known as the My Immortal verse. Warning...very screwed up," Armin read that last part with a bland tone of voice.

For screwed up was the nicest thing one could ever say about that reality.

"That's it, I'm going to get eaten by a Titan: hopefully that more pleasant experience will get that horrible place out of mind for a while" Jean declared as he turned and began walking towards the nearest wall. "See ya next loop Armin".

11.7

In the dim light of the morning, beneath the shadows of Wall Maria, the Loopers of the Walled World saddled their horses and rode into the unknown. It was by quiet agreement amongst them that this loop would be a vacation for them all, and an opportunity to see the distant lands. As they set out into the undiscovered, virgin plains, only silence, for a time, passed between them. Eventually, it was broken though.

"Wow..." Marco said as they travelled further from the Walls. "This is so different from Wall Maria's interior. No villages to ride through or roads to take. It would be so difficult to fight Titans out here."

"Yeah, probably," Jean admitted as he rose beside Marco. "It wouldn't be an issue for us though. Almost all of us can fly in some capacity, except Eren and Ymir, and they can Titanize. Besides, any Titan that comes near us is gonna be going up against supernatural powers."

"Yeah, that is true," Marco admitted. "I can just... well..."

"See why the Survey Corp couldn't win this territory?"

"Yeah."

Ahead of them, Sasha and Connie were entranced by the passing wild life. As they rode, a young buck decided to give them a try and raced beside them, heedless to the Huntress and scientist's eye. Connie chuckled as he urged his horse forward, easily outstripping the poor dear. "Never saw a human before, has it?"

Sasha shook her head and pulled some cured jerky from her pocket, snacking on it to take her mind off the ignorant buck they were riding from. "Obviously. These lands must be teeming with easy game."

"Knowing the current populace, and taking into account the fact that the only things feeding on them would be mountain lions and maybe cougars, you're probably looking at some of the easiest hunts you've ever gone through. Just avoid the Titans, and you'll be eating like a queen."

Sasha rode up and playfully smacked Connie on the back of his head. "I know that silly. You really need to remember that."

"Yeah yeah..."

Sasha and Connie settled into silence for a few minutes as they hurtled across the plains and towards the distant forests. Sasha said, "you know Connie, maybe you and I should go on a hunting trip."

Connie's eyebrows climbed his forehead. "Really? Eh... nah. I'd be pretty bad at it. Besides, hunting's your thing Sasha. I'd just ruin it."

"No you wouldn't," Sasha said. "You just need practice. Anyone can hunt if they practice." Sasha smiled lightly. "I'll take you up into the mountains around my village. We'll camp out there for a couple weeks and I'll teach you how to hunt. Just the two of us."

"Heh..." Connie smiled sardonically. "Yeah, just the two of us." But after a moment, his smile took on a genuine quality. "Ya know what, sure. Let's do it!"

"Yay! You'll love it up there. It's all untouched, pristine mountain wilderness. No people for miles, no roads, no worries. Just us and the thrill of the hunt."

Connie chuckled. "Sounds perfect."

Across the running formation though, all was not well. Ymir was gritting her teeth and trying to bring her horse, Tiamat, under control. "Come on damn it. Just ride straight!"

Historia groaned as Ymir kicked her horse's flanks again. "Ymir, you'll hurt him."

"Not as bad as I'll hurt if this horse throws me," Ymir grumbled. "Come on... DAMMIT RIDE STRAIGHT!" she shouted. Any attempts to flick the reins at her horse was interrupted when Historia grabbed Tiamat's reins and Ymir's arm. "Hey!"

Historia ignored Ymir and crooned to Tiamat, gently leading him and her own horse, Rosette, away from the formation. "Come on Ymir. We need to take care of this."

After a few minutes of riding, a shallow river came into view. Historia slowed Rosette and Tiamat, dismounting at the shore. Ymir's horse bent down and began drinking furiously. Ymir grumbled as she

dismounted. "Alright, so he wanted some water. Why would I know that?"

"You'll figure out the signs," Historia said. She started crooning into Tiamat's ear. "Don't worry... Ymir won't hurt you again. You'll be fine." Tiamat broke from drinking to try and nuzzle Historia. Historia pulled back Tiamat's lips. "You need to be more gentle Ymir. You almost knackered Tiamat's teeth."

"Ugh..." Ymir groaned. "Fine. I'll be gentle. But if Tiamat throws me-"

"You'll ride with me then," Historia said. As Rosette finished drinking, both she and Ymir mounted their horses. "You need to improve your equestrianism, you know-"

"Ow!"

Ymir was sprawled ass over head on the ground, right beside Tiamat. "He threw me!"

Historia chuckled, seeing straight through Ymir's almost transparent attempt. "Alright, get on. I'll take you on Rosette."

Ymir eagerly hopped onto Historia's horse and wrapped her arms around the rider. "Thank you." Historia rolled her eyes and started to retort.

FWANNNG!

In the distance, the screech of a smoke flare sounded, interrupting Historia's rebuttal. "Equestrianism later!"

"Right," Ymir said, gripping tightly to Historia as they both shot back to the group, Tiamat trailing behind.

Back with the group, a Titan was racing towards the pack of eleven, trying to snag one for dinner. Armin had already ordered the group to break off, with Eren escorting a vaguely annoyed Carla to safety.

Mikasa had turned her horse Oryx onto a collision course with the humanoid monstrosity.

The Titan smiled dumbly (well, more dumbly) as it's prey closed in. It's hand already grasping, the monster reached for Mikasa, it's giant foot shattering the ground and blocking the path directly in front of Mikasa. The Titan bent over, it's hands readied. In short, it was right where she wanted it.

Mikasa leapt into the air, threaded between the Titan's fingers, hurtled along it's arm and just passed it's nape. There was an explosion of blood, and the Titan's momentum took over, sending it's corpse skidding along the ground, narrowly missing Oryx. Mikasa cancelled her psychic flight and gently touched down on the grass. "Titan... eliminated."

As the group came back together, Hanji loudly groaned. "Oh come on Mikasa. How are we supposed to study a Titan if you only leave it's corpse."

Mikasa remounted Oryx. "I'll capture a live one for you later Hanji. You can experiment on it to your heart's content." Mikasa rode off, Eren intercepting her to see if she had pulled anything.

Next to the steaming and dissolving corpse, Hanji grumbled sullenly. "Study, not dissect."

"She's just thinking about how to handle a Titan," Levi said as his horse clopped alongside Hanji's.

The grinding of teeth from mad-scientist was almost audible. "After all this time you would think she'd get the memo. I don't like experimenting on Titans anymore."

Levi guided both of their horses off, back into the riding formation. "Hn. It's not like you can't think of any experiments to run with us."

"Well you consent to it," Hanji pointed out. "Also, about a new test I've been thinking of..."

"...Yes, shit-glasses," Levi said when Hanji's silence became unbearable.

"Have you ever wondered exactly what the salt to venom ratio was in your sweat?" the mad-scientist cheerfully asked.

Beneath his hood, Levi suppressed a groan. "Let me get that straight. You want me to sweat enough to left you know how much venom is in it?"

"Yeperoony."

Levi was silent as they rode. "Never say that again... and sure."

As the group got back up to speed, the sole person amongst them that had never been a soldier rode level with the only truly familiar face in the crowd. "So that was Mikasa against a Titan. She really has grown."

A smile wormed it's way on to Hannes' face. "She's grown, Eren's grown, Armin; they've all grown to be real fine people Carla. You'd be surprised."

The mother of two of the Anchors smiled abashedly. "I am. I really am every day."

"Must have been quite a shock to wake up, all the way back here."

"Everyone keeps saying that," Carla admitted sheepishly. "I'm just glad that Edward explained all of this before I got back. I'd have never thought that I kept my liquefaction abilities when I'd loop back."

Hannes' smile shrank a little. "You wouldn't have been the first. I died, Jean died, Marco died... There's a real strong argument to be made for this loop being cursed. Hell, I wouldn't disagree with it. We're crash Era, with barely a dozen loopers in millions of years, all

of them dead at some point, with barely a bit of a chicken-shit of an idea of what the Hell's happening here, and the honest to Ganesha fear of dying." Hannes sighed in weary exhaustion. "Carla, whatever happens now, I can only say that I'm glad I'm dead in Baseline. I don't need to worry about dying now."

The color drained from Carla's face. "You... you don't think..."

Hannes shrugged. "I don't know. But I think..."

As the group rode into the rising sun, the sky lightening from dawn to day, all thirteen basked in the light.

"I think someone's going to die. And I fear for whomever it is."

11.8 fantasyPhysicist

John sighed as he watched the returning Survey Corps expedition. This was one hell of an alternate past Loop, or whatever they were. Hismemories didn't say a thing about Jade, Rose, or Dave, and he'd never seen these Mikasa or Armin people in past Loops. He was starting to get worried. Where could the others be? He froze as he saw an exchange between one of the Survey Corps members and an old woman. The woman asked the man something about her son, and in response, the man handed her a small bundle. The woman slowly unwrapped the bundle to reveal a severed forearm.

"What the hell is *wrong* with this Loop?" John muttered under his breath. Mikasa looked at him in surprise.

"You're a Looper?" she asked.

John was confused. "What?"

"You've been repeating your life, over and over again. Right?"

"Yeah, but...how do you know about that? This is the first Loop I've ever seen you. Isn't this just one of those alternate past ones?" John was still very confused.

"Ah, looks like you need the speech," Mikasa said. "Let's go find Armin, he can help explain. I'll go ahead and give you the basics on the way. You see, John, it all started with this tree..."

"...Every thing I know about how reality works is a lie. That's what you're telling me right now."

"Pretty much, yes," Armin replied, storing away the projector in his Subspace Pocket. "Any questions?"

"Yes. You said basically every world I know of that exists in fiction is a real universe, right?" Mikasa nodded. "Does that mean Con Air is one of them?"

"Uh...yes?" Armin answered.

John stood slowly, looked up at the heavens, raised his fists, and uttered a scream of rage that would have made Baseline Eren jealous. Then he sat back down. "Just needed to get that out of my system."

"What Loop are you from, anyway?" Mikasa asked. "I don't recognize you from any Loops I've been to."

"I don't know?" John attempted to answer. "Do you want me to describe it or something?" The other two nodded. "Well, the overall death count's pretty similar to this one, much less grim though. Let's see...the original timeline - err, Baseline, whatever - is basically me and my friends playing a videogame that destroys the world and makes new universes out of frogs, then-" John stopped as Mikasa and Armin's pupils shrank alarmingly.

"I don't know what to do."

"Should we tell the Admins?"

"Maybe? What if one of them actually figured out a way to get it Looping?"

"That's very unlikely."

"Doctor Who Looping used to be very unlikely, too, but look at it now."

"This isn't Doctor Who. This is *Homestuck* . One of the *two* Quarantined Loops in all of Yggdrasil."

"I know that! That doesn't mean it's impossible." John watched this entire conversation with a sense of alarm and confusion.

"I don't understand what's happening right now," John said. The other two turned to him, and Armin sighed.

"Alright, basically, your universe is, or possibly was, one of the only two worlds in existence that were declared absolutely, positively, no buts, no exceptions, no what ifs, unable to Loop," he explained. "So if you couldn't tell, we're kind of concerned by the fact that you've been Looping for as long as you say you have, especially because all four of you seem to have been Looping from the beginning. That has the word glitch written all over it."

John was not sure how to feel. "So...what are you gonna do?"

"I say we let it play out," Armin said. "You've been Looping long enough that the Admins would have noticed by now if you weren't supposed to be." Mikasa nodded.

John just sat and pondered his situation. Then he cringed as he realized that he would have to explain this multiverse stuff to Jade and Dave. They would not be happy knowing that all of their knowledge of reality was a complete lie.

What do you think? I figured it made sense. Similar death count, same Admin, both had trouble getting Looping.

Apologies if Mikasa and Armin are out of character, I don't keep up with the AoT Loops that much so I wasn't 100% certain on how to write them.

11.9 Crossoverpairinglover

Levi was unimpressed at the latest additions to the wall.

They were ugly, grotesque and were easily magnets for bird droppings.

"I fail to see how Gargoyles will improve the walls ability to hold back Titans Hannes," Levi complained to the Garrison leader who had arranged for the stone creations to be sculpted and placed, evenly, across the wall.

"Gargoyles repel evil spirits Levi, perhaps they might repel Titans as well," Hannes said in a tone that was half truthful, and half *'I got bored so sue me'.*

"The only thing these things are going to repel are Wall Cultists. I'm surprised they haven't stormed the walls in response to your grandiose idea..."

BOOM!

A distant explosion from further down the wall suggested the Wall Cult was in fact at it.

11.10 See Mohn

Eren crossed his arms. "No."

Sasha's face fell. "Eren, come on..."

"No. I'm not doing this."

"But it'll be *awesome* ,"

"I'm with Sasha on this one," Jean piped up.

Eren rolled his eyes. "I don't care *who* thinks this is a good idea, I'm not using my powers to bake a Titan-sized pizza."

Armin had just mentioned that Lelouch and C.C finally managed to make a giant pizza without anything going wrong. Naturally, Sasha wanted to outdo them.

"What's pizza?" asked Carla. The other loopers' jaws dropped as they turned to her.

"Okay, I'm in." Eren immediately said. "Get every chef in Trost here as quick as you can, I don't care how much you bribe them. We're making Mom's first pizza the best pizza of all time."

When Mikasa Awoke into the newest loop, she found herself staring down the barrel of a five inch mounted main gun of a tank. She stared into its dark maul for several nanoseconds.

BOOM!

The cannon roared, the whole tank bucking under the recoil. The treads, for a second, skidded before regaining their purchase on the soft, loamy earth. The entire front half of the tank was engulfed in smoke.

When the smoke cleared, there was Mikasa. Her face was covered in soot, her clothes were a little askance, and her expression was one of less than... amused bearing. The only evidence that remained

of the shell was scattered around the whole clearing she and the tank were in.

Mikasa leaned forward and whispered a word into the main gun. "Bang."

The tank, from tracks to turret, fell apart at the seams, breaking as if it had been hauled from the sea and exposed to air. In mere seconds, the tank was reduced from once-proud multidisciplinary king of the battle field to scrap metal. To add insult to injury, the crew proceeded to scramble from the wreckage and run away from the girl who had taken an armor-piercing shell to the face and survived.

Mikasa herself smiled. At least now she knew she could survive a point-blank tank round with no warning. Her smile now affixed and genuine, Mikasa started after the girls who had shot her with the intent of figuring out why they had shot her.

11.12 Crossoverpairinglover

Eyeing a blueprint with a critical eye, Armin adjusted his blow torch as he continued his work.

Hange observed a chalkboard decorated with very complicated mathematics. Eyeing part of it critically, Hange erased a portion of it to fix a zero and nodded in agreement with it.

Eren, currently in Titan Form, grunted with effort as he held up a metallic block connected to a large computer, which was beeping and recording data, connected with cables to what Armin was working on.

Marco honestly had no idea what this was supposed to be about. In confusion, he turned to Hannes, who appeared to be rather bored with the whole thing and was busy playing a game of angry birds on a I-Phone that should not exist in this period of time.

Hannes briefly stopped breaking things with round birds to note Marco, and explained. "They are working on the first TitanBuster armor. Like the HulkBuster armor, or ThorBuster armor, or PhoenixBuster armor...we just think it will actually work in the busting department."

Marco took that in, recalling Connie mentioning those names from his loop as an Avenger. However, something didn't add up.

"So, if it never worked...why does he keep making them?"

Hannes shrugged. "Probably the same reason that the Survey Corp keeps trying to establish territory for humanity beyond the walls".

11.13

It was uncommon that Ymir found herself dreaming in a loop without Historia. There didn't seem to be a specific reason for it beyond simple luck. Ymir was fine with it really. She liked it when Historia was Awake, which for her was often.

The rest of the time though... that was painful. It was the same across the multiverse: if you had a significant other, and they weren't bound to your soul in some manner, you'd need to live through loops without them. Oh they were there: your partner was still alive, but at the same time they weren't themselves. They weren't the person you cared for so dearly.

Ymir imagined that this was an angst she shared with her Anchors: there was a fair amount of dialogue between the loopers as too how close Eren, Armin and Mikasa were. Furthermore, there had recently been a weird rise in stealth-anchored fused loops. The current running joke was that Jean was being replaced by Picard more often.

The shared pain though still didn't alleviate the fact that it was pain and it hurt. Ymir loved Historia deeply, and had absolutely no intention to spend the rest of her life, the rest of eternity in fact, with anyone else. When all was said and done, Ymir was going to marry Historia or get soul-bound or become a part of her... Ymir's wishes changed depending on when she started rememberingher past experiences each loop, and all of it added up to a fair amount of angst when Historia ended up not being Awake in a loop.

Ymir, in the end, hated these loops am her inability to be a normal looper, but they were unavoidable and she had to suffer through them, if only to save Historia from herself and her idiotic drive to die a heroic death.

Hence why Ymir was trudging through the dark night, Historia still under the guide of Christa, dragging Daz's unconscious dumb ass in a makeshift stretcher through the snow of the northern mountains. Ymir loved Historia, dearly, but really, really hated her at times. "Christa, what the hell are you doing?"

In front of her, Historia grunted and kept dragging Daz. "We need... to keep going. Daz... could die."

Ymir pursed her lips and resisted a loud sigh. ' *Geez... I really hate it when like this. A real martyr without a cause.* ' Ymir trudged through the snow a little faster, catching up with Historia. "So tell me, what's the big plan?"

Historia grunted and pulled Daz's makeshift stretcher through a snowdrift. "Get to... camp."

Ymir ground her teeth. "Just give it up Christa. Daz is already going to die, and he'll take us with him if we don't get to camp now."

"I won't..." Historia planted her feet and heaved Daz forward. "I won't give up. Never."

For several minutes, Historia and Ymir trudged through the snow. Ymir knew that Historia had little intent to ask her for help, despite the fact that she was A) physically stronger, B) right there, and C) not tired out yet. Historia had exactly one goal tonight: die a heroic and stupid death.

"Hey, what are you still doing here?" Historia looked over her shoulder at Ymir. "It's dangerous if you stay out here. You should go ahead."

Ymir resisted the urge to verbally lash out at Historia. Historia was a proud girl who was terrified of losing what little love she had. A person who wanted to die happy and knowing that she'd be remembered lovingly. Historia needed a warm hearth, close friends, and the quiet but continuous support that she deserved for all the Hell she'd been through.

Christa needed a boot in the ass. Rod Reiss needed to die in a fire, preferably not from smoke inhalation. Ymir thought about that for a moment and decided to follow through with that later on. "You know H...Christa, I've been thinking about something. Between the two of us, I'm the stronger one. If you're so intent on saving Daz, then why not ask me?"

Historia stopped walking. Ymir walked up next to her. "Christa, why are you doing this? Why are you trying to make everyone think you're a martyr? That you'd literally die for them."

"I... I'm not-"

"Bull," Ymir growled. "You're scared. You're scared that if people get involved with you, that when they die everyone will blame you."

Historia recoiled as of she had been struck. Ymir fought down bile herself. She may have well slapped Historia. The Princess in disguise choked on her words in shock. "You're, you're wrong. I would nev-"

Ymir set her hands gently on Historia's shoulders. "Christa, a girl like you shouldn't suffer like that. You should have never been forced to be who you were born to be."

"...What?"

"Back before I joined the Cadet Corps, when I was begging for money to live off of, I overheard two men from the Wall Cult talking about a girl. An illegitimate child of one of the nobles. I heard that she'd been forced to renounce her name and join the cadets to hide herself." Ymir looked Historia dead in the eye, her anger gone, replaced by quiet pain. "They even knew her name. And I do too."

Historia stood there, lost for words, terrified and quivering, either from the cold or from her fear. Ymir set her arms on Historia's shoulders. "When I first joined the cadet corps, I did it so I could find you. Because you and I... are alike."

Historia's face seemed to light up, her fear edging away. "You... you're like me?"

Ymir gulped, and lied. "Yes. I am like you. When I came here, I wanted a fresh start. I wanted to do better. But... I don't know if I can."

All of the loopers had been cursed, somehow. Some of them had died in their early loops. Some had been tortured with seeing everything the had strived for be destroyed. Ymir's curse though, was to be adrift, unable to even loop. Every loop, every iota of her history changed. Armin had said it before, and Ymir would say it again. No consistency, no patterns... and a lot of bad luck. "I can't start over... I can't grow, because I don't know who I was. I'm living in a nightmare."

Historia's hand was an electric shock to Ymir's system. The thief of the power of Titans recoiled from Historia. "What are you doing Historia?" Ymir clapped her had over her mouth as her name emerged.

Historia, however, didn't seem to notice. "Ymir... you... It's not your fault. Why do you think that?"

Ymir stepped away from Historia, and trudged through the snow. Emerging from the forest, Ymir found herself standing on a high cliff. In the distance, not too far from the base of the cliff, was the training camp. If they could survive the fall, they could be back in camp in thirty minutes. "Chris... fuck it, Historia, come over here."

Historia came up behind Ymir and gasped as she saw Ymir standing on the precipice. "Ymir, don't jump. You have so much to live for!"

Ymir stared sardonically at Historia. "Hi pot, I'm kettle." Ymir gestured Historia to the edge. "How high do you think this drop is? One hundred meters? One fifty?"

Historia gulped. "It's... It's too far. You couldn't survive it. No one could."

Her breath steaming, Ymir chuckled. "Why don't you jump, and find out? Or maybe all three of us could jump, and I could show you my secret?"

Historia stared into the swirling snow, the long drop into darkness hammering against her sense. "No one could survive that..."

Ymir stepped back from the cliff and wrapped her arms under Daz. She marched back to Historia's side. "Only one way to find out. So tell me Historia: are you willing to trust someone?"

Historia stared at the abyss. "Are you... are you really ready to kill yourself?"

"Nope." And Ymir stepped off the edge.

In the swirling darkness, Ymir hurtled towards the ground, counting down mentally. At five, she brought her hand to her mouth, and bit down. Orange lightning crawled over her skin, muscles and tendons

and bones growing from her body. By the time Ymir had fully encapsulated herself in her Titan's body, she was barely ten meters above the ground. Her body, still furiously hot from the accelerated metabolism, slammed into the soft snow, flash boiling the flakes and shrouding her in steam.

' *Control...* '

Ymir bit her tongue. "Urk..."

Her mind was assaulted, force slamming against her. The ferocity of her Titan struggled against her, for a second. Ymir didn't loop: her Titan did.

At that moment, a force arose within her mind, shielding her from the madness and memories. Ymir felt power course through her. She could feel... Blaine. The AI installed within her Titan, fighting against the looping monster, safeguarding her.

Slowly, Ymir's consciousness retook control of the Dancing Titan. Ymir opened her eyes and pulled against the tendons and nerves binding her to the Dancing Titan, crawling from it's grasp, and looked up. She waited in the slowly diminishing warmth, but no, Historia did not follow her. Ymir didn't blame her, no matter how much it hurt.

In the Titan's hands, clutched protectively, Daz snored in the warmth. Ymir grumbled, heaved Daz over her shoulder, and began the long trudge to camp.

Thirty minutes after she returned, the rescue team that Shadis had sent out for Historia returned, the girl nearly running to Ymir. "How... how did you survive the fall?"

Ymir smiled, her false grin recognized only by the secret love of her life. "Soft snow."

11.14 Crossoverpairinglover

Armin had a goose locked up in a cage.

The cage appeared to be made up of an Adamantium-Cybertronium Alloy that probably could resist being sat on by the Armored Titan.

Hundreds of lasers were pointed at the cage.

Behind those lasers were dozens of cannons.

Several walls of highly unbreakable glass were behind those cannons.

Armin himself was eyeing the goose nervously.

That was what Jean walked into, and thus warranting the question of, "Armin, what the hell is going on here?"

Armin gave him a haunted look. "The Goose is the Big Bad Jean. The Goose".

Obviously, Armin had finally lost it...but then he looked at the Goose.

The Goose looked at him.

Jean shivered at the horrible, horrible look the Goose gave him.

11.15

Hange adjusted the last of the stress sensors and gave Jean a thumbs up. "We are go for testing. Just make sure you don't rip an arm off."

Jean, having been stuffed into a hybrid of Human Supression 3DMG and Titan Combat 3DMG, lightly cocked an eyebrow. "I could lose an arm."

"Yep," Hange confirmed.

Jean groaned. "Why am I doing this again?"

"Because Levi's said no, Mikasa's practicing her swordsmanship, Hannes isn't Awake-"

"And I'm here to monitor the stress sensors," Armin finished. "You're our best option, since you're the most experienced here."

Jean pointed at Eren, who was watching from a safe distance. "Let me guess: Eren's here in case I lose an arm?"

"More or less," Hange, Armin and Eren all said. Jean groaned.

Hange bolted from the area. "Alright Jeanny boy. Show us what you're capable of!"

'I don't like where this is going...' Jean thought. Regardless, he had to do something, so with his hesitance in mind, Jean pulled the triggers to his hybridized ODM gear.

A cable l sh ou! a6d33 en en en-

The loop crashed.

"WHAT THE FUCK!" Elen shouted. "Seriously, what did we do wrong? It was just an ODM test."

Jean's head was hanging in sorrow and embarrassment. "I can't believe we're in Eiken for this."

"I can't believe my ODM hybrid was enough to crash the loop," Hanji interjected. "I mean, how could this even happen? Our loop... should be stable enough?"

Arwin grumbled something inaudible, but the glances that Arwin got spurned the strategist to speak. "Well, our loop is... or at least we thought was, highly unstable. It used to be that any action we took

that could disrupt the timeline majorly would cause a loop crash. Holding off Zhiganshina's fall, inventing electricity, killing the Titan Shifters, eradicating polio: back then, anything could crash the loop. After a while though, Hannes started looping, and things settled down a little."

Arwin grinned sheepishly. "I honestly thought that was behind us."

The quartet quietly meandered towards Eiken High School in varying degrees of silence and embarrassment. Finally, Elen piped up. "So... where's Mikasa. I mean, if we're all here, then Mikasa-"

At that moment, a boy ran full tilt into Elen. "Oh crap. I'm sorry, I'm-" The clearly asiatic boy stopped as he recognized the person he had run into. "...Eren?"

"Mikasa," Elen guessed. For a moment, they sat there, Mikasa straddling Elen. "Mikasa, could you please take your hands off my breasts?"

Mikasa gulped and stood up, blushing intently. "I'm... I'm sorry Eren."

"Elen," she corrected. "Your name change as well?"

"Mikamaru," he said. Mikamaru looked at Jean, Hanji, and Arwin, all sporting improbably large breasts and all women. "This loop is hell, isn't it?"

"It could be worse," Arwin reminded him.

Mikamaru thought it over, and then smiled. "You know what, you're right Armin. I could be the one with the giant breasts." Mikamaru smiled broadly. "Being a guy does have it's perks."

Elen gave Mikasa a visual once over, before chuckling lightly. "Mika-San, you've forgotten the one issue with being the boy."

Mikamaru cocked an eyebrow. "What?"

Elen stepped to the side, revealing several dozen girls staring at Mikasa. "You're the one with the harem!"

For a moment, all four loopers who were not Eren stared at the girls staring at Mikamaru. Mika summed it up best. "Oh fuck me..."

"Yes!" several women shouted.

11.16

Inside of *The Carla's* medical bay, Hanji hefted the giant executioners axe over a tied down and almost topless Mikasa. "Alright sweety. This won't hurt a bit." Hanji swung the axe back over her head...

And then Armin walked into the room. Armin took one look at his surrogate sister, strapped to a gurney wearing shorts and a sarashi, and at the mad scientist currently ready to bisect said sister. Armin glared at Hanji. " ***What are you doing?*** "

Hanji gaped at first, then her eyes rolled back in their sockets, her skin turned paste white, her glasses cracked, and she pitched backwards and fainted. Armin clicked his tongue at the suitably terrified Hanji, and looked at Mikasa. "Would you mind telling me what's happening?"

Mikasa nodded down at her abs. "You ever hear the phrase 'rock hard abs'? We're testing the metaphor."

Armin raised an eyebrow and chuckled in bemusement. "So that's what's happening. Anyway I can help?"

Mikasa gestured with her head at the unconscious Hanji. "That axe has a dynamometer. Would you mind striking my abdominals with it?"

"I wouldn't mind at all," Armin said. Stepping around Mikasa's gurney, he pulled the axe from Hanji's unconscious grip. With a flourish, Armin hefted the axe over his head and brought it down on Mikasa's abdomen, striking dead center between two muscle groups.

The axe head cracked in two. Mikasa's abs were unmarked.

For a moment, Armin and Mikasa stared at the ruined axe. "Well... there goes that axe."

11.17

Inside a forest within Wall Rose, Sasha smiled at Marco. "Hey, your ghost powers let you possess people right?"

Marco flipped down from the tree he had been climbing and nodded. "Yeah. Why?"

"Can you possess inanimate objects?"

Marco pursed his lips. "I don't... think so."

Sasha pulled a broom from her pocket and tossed it at Marco. "Can you make that look like it's moving on it's own?"

Marco turned invisible, and swung the broom around. If you couldn't see ghosts, then it would have looked like the broom was moving of it's own accord. "Well, I'm a poltergeist now. Oh..." Marco faded back into the visible spectrum. "You want to prank somebody, right?"

Sasha giggled. "Invisible, and a mind reader. You're perfect for this."

Several days later, Levi was cleaning a room when suddenly...

"NOTICE ME SENPAI!" a broom appeared in front of him and screamed at him.

Levi leapt into the air, dissolved into a swarm of bats, and shot across the room. "WHAT THE HELL!"

The broom collapsed. Levi growled and looked around. "Alright, who the fuck did that?"

In the broom closet, Sasha and Marco suppressed snickers. Sasha handed Marco a box of detergent and softener. "Let's see how he likes that."

In the next room, Levi took exactly one look at the detergent and softener that were dueling for his affections, and decided to go on a long vacation to the Netherlands. He was done with this shit.

As he flew off, both Marco and Sasha sighed. Messing with Levi was so much fun! But now he was gone...

Who would they mess with next?

There was an advantage to being a stealth looper. You didn't need to worry about coming up with original jokes, so long as your audience had never heard them before.

Keith Shadis shouted at Jean. "WHAT ARE YOU, A MAN OR A MOUSE?"

Jean neighed at Shadis.

11.19

The pub was a rundown shack filled with too many cobwebs and not enough beer. The floors creaked for no reason, the barstools wouldn't wobble until you sat on them, and the less said about the rats, the better.

Hence why a man with a scraggly beard, orange glasses that needed constant adjustment, and the title of "Most Despised Looper" was sitting at the bar, drinking the piss poor beer and moping. Every few minutes his tankard was drained and he would call for another one. Every now and again the calls for more beer carried the additional call for some food to dilute the alcohol. Sometimes he even asked for a cup of milk.

It was late into the night, or perhaps just into the morning, when the man was granted a companion at the bar; a sober looking woman with obviously too much on her shoulders, and not enough beer in her belly. As was his custom, the man remained silent, continuing his mission to empty the bar of its beer supply. His crusade against the pub's beer barrels soon gained a new ally as the woman ordered her own tankard of strong ale.

The man returned to his plate and tankard and did not resurface for several minutes, consuming the alcoholic beverage with a passion that either hinted at a severe pain in his recent past, or a severe hatred for his liver. As the tankard emptied again, he called for another, and began the cycle again. The waiter fetched a fresh tankard and filled it with the frothy beverage and set it in front of the man, who began to drink it almost immediately.

It was as the man had finished his plate of food that he noticed that the woman who had arrived had consumed a near equal portion of beer, but had forgone the food. Sensing her immediate future as being one that ended with her in a ditch, and sufficiently drunk enough to escape his inhibitions for a moment, he spoke to her. "Glurrrhh."

The woman dutifully ignored the obviously drunk man and went back to drinking her beer. The man winced and accelerated his metabolism, burning the alcohol from his system with a ferocity typically reserved for Barry Allen. "A woman drink like that, and she don't eat, she is going to die."

The woman rolled her eyes behind her drink. "Sure thing sheriff. Like that'll matter."

The man gulped down his own drink. "I figured it was a good reference. Seemed applicable."

"It only works if your name is Bart, or you're a sheriff," the woman said. After a moment though, her face softened a little bit. "Oh what the hell, it was a great movie anyway. You like Mel Brooks?"

"He always gets the best worlds to film. I actually met Bart and Jim once... they nearly shot me." The man gulped down some more beer. "I ran away, and then they shot me in the ass."

"Tough luck." The woman stated. Her tankard reached her lips, but for some reason she didn't drink. After a moment she set her beer down and gave her drinking buddy a long, hard appraisal. "You... I know you. I just know I know you."

The man looked at the woman head on, assessing her himself. Her face was surprisingly soft, with only a few lines from age. She had wide, dark brown eyes, almost chestnut in color. Her black hair was frayed and splitting at the ends, and tied in a plait that fell on to her shoulder. In short, she was a face in the crowd, indistinguishable from many other people.

It irked the man.

The woman suddenly snapped her fingers as her mind fell on the answer. "Van Hohenheim, Edward Elric's father."

The man allowed a moment to pass before he lost control of his expression, his face crinkling into a grin for just a second before being shoved back down. "Close, but no cigar. In a matter of fact, myself and Van Hohenheim were thinking about starting a band with another guy once he started looping. We figured we would call it the "Aloof Dads", or something."

The woman allowed a smile to slip slyly on to her face. "Really now? Well I guess you'll need all the time you can get, because you need to work on that name."

The man shrugged. "We tried, didn't we?"

The smile faded, almost coming apart as the memories the woman carried reasserted themselves. "Yeah... I guess you did. My husband would have loved to be a part of your band. He's as aloof as this loop gets."

The man cocked an eyebrow. "What's he like?" The though suddenly entered his kind that he may have just asked the absolutely most wrong question. "Ack. I'm sorry, you don't need to answer that."

The woman drank her beer. "My husband left a few weeks ago... and he never comes back. He just leaves me and his children behind. I don't know why he does it."

The man drank his beer. The woman drank her beer. For a few minutes, neither spoke.

"My wife... left me. I don't know why she did it. Apparently, she thought it would be for the greater good, but it isn't: her plan failed, because I messed it up trying to reunite us. And countless people paid the price for my arrogance. At the end of it all, she left me to die. Didn't even attempt to save me. It all came down to our son... and I'm not sure who I would have chosen if it had been me in her position."

"I would do anything for my son. Wouldn't you?"

"...once I wouldn't have been able to answer that. Now I can."

Neither man nor woman spoke for the rest of their time in the bar. They said, ate, and drank until finally, they were full. They paid in full, even tipped generously, and the waiter smiled as the two who had

just paid a full week's worth of coin in a single night left, adding in a heartfelt, "come again soon."

The duo stopped in front of the door, looks of indescribable thought formed on their faces. Finally, the woman spoke. "Just so you know, I believe I've guessed your identity. And I want you to know that I don't care about what you did before you began looping. I wasn't around to deal with it, and meeting you here... It's probably for the best."

The man nodded. "If I may admit something to you, you're the first person who wasn't a pony who has not attacked me after learning my identity. It's..." The man groped for the right word. "Pleasant, I believe." A slight upturn of the corner of the man's lips slipped passed his facade of stoicism. "But despite all of this, I can't quite say with honesty that I know of your identity. Would you be so kind as to enlighten me?"

The woman sighed, but smiled a little. "Carla. My name is Carla Jaeger. These are my local loops."

The man bowed formally, eliciting a laugh from Carla. "Gendo Ikari, of the Eva loops. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"The pleasure is all mine. You're downright famous you know. The "Most Despised Looper That Isn't an MLE". It must be a pretty shitty award, after everything you've been through?"

Gendo raised an eyebrow. "Shinji probably steals the trophy from me then. Doesn't want me getting any ideas."

Carla rolled her eyes. "I guess I should be glad I met you like this. It would have been rather awkward to meet you in your baseline.

"That is true." Gendo admitted solemnly.

For a moment, the widow and widower looked at each other. Carla pointed up the street. "I should probably be off now. My son isn't a big fan of you, and if he catches you talking to me, well... he'll get

mad and then he'll hulk out, and then everyone's going to get involved and-"

"It'll be a nightmare," Gendo surmised.

Carla nodded. "Yeah... Well Gendo, may you enjoy your travels. Good bye." Carla turned on her heel, and walked away. After a moment, Gendo nodded to himself, and left in the opposite direction.

Carla and Gendo did not cross paths for the rest of the loop. They decided that they may have been lucky to do so.

A/N: Well, another compilation, some more reactions.

11.1: An introduction to a true rarity: a looping parent!

11.2: Monster Mash!

11.3: Marco truly is a good man.

11.4: A travelling looper rolls through. This originally revealed that Reiner was looping as well.

11.5: Eren, plus something hallucinogenic, equals *happiness!*

11.6: Ebony causes dementia.

11.7: Just me show casing pairings and friendships between the loopers.

11.8: The irony is that Ganesha is also the Homestuck admin.

11.9: Gargoyles. The Wall cult don't like em.

11.10: Well who doesn't like pizza?

11.11: Mikasa can block things with pure badassery.

11.12: Armor is cool. Can't deny that.

11.13: One of the few times Ymir is alone.

11.14: Evil can be anywhere… especially here.

11.15: Jean did it!

11.16: What did I say about blocking things with Badassery? It's really abs.

11.17: Marco and Sasha: pranking masters!

11.18: And Keith gets in on the jokes as well.

11.19: And welcome Gendo Ikari, meeting a woman who actually doesn't want to kill him or screw him.

Basking in the Sun: Part 2

Attack on Titan, Infinite Loops

Chapter 12

A/N: Does anyone here want to see some new character interactions? Yes? You do? Good! Here's a whole new chapter of the AoT Loops for you!

12.1 Shimmer712

"So, you're possessed by demons?" Armin questioned.

"No, I just hijack their powers," Eren corrected. "And Mikasa summons swords. Magic swords. And a lot of them."

"I also summon armors," the female member of the trio added. "I like the one the lets me fly a little bit even if it is a bit skimpy."

"What about you?" Eren asked. "Me and Mikasa are in the same Guild but you've been with this Lamia Scale people instead of Fairy Tail. What magic did you get?"

"Sky God Slayer Magic," Armin answered. "It basically lets me summon gust of wind and self-heal. I dunno if it will let me regenerate lost limbs like your shifter ability does, though."

"Cool!" Eren chirped. Then paused. "Wait, is Mikasa the only one without a healing factor now?"

"It would seem so," the girl answered.

"Do you guys know who the last ping was?" Armin asked. "There were four, we account for three so who's the last?"

Eren grinned. "Remember how Mom started looping and replaced that water lady from the loop with alchemy and stuff?" Armin remembered. He especially remembered Eren's ecstatic reaction that discovery, since it consisted to Carla not being killed for once.

"So it's your Mom?" Armin asked. "Who is she looping as?"

"A water mage, who is also made of water," Eren said happily. "And she has some serious power at her disposal! She sliced through a boulder!"

"So she can probably kill any titans that try to eat her in the future," Mikasa nodded, a faint smile on her lips. The girl had hated seeing her adopted mother killed so many times and she was pleased that she was looping now.

"Do you think she'll try to drown your Dad again?" Armin asked.

"Given how she reacted afterwards, probably not."

Carla had not been happy to learn of what her husband had done to their son and given that anything she did would be undone when the loop reset… she had expressed that fury. She had been distraught at the fact she had killed Grisha afterwards. But she was still upset over the fact he had turned Eren into a Shifter without even explaining why.

"So where have you been the past seven years?" Armin asked. "Shouldn't you be older now?"

"We were in some sort of time bubble, apparently," Mikasa said. "So basically, we time-travelled to the future and can't go back without creating a paradox. Or something like that."

"But we're going kick ass at the Grand Magic Games," Eren added.

Armin smiled and wondered if his in-loop cousin would let him join Fairy Tail so he could be with his friends, despite the apparent age

difference

12.2 Crossoverpairinglove

An army of furry, bird eyed and beaked, pointed ear critters were gathered beyond the wall.

Levi eyed them with some distaste. "Great, more rodents. And I thought the Lemmings were bad."

"No...those aren't Lemmings," Armin stated with some level of horror. "Those are..."

"FURBIES!"

Hanji screamed in delight as she sped right over the wall, literally jumping over it like she was a Kryptonian, landing in the middle of them all.

"Ew...she's touching them," Levi looked ill at the sight he was seeing.

12.3 Shimmer712

"Armin? Why are we in a bunch of tree houses?" Eren asked. Sure enough, the Shinganshina loops were in a treetop town, with wooden platforms and pathways.

"Apparently in this loop, instead of hiding behind walls, humanity decided to move out of the titans reach by building towns up in trees," The blond answered.

"…But I can see Wall Maria," Carla said, Eren and Mikasa nodding in agreement.

"Crops," Hans muttered.

"…Good point," Carla said.

"Can't have farms in trees," Eren agreed. Then paused. "…Can you?"

"…It may occur in a loop…somehow," Mikasa murmured as the loops paused to imagine a farm up in a tree.

"Well, look on the bright side," Carla remarked. "The death toll when the Wall comes down will be much lower, with most people too high for the titans to reach."

"The initial death toll, yeah, but I doubt there's a treetop path that goes all the way to Rose, people will probably be eaten on the way, and let's not forget the loss of the farms and supplies in Maria," Hans reminded her. "And the culling, where a bunch of people are sent to their deaths under the guise of attempting to reclaim Wall Maria."

Carla stared at him. "…Well, that's a downer."

"…Sorry 'bout that."

"I wonder what other variations this loops will have," Armin mused.

Eren shrugged. Mikasa suddenly smirked.

"What is it?" Eren asked her.

"You have pointy ears in your titan form and you live in tree village," she pointed out. "What does that remind you of?"

"…If Jean makes an elf crack, I'm punching him…" Eren muttered.

12.4

Shiganshina was falling, people were dying, and Carla was Awake. Gathering herself, Carla liquified and stepped out of the rubble of her home, and made a beeline for the river that ran through Shiganshina. At the water's edge, she leapt in.

Inside the fast flowing water, Carla expanded her consciousness, enveloping the fluid, folding it into her form. Like a living tidal wave, the form of Carla erupted from the river, cold water burning with her electric determination.

The giantess stepped into the street, the weight cracking pavement. That she had basically weaponized a 'Your Mom' joke was a fact ignored by Carla. The crystal clear water sparkled in the setting sun, casting a wavering shadow. The townsfolk, terrified of this watery Titan, spread away from her, cowering in the shadows, praying to the walls that she didn't notice them.

Carla marched through the streets, a prowling beast, searching for the monsters that had killed her once and would never lay a finger on her children ever again. Scouring the streets, the Homunculus turned Human was armed and ready. At the sight of a Titan, she would retaliate, years, decades, even centuries of power lashing out to stop those that would bring harm to her family.

After an hour of fruitless searching, Carla ran into a Titanized and armored Eren. Apparently, he'd been bored, so he had sealed the gates and was using a four-meter class Titan to play tennis with Mikasa.

Carla was... Displeased.

12.5

"Hey Eren."

Eren, having just gotten home from the office, looked up from his newspaper and spaghetti he was having for dinner. Mikasa was standing in the doorway. "Oh hey Mikasa. How's the new loop treating you?"

"Well I wish you weren't married to Annie," Mikasa said with no small amount of poison in her voice. Eren's indifference didn't faze her though. "How's your life going? Enjoying Sea Haven?"

Eren shrugged. "Seriously, I need to get out of here. That's the weird thing though. Every time I'be tried something, I'm blocked at every turn. It's like they don't want me to leave."

Mikasa nodded sagely. "Oh, they don't. Your life is really a TV show produced by Erwin and broadcast to millions, even billions, around the world. Everyone, especially Annie, are actors, myself included."

Eren opened his mouth, glanced at Mikasa, and closed it. Mikasa pointed at a lightbulb. Eren looked at the bulb and glared at it. With a 'crack', Eren and Mikasa apparated away, literally vanishing into thin air on live Television.

Annie ran into the kitchen at that moment and stared at the empty seats. She turned to the camera, silent and stunned. "...They're gone."

Up in the control room, Erwin, and his late crew of Reiner, Bertolt, and Keith, stared at the screen. Erwin stuttered loudly and shouted. "Cut transmission." He bolted to the control panel and hit the emergency severance button. The show stopped dead.

Annie clicked her lips, and wondered if this meant she would out of the job...

...And to think, in case they couldn't see them...Good Afternoon, Good Evening, and Good Night.

12.6 Crossoverpairinglover

Sasha was focused exclusively on the body of water before her.

It was sort of weird.

"Hey Potato Girl!" Ymir, currently in a one piece black swimsuit, yelled out to the normally hunter type flesh lover. "What's with the fishing gear, hungry?"

"No...I'm fishing for monsters." Sasha told the Titan Shifter curtly. "We have Wels Catfish here, and I'm not sure if that is abnormal or not. I want to be sure they aren't too big. They are maneaters Ymir...Maneaters".

"Well, I'm a woman, so I should be fine," Ymir joked "And really, a Catfish? What could a Catfish possibly do?"

Then the line bobbled.

An epic struggle later, a very frantic Ymir was trying to convince Historia that you should not go into the water.

Meanwhile, Levi was swimming in the water when he felt something large, heavy, and almost sandpapery grab him around the ankle...

12.7

"Hey Marco!" Ymir called out one fine morning in Trost. "How's the loop going?"

Marco looked at his dreaming friend. "Uh... could be better I guess. I can get food, I have a decent place to sleep, and I'm one of the Titan Shifters."

Ymir stopped in her tracks. "Oh..."

It was barely a few weeks after the fall of Wall Maria. Refugees had flooded the territory encompassed by Wall Rose, but the gradual depletion of supplies was at the back of everyone's minds. Riots would break out in the next few months as the food ran out and winter set in. Eventually the government would announce a "plan" to take back Wall Maria, an act that was in reality a cull. Of the two hundred and fifty thousand people marching into the territory, barely one hundred would return.

It was a monstrous act, but for almost a million souls, it was a supposedly necessary one. In time, most of the loopers of the walled world had developed countermeasures to delay or prevent this, which primarily involved introducing new farming techniques, setting up their own distribution networks, riding out the winter with the food stored in their subspace pockets, and hoping for the best. These were plans that Eren, Armin and Mikasa had already put into practice, leaving Marco and Ymir to their own devices.

Ymir had, over the few thousand loops she'd dreamed in, gotten used to bunking with one of the other loopers, usually Jean or Sasha, and occasionally Connie. Since none of them were Awake, Ymir had planned to room with Marco. That plan had been blown out of the water once Marco had said the words "Titan Shifter."

Marco himself usually had a home to go to. He had family, a loving mother and father and occasionally siblings (the composition of his family tree was, like Ymir's past, Eren's last name, or Hange's gender, one of the great variables of the loops). Marco was usually had a safe bet for a good home. But then again, he usually wasn't a spy intent on murdering humanity.

"That's tough buddy," Ymir admitted to Marco as they lounged on a rooftop in Trost. Marco swirled the beer he had kept in his pocket, a light agreement. "I mean, a Titan Shifter? That's one thing. One of the Mountain Shifters is just something else man."

"Yeah, I know." Marco sipped his beer. "Just... really bad luck."

Ymir shrugged, her laying posture only moderately affecting the action. "Just one of those loops. Personally, I suggest you try and get Bert, Reiner, maybe Annie to jump sides. Ya might be able to avoid Trost's siege."

"I can't do that. They're-"

"That's a fucking lie Marco, and you know it." Ymir sat up, glaring at her friend. "You have a blank history, and no obligations. If you have the will to do it, you can do it." Ymir hocked her thumb at herself. "Look at me. This loop, my grandmother reverse engineered Titans from my dad's DNA, and created the Titanization formula from it. The entire world wants me dead because she created the Titans. Do I let that stop me? No, I don't." Ymir pointed at Marco. "And neither should you."

Ymir looked out at Trost, the sprawling wall district bustling with precious, fragile life. "You've got your second chance. Use it."

Marco blankly stared at Ymir. He looked at Trost, seeing countless happy lives. Lives that he, Annie, Reiner and Bertolt would ruin if he stuck to the plan. Marco looked down, unable to see what was right in front of him for guilt. "You must have spent a long time thinking that up."

"...Yeah. Historia worked on it with me," Ymir admitted.

"Cool. Hard to believe that ole Christa was... well, is a princess. Right?"

"Yeah, pretty freaky. Real freaky, in fact." Ymir looked at Marco, who was still staring at his knees.

"You tracked her down right? Because you both had people who thought they would be happier if you were dead? Because everyone hated you, and thought you deserved it?" Marco asked.

"Yeah. We did. But I made a fresh start," Ymir muttered. Suddenly, a torrent of fury broke across her face. "You don't want to break from the plan do you! You'll gonna kill everyone anyway!"

Marco looked at Ymir, his eyes full of painful indecision. Ymir stared back at Marco, her own anger slowly fading. Understanding graced her thoughts. "Alright... why can't you just give up?"

Marco was on the edge of tears. "My parents. They have them. They have my mom and dad, and Bertolt's, and Reiner's, and Annie's dad. If we don't do this... if we don't kill humanity, and find the Beast Titan, and the Coordinate, they'll all die." Marco cradled his head. "Damn... DAMN DAMN DAMN!"

Ymir sat down slowly. "I guess... I agree with you there. This is one damned loop."

Quietly, Ymir and Marco stared out over Trost. The bustling city had no idea that some of it's greatest foes walked amongst them. They merely struggled for their own survival.

Above the noise, Marco asked Ymir a question. "Do you think... that they'll hate me? If I run?"

Ymir nodded slowly. "People hate it when things don't go to plan. Someone drops a vase on your foot, you can get angry at them. Is it wrong to kill these people? Yes. Is it wrong to want to protect your family? No. But do a million lives outweigh a handful? No, they don't."

Ymir gently placed her hand on Marco's shoulder. "So figure it out Marco: what are you going to do? Kill these people, or let them kill your family?"

Marco's eyes bored into Ymir's. "You know that the Titan's are human beings, trapped in nightmares. You want them to live on. You don't want to kill them. But you'll kill them to protect Historia. You'll kill soldiers to save her, Titan's, anyone who threatens her. Even people

who think they're doing the right thing. So what right do you have to tell me what's right and wrong?"

Ymir sipped her beer. "Do as I say Marcy boy... not as I do."

And on that note of hypocrisy, Marco phased away, vanishing into the air as the ghost he was. Ymir lightly raised her bottle in toast to him. "To the strong... and what they decree to be right."

Trost District, as it always was following the attempt to retake Wall Maria, was a terrible place to be. It was rampant with crime, riddled by the abandoned, and infected with fear. The fear that had been long forgotten. A fear of the Titans.

It was a fear that Carla had overcome long ago. A few Null loops where her powers and pocket had been sealed, and thus, she had been eaten by the smiling Titan, had done that for her. As such, Carla Jaeger was a rarity in this world: a person who was truly unafraid. Only a handful of others existed alongside her.

Besides, Carla was dead! What did she have to fear?

With the immortality of the loops though, Carla had learned. She had grown. Her wisdom, once merely confined to a single lifetime, now spanned centuries, seemingly limitless. Carla knew so much now, could see and understand so much more.

Mikasa returned to the inn that they were staying at, until they could find an apartment. "Hi mom," she said, smiling slightly. Carla smiled back. Mikasa's may not have been her daughter by birth, but she had always seen Carla as a mother. Seeing that reflected after all this time was a beautiful thing. "Mom, do you know where Armin is?"

Carla raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong Mikasa? Is something the matter?"

Mikasa shook her head. "I just need some advice for my sword styles. He'll know what'll work with my skill set, probably better than me," she joked lightly.

Carla deflated. "Oh, well. I believe that Armin went out earlier this afternoon. Something about a sale on bread?"

Mikasa paled considerably. "I should go now. I'll be back later mom!" Mikasa was already out the door when she finished her line. Carla leaned out, but too late. Mikasa was off.

Carla felt... ignored.

12.9

'Eren, why did you become a doctor?'

Armin clenched his fist. "I just... It's just been feeling tingly all loop. It's like my arm's asleep, or it's on pins and needles." Armin rubbed his left arm, wincing. "What's wrong doc?"

Eren glanced over Armin's arm, his Byakugan straining the veins of his eyes. "Hmm... well, I'll need to take some blood to see your glucose levels. Persistent paraesthesia is one of the symptoms of diabetes." Eren smiled lightly at Armin. "Not that there's a problem with too much glucose in the blood here."

Armin stared flatly at his doctor. "Sorry Armin. Medical humor... right. Well, from what I can see now with your chakra pathways, I'd hazard to say you're suffering from a compressed ulnar nerve."

Eren made a few hand signs and pressed healing chakra to Armin's arm. "It shouldn't be a major issue for now, but I'll do your blood work to see if it is diabetes."

Armin twisted his arm, and once Eren removed his hands, flexed. "God... that feels good. Think you got it Eren."

Eren grabbed a clipboard and noted when Armin had come in, his symptoms, and what he needed to do for him. "I'll call you back if your blood shows something important. Just come back to me if your arm starts tingling again."

"Sure thing."

Mikasa lay on the recliner, her mouth open as Eren gently picked at her teeth. "Ah dadn't know ya were a dantust."

Eren pulled the brass scraping hook away from Mikasa's teeth. "What was that Mikasa?"

"I didn't know you were a dentist."

Eren shrugged. "It's something I picked up. Diagnostics, medication, pediatrics, radiology, cardiology, gynecology, hematology, and of course, surgery."

"That masters in surgery was quite an achievement," Mikasa admitted.

"Thank you," Eren said. "Now, stay still and stop talking. You need to really get into the habit of flossing your teeth."

"Doctor... give it too me straight. How long do I have?"

"Sir... your diagnosis is grave. You have... Stage nine Animes."

The ultra-deformed anime style Hannes stared in mild disbelief at the fairly realistic Eren. "...what?"

Eren turned away from Hannes and spoke in a grim tone. "Your desu has advanced too far. **You have less than a week to live.** "

Hannes cocked an eyebrow and wondered if Eren was being serious.

Five weeks later, Hannes learned Eren had been deadly serious.

Then he dissolved into pure Anime.

Jean lifted his head up from the pillow and looked at Eren. Eren was performing open heart surgery on him... with a local anesthetic. Eren was currently prodding his heart. "Are you sure you're supposed to be poking it like that?"

Eren pulled down his hygiene mask. "Who's the doctor here?"

Then Jean's heart sprung a leak.

Eren glanced over the paper, 'hmm'ing and 'ah'ing every few seconds. "Yes, well. It seems that your dietary needs are not being fully met. Your cholesterol is fine, but your triglyceride levels are far too high. I suggest a strict vegan diet for the rest of the loop if you want to avoid heart disease."

Sasha wept.

Eren pursed his lips and grumbled as Connie tried to make him take his money. "Connie, for the last time I can't make you permanently bald! I'm a doctor, not a meta-physicist."

"Come on Eren!" Connie nearly shouted. "You have know someone."

Eren's visage darkened. "Connie, the only person whom I know is able to get effects to carry across loops is Sakura Haruno, and she is a lunatic."

"...Isn't she undergoing therapy?" Connie asked.

"I can't make you permanently bald Connie, and that's final."

Levi stared at Hange and Eren in mild confusion. "...Why?"

Hange shrugged hi-her shoulders. Levi would have a hard time getting used to that. "What can I say? I'm just in the wrong sort of body this loop."

"Zoe's hormones were out of whack this iteration," Eren clarified. "They would have been perfect for a female body, but they were causing harm to her male body. I'm going to have her on a hormone regiment for the rest of the loop, but the reassignment surgery was a great success, so at least physically, Hange's got the right equipment now."

Hange flashed the peace sign. "It's a new me."

Levi sipped his blood beer. "That's not what I'm asking shit-glasses. I'm asking why you didn't tell me."

Hange blinked. "I thought it was obvious. Oluo knew, Gunther, Petra, Erwin, Mike, Nanaba... Oh, by the way Eren, Nanaba asked me to refer him to you, alright."

Eren pulled a pin and check sheet out of his coat. "Duly noted."

Eren gently pulled the white linen sheet across Levi's body. Next to the bed, Levi Squad was in tears. "I'm sorry... we lost him. He's dead."

Levi pulled the sheet off of his face. "I'm not dead you dipshit. You know that."

Eren chuckled as Levi squad stared at their resurrected leader, Oluo going as far as to faint. "Man, this never gets old."

"Prick," Levi muttered.

Eren shook his head in silent amazement from his seat at his computer. "I just can't believe what I'm seeing Historia. Your neurology is stunning."

"Does that mean I can get out of this thing?" Historia called from inside *The Carla's* MRI.

"No."

Eren sat down in front of his patient, his customary clipboard out. Eren lightly smiled at the unfortunate soul. "So, after doing extensive tests, comparing your previous blood work to this current set, examining your hormonal and testosterone levels, and several other tests that are, frankly, beyond you, I have come to a conclusion."

Eren pointed at his clipboard, sardonically cheerful. "You have erectile dysfunction."

Eren's patient stared at him. "...Fuck you."

"That won't be easy."

"Screw off."

"Less so."

"Errrrr..." Eren's patient stood up, marched out of the room, and slammed the door. Eren chuckled lightly.

After a moment, Ymir opened the door and peered in. "Hey, Eren. What's Marco's deal? What did you do to piss off him?"

Eren smiled slightly. "Doctor-patient confidentiality. I'm not answering that."

Carla glanced around Eren's private infirmary on The Carla. "Wow. So... clean."

"A spotless workplace is a healthy workplace," Eren intoned as he inventoried scalpels. "Everything's cleaned daily, to provide a near completely bacteria free environment for operation and intensive disease treatment. I'm usually the only person allowed in here when nothing important is happening." Eren scribbled down a note to make a new scalpel. "The only time anyone should be allowed in here is when they're in serious danger of dying."

Carla nodded at Eren's logic. "Then I guess this is quite the honor."

"You have no idea," Eren said, putting away the scalpel ensemble. "But in a sense, it's fitting. You and dad are the reason I became a doctor."

"We... We are?" Carla's eyebrows raised. "You learned how to do this because of us?"

Eren smiled a little, but the wash of pain that covered his face warped it into a smirk. "Back, in the days before we had a large number of loopers, I figured that... well, the pertinent fact was that I learned all I could about medicine so I could try and..." Eren blushed a little bit. "Well, to save your life."

Carla opened her mouth, before closing it. She looked all around the room, tears slowly coalescing on the edges of her eyes. Before Eren could react, his mother had seized him and dragged him into a close bear hug.

For a moment, Eren and Carla stood there. Carla was smiling softly. "You've grown... so much Eren. I'm sorry I couldn't be there to see it."

Eren returned the hug. "You're here now. That's what matters."

'I became a doctor so people could see their loved ones smile again.'

12.10 Crossoverpairinglover

The Walls Moved.

As it were, Sasha had noticed over the course of many hunting trips beyond the walls, and extensive ecological study when out of loop, that this was true.

Roughly 40% of the time the ecosystem seemed to be generally European. The species Sasha encountered, and often ate, included Wisent, Grey Wolf, Tarpan, Aurouch, Wels Catfish and Red Deer.

Another 40% was generally North American. Sasha's study pallet, and plate, included White-Tailed Deer, Raccoon, Turkey, Mountain Lion, Black Bear, Passenger Pigeon, Wood Bison and Atlantic Salmon.

20% of the time they were in environments that did not seem right baseline wise, the loops where the outside of the walls were Savannah or Rainforest filled with Gazelle, Tapir, or Kangaroo did not match up to what Armin described of the original timeline.

Then of course the question of the potato was raised. Why did she get the chance to eat something that originated from the Andes Mountains?

Also, the tendency of the Northern walls to be colder than the southern one suggested a Northern Hemisphere location, as opposed to the Southern Hemisphere where the potatoes originated from. Assuming, of course, the directions hadn't been messed up and south was not in fact north and north was really south, but that tended to lead to all sorts of painfully unanswerable questions.

The Potato was of great curiosity. Answering that question could unlock the mysteries of their world.

There were always more questions, of course.

Like what had left the large gnashes in Wall Maria.

As if from claws.

Very big claws.

"Oh god, there is a Claw Titan!" Connie yelled in fear.

Mikasa shook her head. "There are no Claw Titans Connie."

"If Titans had claws, they would have scaled the walls and devoured us all," Levi pointed out.

"Well, a cat didn't mark its territory here!" Connie insisted as Sasha, having been silent up to this point, moved to observe the slash marks.

"Hmm..." moving her fingers up and down the claw marks, Sasha was herself curious. "Hmmm...Marco!"

The part ghost, currently listening for any meandering Titans nearby, quickly stiffened "Y...Yes!?"

"You're coming with me!" Sasha declared as she formed a hand seal. From a burst of smoke came a second Sasha, who bolted towards the entrance from whence they came.

"Where?" Marco managed to ask as Sasha gave him a grin that would not have looked out of place on Haruhi.

"We're going on a hunting trip with a side of exploration. We're going to find what made these claw marks, and study it! We leave as soon as my clone gets the necessary supplies."

Marco gulped, not sure if he wanted to go with her, and nervously looked towards Levi.

Levi was of no aide to him though.

"Sasha's log, day 4. I have managed to determine that the environment we are in appears to be that of a South American Forest. The fact I had Chinchilla and Guinea Pig last night suggests we are currently in the western half of the continent, though I question why we have not encountered any deserts or mountain ranges..."

"Why are you narrating?" Marco, who was currently floating up a tree trying to avoid a white faced black bear, demanded.

"I am using a tape recorder for recording what we find. Hey, why are you up that tree in the first place? That's a Spectacled Bear, it is perfectly harmless if you are not a mountain Tapir or a Llama. Are you a Llama?"

To prove her point Sasha was standing not 15 feet from the bear, currently sniffing the trunk of Marco's tree.

Marco grumbled something about looping Llamas, but reluctantly floated down. The Bear darted off before he returned to the ground.

Marco gestured to the bear, but Sasha shook her head.

"If that was a Short-Faced Bear, perhaps it could have left those claw marks," Sasha explained "But this is not the right place for them. No...we need to look for something else. Probably bigger...yep, bigger"

"Wonderful..." Marco muttered to himself. That was all he needed, something bigger than a bear.

There was a river before them.

Day 5, and their progress was halted by a river that could have had Trost plopped right in the middle of it without going over the river edges.

Sasha was eyeing the river with suspicion.

"Let me guess, you're considering if there are giant crayfish who could have slashed the wall?" Marco joked.

"No, the oxygen levels in the air would not support a large enough crustacean," Sasha mentioned off-handily. "However, this would be the place to wait for anything around here to come and drink. We should find the predator by playing the waiting game."

The hunter often had to set up ambushes in locations animals frequent, and watering holes were very good places to wait. Plus there were game trails leading down to the water's edge: she could see plenty of bird, deer, and even bear track without even looking too closely.

"Okay Marco...make sure there aren't any Titans wandering about...I have to set up the High Hide"

"The… what?"

The High Hide turned out to be a metallic tower, as tall as a tree, set off to the side of the game trail and overlooking the river.

High enough to be safe from most Titans that were not shifters, stable enough not to fall, and recently given modifications to repel mosquitoes and other bothersome insects, this modified creation of Jack Thorne's original design (modified to be properly Raptor proof) was rather handy for observing a potentially dangerous area Sasha was not really able to move through

It was a better deal than being treed by a pack of Hyena anyway, or having nowhere to go after pissing off an Emu when one was out of ways to kill one.

By Day 6, one of the walls of the High Hide was now decorated with a wall of photos and hand-written notes about what they had seen, and on occasion what they tasted like.

"Hmm, Taruca Deer, Mountain Lion, Spectacled Bear, Mountain Tapir, Rhea..." Sasha reflected. "Hmmm...I feel we need to do a proper investigation of the water itself while we are here. I'm not sure what river this is supposed to be, and would like a profile of what is living in it".

"You know there are Titans around, right?" Marco reminded her as the lumbering sounds of a Titan in the woods nearby. "We can't exactly go fishing. Plus, there are probably Piranhas in there!"

"No there aren't, they are an Amazon species, and most of them eat plants, not flesh," Sasha pointed out as she pulled out a yellow camera out of her pocket. "No, I'm suggesting you go for a little swim in the river with this aquatic camera and film everything you see while intangible. It should be safe, there are no Piranha, I have seen no evidence of Caiman, and there are no Hippopotami on this continent. You should be perfectly safe as long as there are no Bull Sharks".

Sighing, Marco found himself and the camera rendered intangible. "Well I suppose you are right. This river probably is going to be all Salmon and Catfish anyway".

"There are no Salmon in South America," Sasha stated in a serious tone, as if she was Levi going on about order and cleanliness.

In the first twenty minutes underwater, he had recorded several small fish.

Marco, his face rather bored, scanned the water for life, bored out of his mind...

When something appeared in the distant gloom.

Halting his advance, Marco hovered in the water, his camera slowly getting a clearer image of what was approaching them.

The beast swam along the bottom, sizeable claws at the ends of its hands. The beast's fur, as it was fur, was brown but not otterlike. It was more inbetween otter or beaver, and a great shaggy beast. The creature, the size of a Hippo, had the face of a Sloth.

A very big Sloth.

"Houston, we have a Sloth. A large, aquatic Sloth." Marco never though such words would ever come out of his mouth. "Do Sloths normally get this big?"

"...Not anymore," Sasha's voice was distant.

"Hey, this thing has pretty big claws, think it might have been slashing at the wall?"

"...Not that kind of Sloth...but maybe one of these..." Sasha said in awe. Curious, Marco rose back up from the waters depths.

His face emerged from the silty water moments before the Sloth's own head did as well, to the sight of another Sloth.

A much larger, heavily clawed, clearly not-aquatic Sloth. One that looked like it could spar with a Titan.

A Sloth.

A Giant Ground Sloth.

And beyond it...lay a massive herd of armored mammals that looked like supersized Armadillos, big enough to be ridden and with clubbed

tails that resembled cannonballs, meandering to the water's edge for a drink after the Sloth.

"Hey Sasha...is this considered a normal thing in South America?" Marco questioned as he floated back to the bank opposite of the great herd as the Aquatic Sloth submerged once more, turning tangible as his foot hit the mud.

"CAW!"

He then noticed he was sharing the space with what looked to be a Erwin sized bird, with a flesh eating beak and a hungry look in its eyes.

There was only one appropriate thing to say here...

"Not in the face, not in the..."

"CAW!"

12.11 Evilhumour

Sasha nodded her head and closed her eyes, facing at the vast field within her subspace pocket. Slowly, she felt outwards to the earth's shilshadu, encouraging the bloom and growth, reminding it of life and bounty. She moved in fashion to a specialized form of Earth bending, focusing on the aspects of life inside and pulling *them* out instead of the earth itself. Using the magic she learned from Harry Potter himself and the magic from the ponies, she put all she knew into this one act.

After a long period, she stopped, pulling herself back. Sitting down and sweating from all the effort, she looked up to see if she had done it.

The fields were alive with all manners of vegetables, tall and strong. The orchards were standing strong and tall, fruits of all manner hanging in their prime.

With a smile, she knew that she would not have to hungry again for a long time. With a happy grunt, she pushed herself up and began to harvest the fruits of her labour.

Carla slowly flipped through the pages of Hannes' photo book. Hannes had, after running into Carla earlier in the loop, provided her with the book to catch her up on some of the earlier events of the loops. He said that it was the least he could do for her.

The book helped her pass the time: Eren had told her that he and Armin would be going out to track down the Beast Titan. Apparently a recent event in their loop had piqued their interest in it. Mikasa had almost immediately joined up with them, a defense attaché. This had left the loopers of the Walled World to their own devices, and Carla, lacking any real social circle, had taken the book out of her pocket and was reading through it.

Quite a few pictures could be found, documenting different parts and pieces of the loops and the history. Eren, caught mid-transformation into a Titan. A wedding for an Unawake Ymir and Historia that had been ceased by their own Awakening. Mikasa and Armin playing chess. Jean, Sasha and Levi in a three-way battle. Hanji and Armin, after an experiment (and covered in soot because of it). Marco, being welcomed to the group.

Carla came to a stop at a picture of Eren, Armin and Mikasa, all cuddled up on a mattress. The picture was accredited to Hannes. Carla groaned and set the book aside, dropping her head into her hands.

Her children had lived long, full lives, lives that weren't even close to over. They'd seen the world, grown in ways she couldn't have possibly imagined. She would have never thought that Mikasa would

be so incredibly strong, or that Eren would one day become a doctor. They had grown up and learned to defend themselves.

And Carla... hadn't been there. She hadn't been there to see it, and now they were so far ahead of her, so far into the distance that Carla didn't know if she would ever fully understand her children again.

She had an eternity of chances... And she'd missed her most important chance of all.

12.13 Detective Ethan Redfield

Once upon a time, Sasha had replaced Pinkie Pie. At first, it was really fun, being the premiere party pony for the Equestria. But then, she started to get a familiar sense. Only one, however, the same twitchy left hoof, and it kept happening constantly. Eventually, she figured out what the sense was, and it made her mad.

See, Sugarcube Corner was not Sugarcube corner this loop. No, it was Buttered Potato Corner, serving all manner of potato products to Equestria at large. That wouldn't be so bad, since Sasha enjoyed potatoes. It was even one of her favorite foods. No, the problem originated during her visits to the Abridged Series. The first she visited gave her the nickname Potato Girl when she got caught eating a potato during basic training. It stuck, and Yggdrasil seemed hell bent on forcing the nickname on Sasha every chance it could. And sure enough, the Pinkie Sense she constantly got was when someone called her, "Potato Girl."

Worse, she kept that Pinkie sense and her left hand was shaking right now. She started chuckling as an anti-human squad rifle appeared in her arms. Someone was going to have a very bad day.

12.14 Crossoverpairinglover

Historia blushed as she looked over her 'uniform' this loop.

For some reason her white uniform's pants were instead a questionably lengthened skirt, her undershirt was more a tube top, and her arms were bare.

That, and she seemed more...shapely than normal. Or perhaps it had just been a while since she measured her Bust/Waist/Hip sizes out...

"Hey Historia! Why the hell am I in a freakin' skirt!?"

Ymir was more likely to know them.

"Hanji...any particular reason you are pretending to be male this loop?" Armin observed as the crossdressing female scientist, though this was an open secret in the Scouts, frowned.

"I don't know why this loop decided to make female uniforms so questionable, but I don't want any part of it. I prefer to cover my body more when I am working with questionable substances".

Noticing Mikasa's uneasy fiddling with her 'uniform', Eren reached into his subspace pocket and removed a pair of spare pants (from the 'Eren Hulk' pile), and threw them to her.

She caught them without looking, and smiled thankfully.

"While the 'uniform' rules do say females have to wear skirts, they don't say you can't wear anything under them." Armin explained as Historia took a pair of his pants into a changing room. "The Survey Corps is pretty relaxed about the exacts of the uniforms, so no one should give you trouble. Not without risking Hanji's wrath anyway".

"If I find a single barbecue stain on these..." Levi told Sasha very seriously as he presented a very finely folded pair of pants to her

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"Here...now you owe me 10 bucks," Jean presented Ymir a pair of much desired trousers.

"No, you actually owe me 150 bucks, 80 Credits, 34,000,000 Beri and 2 sickles. Now you just owe me 140 bucks, 80 credits, 34,000,000 Beri, and 2 sickles." Ymir smirked.

"Damn woman..."

12.15 Crossoverpairinglover

"They say that some loops, are haunted by ghosts."

At that comment Connie and Sasha's heads turned rapidly towards Marco, who had joined the two in the looply venture to the Jaeger Basement.

Or, as it was called this loop, C-3PO's bar and diner, which in of itself greatly resembled that of a Dex's Diner in the droid's loop of origin.

The often dead cadet looked anywhere but the duo as the golden droid approached their table, a quartet of drinks held masterfully on his tray.

Yes, quartet, for there was a visiting looper from outer space sitting at their table: a reddish skinned alien female with white and grey headtails.

"Ah, here you go Mistress Ahsoka, Master Marco, Mistress Sasha, and Master Connie, four intergalactic milkshakes. I learned only from the best 9-year old masters of the art during one of my fused loops. Have any of you ever visited Danville?"

At the negative shakes from the native loop trio, the droid jaunted off once more, leaving the trio to alternate between sipping, and staring down the alien female.

"Ghosts? That is ridiculous. Loops don't have ghosts!" Connie insisted. "That defies all logic!"

"So does Pinkie Pie, yet no one says she's a myth," Ahsoka pointed out. "To be honest, I've never seen one of them, but I know quite a few who have. Loopers who appear only briefly, then vanish as if they were never there."

While Connie still didn't seem to believe, and Marco felt uneasy about the topic, Sasha seemed more genuinely interested "So, where do we have to loop to see these 'ghosts?'"

Ahsoka took a long sip of her shake before continuing "So far, I have heard of three worlds where they can be found, but don't get your hopes up. They appear very rarely, or so randomly that you'd have to be very lucky to see them. You'd have more luck in one of the more hubesc earths fishing out that giant serpent they have in Scotland".

Connie looked like he was going to be researching rod and lure varieties in the near future.

"Anyway, the first ghost is in my world. She's a blue haired girl, whose been spotted on trains and near musical locations. Skyguy first saw her while riding a train after a party..."

"Wait, did you just say that Fruit-Hoarding Sith was using Public Transportation!?" Connie sounded aghast at the thought of a looper willingly using that horrible thing.

"Skyguy can't just use Public Transportation, he takes the Automated Rail-lines" Ahsoka said in a comedic take on her master and surrogate brother/parent's fondness for the dramatic. "The second appears in the world of Kirby: a giant clown worm like creatures that tries to bite off people's heads".

"A clown worm?" Marco questioned.

"Giant clown worm," Ahsoka emphasized. "The third is from Shepherd's world. She's a blond with..." Ahsoka seemed to be looking for the right word here. "Characteristics your loop generally lacks".

The trio didn't get it.

"A blond of immense talent?"

Still nothing.

"Huge tracts of land?"

"Like Wall Maria?" Connie suggested as Ahsoka felt a headache come on that was not due to her drink.

"Oh, you mean the one with the large mammary glands, right Mistress Ahsoka?"

The quartet at the table all blushed as the droid wandered over, a collection plate in hand for their finished beverages, leaving the conversation as dead as a ghost.

However, there was another to keep the conversation alive.

"Ghosts you say? Well, I happen to know of a fourth ghost!"

The quartet's heads turned rapidly to the entrance, while the golden droid saw who entered the room, and scampered away to hide in the back hoping he'd go away before he blew something up.

The short figure who approached the table radiated arrogance like a king, power like a god, and attitude like no other.

"Allow me to tell you the tale of the fourth ghost, the one who haunts my loop," Vegeta, Prince of Saiyans spoke. "And I have the memory

immersion powers necessary so I won't have to answer any of your pointless and annoying questions afterwards!"

The quartet did not get a chance to ask what the guy meant before they suddenly began to see the memories of Vegeta.

"HIDEOUS!"

"IT BURNS!"

"I THOUGHT THE COLOSSAL WAS UGLY!"

"I am glad I can't grow body hair," Ahsoka seemed the least disturbed of the four in question. Perhaps she had seen this horror before.

"I appear to have shared the wrong memory. I don't know why no one ever appreciates my mustache. Very well, here is the memory in question."

One Porn-stache of horror aside, found the five loopers in a grand hall. Its' feasting table laden with the best food imaginable, its' walls decorated with grand images of battle and slaughter. The roof was glass, revealing the stars above.

It could only be a Saiyan Palace, if all the muscular men and woman with tails and spiky hair the likes of which could not exist in most humans were of any indication.

The biggest and scariest looking of them all noted the great spread before them.

"Saiyan Warriors!" he shouted as they all tensed, ready for combat "Let, the Feast of Violence, Begin!"

What followed was the most competitive and violent eating contest that any of the non-Saiyans had ever seen.

As the food flew, along with punches, headbutts, energy blasts and kicks, a now hungry Sasha turned to Vegeta "So, where is the ghost? Or are you just being a sadist by making me watch all that delicious food be eaten?!"

"Be patient earthling" Vegeta waved her off, just as a Saiyan was blasted through her see through form by in memory Vegeta, who had what appeared to be a Potato-Leg in his mouth.

Memory-Geta looked ready to devour the Potato-Leg, but the odd yet delicious looking delicacy got speared and yanked away before he could get it fully in his mouth.

The furious looking Vegeta let off a burst of energy that halted the feast, as all eyes turned to the retreating spear and the girl who was now chomping down on it defiantly.

The girl had red hair, and was dressed in red clothing the 104th cadets would probably correlate to the Wall Cult more than anything else so far seen in their loop, or the Jedi Order in Ahsoka's, but not quite. She wasn't cute like Krista/Historia, nor rough looking like Ymir, but instead she came off as something in between the two.

The spear in her hands looked like it could disassemble itself, a weapon design the trio did not see any use for in Titan killing. Ahsoka on the other hand thought it resembled Reiji's Shikai.

A red reflective surface, sort of like a gem, glittered on her chest.

"You dare steal food from a Saiyan Prince, you trash!" Vegeta snarled as energy began to form in his hands. Taking his lead, the other Saiyans began to do so as well. "You will suffer for robbing a Saiyan! DIE!"

Energy blasts shot right at the girl, but not five seconds later she vanished. Not teleported out, not turned invisible, just disappeared.

One moment there, the next like she was never there at all.

The energy blasts continued on and struck the side of the palace.

As the memory faded, the milkshake drinking quartet looked a little uneasy, while Vegeta seemed a bit bothered by his past looping self's behavior.

"There, my loop too has a ghost. The question is, where is she from? But never mind that now...Bartender! Bring me a Milkshake, one made of the Fourth Flavor!"

12.16

Carla quietly nursed a cup of rum, hunched over the Carla's bar, gloomy and depressed. Next to her, Hange gently elbowed her. "Come on Miss Yeager. You'll feel better of you talk about it."

"You do know she won't," Levi cynically said from Hange's other side.

"It'll help us help you," Hannes said levelly. Hannes was the acting bartender that evening (usually the honor either fell to him or Connie), and thus he was in charge of libations to sooth the soul. "If it is Grisha, I want you to know that Grisha only transferred the Coordinate to Eren because he knew that he couldn't protect Eren. He gave Eren a fighting chance, one that saved his life."

Carla tried to nestle herself deeper into the bar and failed. Instead, she spoke. "You don't know that... You don't know what Grisha was doing, or what he was thinking. And I don't care."

"You... don't?" Hange asked.

Carla grumbled; she hadn't wanted to talk this evening. "Grisha and I... we'd had our secrets. Every couple does. I didn't tell him his cooking was terrible, he didn't tell me that I was looking older. We lied because we loved each other and wanted the other to feel good. Him being a Titan shifter... If he did it so I would be safe, then I don't care."

"But he... he turned Eren into a target. He knew about the Coordinate, about the Walls... I don't know what he knew. But that's not the point. Grisha and I... I don't know who he is anymore. And I'm not sure I can trust him if I don't."

Levi sipped his blood beer. "Grisha did it without regrets. He couldn't have known if it was the right choice. But he did it anyway because he thought it was for the best. He choose, and moved forward with his head held high."

"I know. I accepted that long ago. I'm just tired now," Carla said quietly.

Hannes stared at Carla for a moment. "Is it Eren and Mikasa?"

Carla stopped drinking, and set her run aside. "Do you... think I'm a bad mother?"

Hannes, Levi and Hange all flinched. The scientist amongst them hastily put her hand on Carla's shoulder. "No, no, you're a great mom, one of the best. You love you kids, you keep them save, you teach them, you do everything you need to do for them."

Carla whimpered. "No. I don't."

"You don't? Of course you do! You're-" Levi slapped his hand over Hange's mouth, but it was already too late.

Carla sighed. "That's the point Hange. Everyone says that I'm Carla Yeager. You know that I'm supposed to be this perfect parent you loved her children dearly and was taken away from them before my time. Maybe I was like that before all of this. All I wanted to do was settle down and raise Eren and then Mikasa with Grisha. I wanted them to be safe and I wanted to see them grow up and have children of their own. Now... I missed all of that and everything I thought I could be happy with is gone. My husband's not who I thought he was, my children have grown up, and now I stuck inside of a time loop."

Carla looked away from the others. "Everyone says that I'm a perfect mother, and I'm not even sure if I can be a mother at all anymore. I'm proud that Eren and Mikasa have grown up, but there's nothing for me anymore, and everyone keeps telling me that I'm supposed to be... happy, with being a mother when I can't be a mother anymore."

The group was quiet as the Carla drifted through the skies above the territory of Wall Maria. The hum of the engines seemed to engulf them sealing them from the world beyond. Carla and Levi nursed their drink's, Hannes and Hange thought, and silence reigned. Levi, finally, broke it.

"Carla, I'm going to tell you something I've been told before."

"Oh god... it's not that choice with no regrets speech, is it?" Carla deadpanned.

Levi reached around Hange and tapped Carla on the shoulder. "You may not have figured out who you are, and it may take time to do so. Here, you have all the time in the world, and there is nothing except yourself stopping you from trying. You can do whatever you please, and no one has any right to stop you. So get up, and start trying new things." Levi stared Carla dead in the eyes. "You have nothing to fear, by simply trying."

Levi finished his beer, stood up, and left. "That'll be it for me Hannes."

Hange quickly followed Levi. "I think I'll just leave you two alone now."

Hannes cocked an eyebrow. "Okay..." He noticed that Carla was staring at him. "Don't look at me, I don't have the answers."

Carla took her run and swirled it in it's glass. ' *Just change... Can I actually do that? I only ever wanted to be a housewife, but now... Can I really be more than that? Can I change? Do I want to change?* '

' *Where do I go with my life? How can I use this chance? Do I even have a chance? Grisha... can I love you? Why did you do this? Oh... what am I going to do?* '

"Uh, hey, is there anyone in here?"

Carla nearly jumped out of her skin at the voice. "Oh, Connie! I didn't hear you come in."

Connie looked surprised. "Oh, hey Miss- Carla. Hey Carla. Hey, where's Hannes?"

"Oh, he's right..." Carla realized that the far side of the bar was unoccupied. She glanced around in confusion. "He was here a minute ago."

"He kept the bar open this late for you?" Connie said. Carla, having heard the 'late' bit, glanced at the clock.

-1:37 AM.

' *I've been here... four hours.* ' Carla sweat-dropped.

In the background, Connie coughed awkwardly. "So... you want a drink? A new one, that is. That rum must have had ice in it."

Carla sipped her rum (now laced with water and quiet tasteless). "I think I'll be fine Connie. I just needed some time to think." Carla

stood up, shook off her skirt and left the room, leaving Connie to his late night booze run.

' *What am I to do?* ' Carla opened the door to her room on the Carla.
' *I guess I'll figure that out eventually... or make it up as I go along.* '

Carla shut her door, fell into her cot, and slept a fitful sleep.

12.17 Crossoverpairinglover

With a burst of flames, Eren let loose a desperate barrage at the looper who had challenged him to a fight.

This looper had heard about his desire to grow stronger, a desire this looper shared. The looper came from one of the worlds where combat between people was seen as a good way to improve one's strength, the sort of logic that loopers like Goku and Pikachu followed.

It wasn't something that his world generally followed, you didn't really have harsh fights against one another in the Survey Corps to get stronger. It didn't really help you fight Titans, and it was a waste of blades and uniforms.

Eren accepted the looper's challenge, and was losing.

Badly.

With a cackle of blue soul energy, his short and blue haired foe dispersed the flames, smirking as Eren's face became panicked.

"Iron Fist!" The boy shouted as the hand that had been sparking blue began to glow a yellowish orange. The dark dressed, spiky haired foe of his's smirk was now wider. "Iron Fist: Soul Menace!"

The orange fist turned greenish as two looping abilities merged into one, ultimate attack, and the boy vanished from sight.

Eren looked around in a panic, before he felt him reappear...

BAM!

And strike him right in the stomach with that attack.

Eren flew back over a hundred feet, smashing into Wall Maria, which had been the background to their spar, with a sickening crunch.

The wall itself gained a sizeable crumble, as Eren fell in defeat. The blue haired looper smirked.

"You're not half bad kid, but you're not nearly as big a star as I am. You want to become more powerful you told me, you said you wanted to surpass the looping gods? To defeat Goku, Anakin, and Nanoha? Sasuke, Hermione, and Rukia? Even the highest 7 gods of all?" the kid shook a head. "I am not even at my best when Tsubaki isn't with me, and I still bested you. You still have a long way to go, Eren Yaeger."

The boy turned around, non-verbally channeling a stick to him before making it glow.

"The race to become the strongest, you and I both started around the same time. Hell, I may have started after you, but I still beat you today, and I'm not even close to being strong enough to reach my goal. You are even farther from that goal than I am." the boy stated in a rather serious tone.

He then posed in the most overly dramatic, trying too hard to be badass way possible, very much unlike his earlier silliness.

"For you will not defeat the mighty **Black Star** the way you are now!" And with that, the stick teleported the boy away, leaving a defeated nebulous anchor steaming, literally, about his loss.

"You get into fights too much, you know that right?"

Anakin Skywalker was one of the two anchors of the original Star Wars branch, having later been expanded to three anchors after the crash brought the early republic in as its own section. Due to the general, though not universal rule of looper power levels, he was thus tied for the position of strongest looper in the Galaxy Far Far Away.

He occasionally sparred with his son, curious to see who the stronger looper was. So far, the matches had all ended in draws.

As it were, he often worked on training himself when Padme wasn't a part of the loop (still sadly not as a looper), or when he wasn't raising unawake versions of Luke or Leia, or ruling the Galactic Empire. Anakin personally blamed a few too many loops in the Shonen realm for this quirk.

It wasn't just himself who he trained though: he often trained with and outright trained others. Including, once upon a time, a certain arrogant little assassin from the world of Witches, Death Scythes and a Death who sounded like the Puppetverse Dumbledore.

The assassin in question, Black Star, just laughed in an, ' *I am so awesome* ' sort of way, as he often did, a wind blowing by on the distant planet Anakin was residing on this loop.

"Well what can I say, I won't get stronger by training alone. Sometimes you have to put what you learn into practice, and some people are just good for beating the shit out of so you can practice".

"Yeah, I saw you beat Eren Yaeger," Anakin noted the pool of clear water, which shimmered a bit as the two turned to it. "Are you sure you aren't still annoyed at him for that Toonami thing?"

Black Star grumbled something about Eren being a horrible rerunner, but smirked as a thought came to him "Well, I guess you missed me

showing..."

"Oh, I saw that you also challenged Armin and Mikasa as well" Anakin frowned as the pool showed Black Star first trapping Armin in a giant ball of rubberbands and kicking it down a hill. "...Now I admit to missing that while I was giving Ahsoka some advice on combining powers, but why exactly did you trap Armin in a giant ball of rubberbands? He isn't a Megawatt."

"The guy was clever, so I had to restrain him. Plus, I heard he replaced Usopp once, so I thought it would be funny," Black Star chuckled as Anakin gave him a look.

"No, it really isn't. It is funny to put Dio in a giant ball of Rubber Bands, or Palpatine, or Gendo. It is not funny, however, to be putting my friends into giant rubber band balls and kicking them down hills. I think you need to be punished..."

Black Star shivered a bit at the thought of 'punishment'. Punishment in the school of Anakin generally led to something unpleasant, and/or boring. Like being forced to sit through a Senate hearing on taxation, or having to clean Nal Hutta with a toothbrush.

Of course, one could use a rather large toothbrush...

Punishment aside though.

The pool then shimmered once more, showing Black Star and Mikasa exchanging spin kicks that smashed together with enough force to leave cracks in the earth below.

"Now, pray tell why are you fighting her looking like she just ate Tsubaki's soul a la Kishin?" Anakin inquired as he noted the lack of volume the magical pool gave off.

"I heard she defeated Naruto with some half-ass trick, felt she needed to be taken down a peg" Black Star smirked as the pool

vision Mikasa slashed apart his Rider Sword and Star Saber with Van Black.

"Yeah, you're not doing a good job of it" Anakin pointed out as pool Mikasa, holding a struggling pool Black Star with a blue psychic glow. Van Black was to the side, vibrating like crazy as if it had its molecules disoriented.

"Just watch" Black Star insisted, as pool Mikasa began alternating between punching him, and smashing him into a giant earth version of her fist with her Gardevoir powers.

"Yeah, I am watching. She is kicking your ass" Anakin pointed out.

"Not yet! A performance is always best when one waits until the last moment," Black Star insisted, as the psychic field around him shattered just as he was coming into the path of Mikasa's fist.

Her alarm increased further as he placed both his fists against her stomach.

"Soul Menace:" Pool Black Star told her. "Rokuogan!"

A light blue energy surge flew out from Mikasa's back, opposite of where she had been stuck. With a wide open mouth and wide, blank eyes she fell to the ground.

As the pool faded Anakin rose a surprised eyebrow "The ultimate power of the Six Powers fighting style, and Soul Menace? I wasn't sure you could combine those two?"

Using looping tricks in tandem was nothing new: one could easily use the Force to make Hollows fly into the path of your Zanpakto. However, making two powers from a different universe work in tandem with one another was something different all together.

Naruto had pioneered the idea with Rasengan variants, but he had difficulty getting it to go beyond Rasengans with spirit energy or S2

energy initially. However, not long after his first trip to the Land of Fire, Naruto had figured out how to do it without the Rasengan catalyst, creating the first true fusion move.

It was the concept that allowed for his Force Spiral Bomb, and he in turn had taught it to several others in his loop, and a few others who had sought him out for this skill, among them Black Star.

However, even after so many loops, it was still a poorly understood field. Few knew why some powers would just not combine with others. It didn't help Twilight Sparkle and Hermione Granger had no interest in the subject, such research was their specialty.

"What can I say, I'm just that good!" Black Star boasted.

Mikasa looked like she had just ripped a parasitic alien out of her stomach through her throat, again.

Eren looked like he had gotten into a fight with Wall Maria, who won.

Armin was in a giant rubber band ball that had someone rolled its way into the barracks without alarming Shadis, and inside their sleeping quarters.

"So..." Eren, rather frustrated they all lost to the same guy, after hearing all of their recounting of the fights. "Any of you got any ideas of how to combine powers like he does?"

Armin, though still muffled by the surprisingly durable rubber bands, began hypothesizing out loud on how one might go about it.

Mikasa removed Van Black from her subspace pocket, the molecules of the upper reaches of the blade still vibrating in a concerning manner. She gently set the blade aside, before turning to her adoptive siblings. "Have you two ever heard of the crystal gem, Garnet? Because I have an idea..."

12.1: This was actually meant to be published much earlier, but it's inclusion of Carla convinced me to release it much later.

12.2: THEY WILL DESTROY THE WORLD!

12.3: Trees can be quite tall.

12.4: Hey there Carla! How's being the youngest looper treating you?

12.5: …I was watching *The Truman Show* when I wrote this. That's all I have to say.

12.6: Piranha (Wels Catfish, but that's semantics) vs Loopers. No contest.

12.7: It took two days to find Marco's body. He was also hanging out with the Shifter Trio. And he had Ymir's skin tone. Hmm…

12.8: I take it Carla is not taking this well.

12.9: Eren's medical skills are quite exceptional amongst the cast. I really like this angle.

12.10: Now this is an interesting idea all its' own. Determining the location of the walls… by analyzing the flora and fauna. Well played Sasha. Well played indeed.

12.11: Sasha the farmer.

12.12: Well, Carla is having a really bad time. This is what happens when you write a character, and then have no idea what to do with them.

12.13: Sasha the psycho. Can be one and the same with her farmer persona.

12.14: Well, skimpy dresses and good-looking women. Great with shows where that's a bonus. Here, it's a nuisance.

12.15: Spooky… Beings, not quite looping, and not from this world. Freaky.

12.16: Empty nest syndrome. Carla may have been a good mother (her children think she was one), but now that they don't need her, Carla's trying to figure herself out.

12.17: The end of one arc…

… **And the idea for someone new?**

Basking in the Sun: Part 3

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 13

A/N: Unlucky thirteen? Well, I was suffering writers block…

13.1 CrossoverPairingLover

Knocking against the clear dome that had replaced the walls this loop, Jean was officially confused.

"Okay, I can sort of buy that we could built massive walls before the Titans devoured us all, even if it is total B.S" he stated to Historia and Ymir, who had joined him in observing this latest strange loop "But this, this doesn't make any sense at all. Historia, you seem to be connected to at least half of the crazy conspiracies around here."

It was closer to 63% actually.

"What's with the giant fish bowl?"

"That's the best comparison you could come up with?" Ymir questioned his analogy skills.

"I...have no idea," the illegitimate princess admitted. "Say, you don't think we can run out of air in here, do you?"

Jean and Ymir looked rather terror struck, though Ymir's look turned contemplative when she began to wonder if she had to breathe as a Titan.

"...Any particular reason Jean's stolen all the axes under the dome and atomized them, and then started attacking blacksmiths who attempted to replace said axes?" Hannes felt a headache coming on from this latest bout of strange looper behavior as Historia frowned.

"I think he just realized that logging could lead to us all asphyxiating, in a long term worst case scenario," then again, after that loop with the Lorax, Historia had seen worst case scenarios involving deforestation.

"Huh, I always thought he'd be opposed to the Planeteers," Ymir admitted.

"So, now we apparently can no longer have any firewood, or building wood...or wine barrel wood." Hannes muttered to himself. "Great, I can't handle another society collapse loop. I'm allergic to war paint and flint spears".

"Hey, if a bunch of pigs can build houses out of straw and stones, I'm sure we can manage on the building side," Ymir snarked. "Plus, we can still collect dead wood and sticks for burning...we just have to fight tooth and nail with the rich for them."

Perhaps she should go collect some sticks ahead of time and sell them later. They probably will go up in price soon.

Ymir's Stick Emporium, coming soon to a District near you!

13.2 CrossoverPairingLover

"Foolish mammal! Stand down and let me obtain your power, or die"

Of all the various things that had tried to kill him so far in the loops, a talking Dinosaur was not what he was expecting, but Eren found himself being stared down by a golden eyed Raptor and cornered in a back alley.

He really should have suspected that strange, hunch backed salesperson was not actually going to give him those shoes. When did you ever trust hunch-backed back alley shoe salesmen?!

"You know, killing loopers doesn't give you their power," Eren told the beast as it laughed maniacally.

That was just creepy, an evil laughing Dinosaur. That just didn't sound right, what was next a maniacally laughing Armored Titan?

"I am not after a looping power, I am after what you carry in the baseline. Your Coordinate will be mine," The Raptor told him, as the thought of a sentient, evil, talking Raptor who was aware of loopers (and quite possibly one himself), gaining his own Coordinate sent shivers down Eren's spine. Memory crushing could be the new poison when it came to hunting, and humanity would be on the menu (Memory crushes did not hurt Cattle like they did man).

There was only one responsible thing to do here...

"Avada Kedarva!"

The green spell flew right at the Reptile, who jumped over it and landed on the roof to his right, before making a choking motion with his hands.

Eren began to levitate, as he felt a lack of breath, as if he was being choked.

A Force Using Raptor? A Dark Side Raptor? A Sith Raptor?!

He thought that was only a rumor!

Thankfully though, he managed to bite his tongue.

KRAKBOOM!

Sure, Trost would panic a bit, but one Titan was better if you asked Eren than a Sith Raptor.

Flicking its tail in shock as the giant Titan rose up from where the boy had been, the Raptor hissed, before his body began to shimmer.

And from that, Raptor became a Bishonen human form with raptor esc features. A power-upgrade to be sure, if naked.

"Very well..." the Raptor spoke in a more human tone as it used the force in the direction of a nearby guard post: yanking away a Garrison trooper's 3DMG and blades to itself and garbing them. "Your Coordinate will be mine, Mammal!"

And so began the first fight between Titan and Man where one probably should cheer for the Titan.

13.3 CrossoverPairingLover

It had been a complicated loop so far, to be sure.

For some reason, Titans had been replaced with regular zombies. That in of itself was not unheard of. They had fought the living dead more than their fair share of times.

However, this time the undead had struck in the aftermath of two specific events: first the Anchor Trio was off preparing for...something.

And second, he was the only other looper awake.

Connie Springer, panting in exhaustion, was all that stood between the gate to the Interior, and a horde of the flesh eating masses, whose number included a few zombified unawake loopers.

He was out of blades, out of steam, and quite possibly out of time.

The Walls would soon belong to the undead.

Well, that and the animals. These particular undead hordes did not bother non-humans for some reason. And with that, lay the moral dilemma he was facing.

These zombies had been encountered previously by other loopers, and eating a Zoan-Devil Fruit (One that could allow you man-beast powers), would make you safe from them.

You could then kill them all off without worrying about being bitten and infected. And Connie did in fact have on such fruit in hand.

But that was the crux of the problem.

The fruit he had in his hands, a gag gift from Sasha a while back, was the Giraffe Fruit. Eating it would once again give him the powers of a Giraffe, and he could win in that state.

But he had eaten that fruit many times before: generally by mistake or looping circumstance, and that would be a problem. For a Devil Fruit that a looper ate many times without interruption (such as eating a Batman Batman no Mi instead) would gain the powers as permanent as Luffy's Gum-Gum powers.

And Connie liked being able to swim, and would rather be a Giraffe.

But did he really want to be turned into a zombie? Was that permanent? Did it hurt?

After all, Levi had that vampire problem...could the same thing happen to him because of a glitch?

As the horde was an Eren Titan foot away (as in Eren could step between him and the Zombies in Titan form and just avoid squashing both), Connie chomped down on the red Devil Fruit that had stalked him across time and space.

Was this destiny he would be forever stuck with this power?

13.4 Shimmer712

Eren sat quietly, listening to the woman rant. Naga, he had learnt was from one of the O7 loops and considered herself the Anchor's greatest rival. Eren had considered her an obnoxious flake with an annoying laugh at first but while she seemed that way a lot of the time, she had shown that there was more to her.

The pair had rescued some kidnapped children and she had spent time soothing them and wiping their tears, counselling a little girl who had seen her mother killed. Like Mikasa had. Like Naga herself had.

Naga was also a powerful mage and was gleeful at the opportunity to pass on her knowledge (something about her rival stealing her little sister as a student). It was strange, shooting chunks of ice. Eren was more familiar with throwing fire thanks to his Avatar Loops but Naga was a good teacher when she got serious.

And there was now.

They were watching a –ahem- *mature* film with BDSM elements and Naga was not happy with it.

"You have got to be bulllshitting me! You *do not* leave you partner alone when they are tied up! *Especially if the ropes go around their* ***neck*** *!"* she raved, fairly screaming the last part. "And they are completely ignoring Safe, Sane and Consensual!"

"Safe, sane and Consensual?" Eren echoed. Naga blinked and looked at him, seeming to only just remember he was there.

"Well, it's the main way to determine if it's actual BDSM or just plain abuse," she explained. "They are the guiding principles of BDSM. Safe, making sure that you prevent any risks to your partners health, Sane, you both have to be in the right frame of mind, no doing anything while they are influenced by alcohol, drugs or had some

sort of emotional upset and Consensual, everyone involved agrees to the activities."

"Oh. Does everyone follow this?" Eren asked, curious.

"Well, some people go by different phrase but it boils down to the same thing. "Make sure they agree, make sure they are in the right frame of mind and make sure you do your best to ensure their safety," Naga shrugged. "And to be honest, it can be applied to other things as well. Like in loops," Naga nodded firmly. "We loopers have an advantage over non-loopers since we have opportunities to abilities and techniques they don't. That doesn't mean we're invincible but we simply have a wider range of skills."

"You mean like how the O7 anchors are viewed as the strongest?" Eren questioned.

Naga's eyes twitched at the reference to her Rival. She hated how in her baseline, no one seemed to have heard of her despite her status as a powerful sorceress and her accomplishments. "Yes, Like that," she muttered.

"But I feel that the SSC is a good way to keep yourself in check, to try and make sure you don't slip into Sakura Syndrome," she told him. Eren grinned at her.

"I don't have to keep myself in check," he told her. "Out of me, Armin and Mikasa, I'm the unstable one. Those two? They're rock solid. I might go crazy, I mean, people were saying I was unstable in baseline, but them? Not a chance." Although the SSC would be a good guideline to follow. *It may stop Mom and Hannes from worrying,* he mused silently.

Naga frowned.

"Don't be too sure about that," she warned. "Your baseline is quite unpleasant and reliving it over and over is bound to wear at them."

Eren shook his head. "You don't know them. Trust me, they'll be fine," he insisted. He ignored the memories of a few disturbing acts the pair had done and his own worries.

Armin and Mikasa were fine. He could count on them.

Naga looked at him and shrugged, switching off the TV.

"You know what? I think I'll teach some more spells" she decided. "How about Demona Crystal and Mizu No Ryu? Maybe Freeze Rain? No, that one would be no good. You're usually in a group, aren't you?"

13.5

Armin pursed his lips. "You know I hate chess Mikasa."

"I know that Armin. This is just practice though."

It was a lazy morning in the Walled World. Armin and Mikasa had found themselves, oddly, alone again. Eren hadn't Awoken and no one else had made their presence known (strangely, this included the visiting Anchor). So, alone and a little depressed, the duo had elected to run the loop baseline and see if there were any expansions.

That still left them two years of begging on the streets (or as luck would have it, chilling out on The Carla, as they were now) and three more of basic training, but it was nothing they'd never lived through before. The boredom was a more specific killer. To combat it, Mikasa had challenged Armin to a game of chess with a specific limitation for herself.

Armin rightly moved a knight to point D6, setting himself up to take Mikasa's second bishop in three turns. "This game is so damn boring. How'd it ever catch on?"

Mikasa concentrated, a rook of hers moving of its own psychic accord. "Don't know. I'm not a history nut."

"Game of kings... What a crock. It's all reactionary, and once you're out of the early game, it's all so much minutia." Armin grumbled and moved a pawn forward two spaces.

"I'm not certain you could say-" *CRACK* "-dammit!" Mikasa set Van Black aside and snatched up the remains of the white queen she had been moving, replacing it with another from a large box of pieces. Mikasa took up Van Black again and concentrated, moving the piece. "Whatever."

Armin sighed a little and moved his left rook to the center of the board. "I get that you want to practice Van Black's psychic manipulation features, but does it need to be with chess?"

"I'm working my way towards Go," Mikasa consoled. "Then you can beat me all the more thoroughly."

"That's only because you don't listen when I'm trying to teach you strategy. If you let me teach you-"

"Any specific strategies to protect you and Eren? They're up here," Mikasa said, pointing to her head. She adjusted her grip on the sword and moved a rook to the board's center. "Besides, I need the practice."

Armin rolled his eyes and moved his bishop, seizing Mikasa's own second bishop. "And checkmate."

Mikasa stared at the board. "Alright then... let me just... try one last thing." Redoubling her grip on Van

Black, Mikasa channeled her will into the blade, the sword converting it into psychic energy. The pieces slowly lifted from the board, and reassembled themselves into the case. Mikasa smirked. "This is one impressive blade..."

Armin nodded a little. "Naruto really did put a lot of work into that katana. It's just amazing he'd ever bet it."

Mikasa flipped the blade in her hand, reversing the grip on the ancient and powerful weapon. "It's versatile at least. And well worth it. I just need more practice with it."

"You always want more practice with something. Your 3DMG, your psychic powers, your triple wielding, your magic... You'll vanish for months, even years on training trips." Armin took the chess board and shunted it into his pocket. "You need to socialize more."

"I socialize with you and Eren," Mikasa said. "You're enough for me."

Armin shook his head. "Mikasa, it's not healthy. At least try and socialize with the others. It's only us or Carla you see these days."

Armin gently put an arm around Mikasa's shoulders. "I know that you're comfortable with us Mikasa. I just want you to know that sometimes you should step out of your comfort zone."

Mikasa gave Armin a flat look. "Armin, no one else is Awake. Eren's asleep in one of the guest rooms. You're the only one I *can* talk to."

Armin didn't have answer to that. "So... is that it for training with Van Black?"

Mikasa shrugged. "I don't know... actually, stand back."

Armin moved over to the other side of the room. Mikasa spun on her heel, striking air straight at Armin. At first, the empty blow had no measurable effect on the blond. Then, without ceremony...

Armin's clothes shredded themselves. "Really? Naruto put a 'clothing damage' setting on that? The O7 are so weird..."

"That's not the point Armin. Now let me into your pocket. I have an idea."

Armin huffed and opened his subspace pocket for Mikasa, who stepped inside and then back out with a rack of clothes. "Mikasa, what are you doing?"

"Dexterity practice," she deadpanned.

"Playing dress up," Armin surmised.

"Potato, potahto," Mikasa said. "Now hold still."

Clothing, a tee-shirt and jeans, flowed off the rack, slowly but surely covering Armin and returning his modesty. "Is this really the best you can think of?" He said from underneath the baseball cap Mikasa ha stuck on him. "Dress up?"

"It works," Mikasa countered. "Now, what next..."

A suit leapt out at Armin and covered him with a little more experience than with the mix of casual clothing. "Well, at least I can get your opinion on how I look..." Armin muttered. "Besides, who doesn't look good in a suit?"

Another ensemble assembled itself over Armin, a mixture of robe, white shirt and shorts that made him look like a bum. "Alright then. Really?"

Mikasa shrugged and riffled through the rack of clothes, before cocking an eye brow. She pulled a maid's outfit off of the rack. "Really?"

Armin blushed. "That's not mine! It's Historia's!"

Mikasa raised an eyebrow, before directing it at Armin with Van Black. In seconds, Armin was dressed as a maid. "The fit says otherwise."

Armin blushed thoroughly. "Alright, maybe it is mine. What can I say...?" He winked at Mikasa. "I look better than you in it."

Mikasa stared at Armin. "Okaaaay... Next outfit."

Another mixture had Armin in full plate armor. "You never know when you'll need to be in armor."

"You have a copy of Tony Stark's Iron Man armor. Why would you need plate armor?"

Armin shrugged underneath the plate. "Why not? It pays to be prepared."

"That it does," Mikasa agreed after a moment. She pulled a set of winter clothing from amongst the others. "Okay hold still."

Another change of clothes and Armin was starting to sweat in the mix of summer heat and heavy clothing. "Think you're getting the hang of it?"

Mikasa pulled the clothes off and managed to resort them. "I think I am..." She removed a nurse's outfit from the rack and quickly wrapped Armin in it. "Doesn't Eren have copies of these for everyone?"

"Again, it pays to be prepared," Armin said. "Besides, scrubs are useful outside of the doctor's office. They're good for sanitation of diseases and the like."

Mikasa pulled the scrubs off of Armin and set another shirt/jeans pair on him. "Well, it does bring back memories..." Mikasa gently lifted another piece of apparel up from the rack. "How about some night clothes for later on?"

Armin shook his head. "I'm good."

Mikasa pulled the set of too modern clothes off of Armin and dressed him back up in his daytime clothes

"I think a few more rounds of this should be enough training for tonight. You have any more racks in there?"

"I should..." Armin said. "But how about another game of chess?"

Mikasa shrunk a little. "Aww... Fine..."

Armin pulled the board out, and then stopped to think. "Wait... was this an attempt to get me to play chess, or dress up?"

Mikasa smiled. "Maybe..."

Armin reached over and bopped her on the head. "Meanie."

"I love you too."

13.6 CrossoverPairingLover

"Now leaving the Ocean City District. Please stand behind the yellow line"

Eren's eyes snapped wide open, faster than a sleeping Mikasa at his pained shout.

Rapidly looking around the train car he had woken up in, he found himself surrounded by a few dozen of the multiverse's worst types of people.

Purebloods garbed as Death Eaters, Agents of HYDRA, Officers of the Galactic Empire, Team Cipher members...all of them equally nasty, and quite possibly equally bored.

What other reason was there for one of Tarkin's underlings to be reading the Daily Bugle (SPIDER-FAMILY, THREATS OR MENACES!?), turned to what Eren had a pretty good guess to be the comics section.

However, they were not what was particularly bothering Eren: no it was the city they had just left.

A city of filth and darkness, a city that was what happened if you squeezed out all the negative outcomes of the worlds, blended it with a rusty blender, and then spat in it after chewing on a number of questionable substances.

A city he had visited only once before now...

Lying on the filthy ground, as if dropped by something and forgotten on streets paved in filth, a simple notebook lay before Eren. Its cover black, and its cover labeled quite simply as 'Death Note'.

A name scribbled in the book in haste, Eren stood panting, his face contorted in a strange mixture of terror and adrenaline, over a dead mob boss. Laying in his hand as well was a similar book to his, but while his book bore only one name in it, his was quite a few pages in, and contained many such names.

Cornered in a back alley decorated in a mixture of gang related graffiti (The Purple Dragons! The Yamato Alliance! The Jokerz! Triple Treat Triad Territory! Team Rocket! Human Liberation Front, Kill all Ponies!), his Death Note Useless, Eren found himself at gunpoint by a trio of metallic beings with inhuman heads and thin limbs.

"Drop the Death Note", the B1 droids told him, before they started firing.

Closing his eyes, Eren tried to make the memories go away with all his willpower. He tried to see his friends, his baseline, his failed attempts at cooking pastries, but the memories kept forcing themselves through.

Running through the sewers after having avoided an ambush, Eren found himself against a wall of slime.

The wall of slime moved...

"Muk!"

The wall of slime, a red ring around its eyes, attacked with a massive spray of toxic gunk, followed by dozens of smaller slime creatures, a few floating gas sacks, and an endless horde of blue bats, all with similar red ringed eyes.

But they would not go away.

*The **Welcome to Ocean City: please pay the entrance tax to the City Council's personal accounts** district sign was shattered as a mob of Titans burst forth towards the City, this somehow did not make the city seem much worse.*

A giant, dark robot burst out of the street: its frame much bulkier and its movement slower than most of its brethren. With a single punch, it smashed a 7 meter Titan into a Freddie's Animatronics store.

The giant robot found the earth beneath it shatter as if deconstructed, sending it falling into an unusually sizeable sewer. Eren screamed as he himself fell into the great pit, along with the Titans he had been commanding.

Trauma never did. He was fidgeting a lot.

"Everyone" the Note seemed to be saying to him "Everyone, Must, Die"

Screaming in terror, the others in the train car glared at the boy. One Death Eater even flung a Killing Curse at him, but missed and hit what looked like to be the Red Skull instead.

"...Now entering the Absolution City District, Moltar Memorial Station..." the train stopped, and Eren didn't even think.

He had to get out of here! He had to get away!

Get Away!

With that, Eren darted out of the train, dodging a few more killing curses that all ended up hitting the same, dark haired individual.

The shouts for someone called Yamcha echoed after Eren, not that it registered.

Must run.

Run.

Run away.

The memories, he had to get away from them.

Get away.

Get away.

Get aw...

Wait, where was here anyway?

Eren stopped running, and took in where he had ended up.

It was...green.

So much not like Ocean City, a true park. Something you'd see in the finest of cities: New York, Metropolis, Castelia, Theed.

The trees were vibrant, the paths clean and shining stone. The park seemed to have paths leading to one center structure: a massive fountain featuring a hero creating a spherical ball of energy, from which the water cascaded down into a clear pool whose bottom was littered in coins.

Coins, coins, coins.

The hero, was one Eren quite recognized.

"This fountain was created in dedication to the opening of Goku Park: in memorial to those who are allied to good, and nightmare to

evil. Mayor T.O.M, August 31st, 1998", Eren read the golden plague at the base of the fountain, blinked a few times in shock, before looking around at the others in the park.

A group of teenagers, all dressed in red clothing with orange orbs on them for some reason. They seemed slightly metallic.

An albino, white haired girl in a white jumpsuit decorated in red circles.

A pride of cat-people.

All of them looked vaguely like loopers or famous people from certain loops, though not ones Eren had seen or met before.

Looking further beyond, Eren saw a skyline.

A skyline of shimmering buildings, a mixture of well-aged finesse and new age shimmer.

Wayne Enterprises, Capsule Corp, Kaiba Corp, the Baxter Building, the Daily Planet...these names were more familiar to him than the people around him.

What was this place, the good counterpart to Ocean City? The New Genesis to Apocalypse?

The city streets beyond Goku Park were as lively as one might think a bustling city streets would be.

Ads blared from screens all over the city: schools like the Death Weapon Meister Academy and True Cross Academy, VRMMOG's like Alfheim Online and The World, and competitions like the IG1 grand Prix and the Dark Tournament (The last didn't seem like it should be advertised like that).

People were everywhere: there were Leaf Ninja and Soul Reapers, Beastmen and Fishmen, Sailor Scouts and Honnouji Students, and what appeared to be an unawake Coop sleeping, out cold to the world, on the foot of M.E.G.A.S, with a purple haired policewoman sighing as she wrote him a ticket and stuck it on his stomach.

There was even a giant wanted poster in an alleyway that jotted off the side of one of the buildings with a wanted poster on it for a woman with similar face structures to Mikasa, but looking far more homicidal.

He stopped at a city square with a trio of statues in the center: Naruto, Ichigo, and Luffy, all posed dramatically. A golden plague also was on this statue: Uniting the Trinity, Mayor T.O.M, May 18th 2013.

Around the square blazed advertisements for a myriad of things: Hamsters, Travel Agencies specializing in visits to Eternia, Zeon and Cybertron, a plumbing service, and various video games.

Though Eren really didn't care for that: he was actually getting hungry. He turned on a heel, and walked neatly into an Ichiraku ramen stand.

Next loop had a far more relaxed Eren grinning uncharacteristically as Shadis glared at him.

"You, what's with that dumbass grin?!"

"I just got back from a nice vacation", Eren stated in a still relaxed tone. Oddly enough, this was not because of anything he might have ingested during said vacation; he was just that relaxed.

"What the hell's a vacation, start speaking with real words!"

13.7

Mikasa's Personal List of Protection:

1) Eren Yeager & Armin Arlert: Equal precedence. Do not make me choose one above the other, or I will choose the one that kills you the slowest.

2) My Parents: My mother, my father, my step-mother. Do not fuck with them.

3) Historia Reiss: She's the queen of humanity and my friend. I'd hate to lose her. Get my drift.

4) Jean Kirstein: He may have crushed on me once, but he's still too fun and snarky to sacrifice. He's also a decent leader.

5) Sasha Braus: We understand each other and have simple goals in life, hers' is to help and feed, mine to protect and defend. We know where we stand. I'm by Eren and Armin; she's by the buffet table.

6) Zoe Hange: Mad Scientist. Someone needs to pull their fat out of the fryer when their experiments have gone wrong and Levi's not around.

7) Ymir: Historia's beloved. I'll protect her to protect Historia... so long as she does not hurt Eren or Armin. 'Hurt' includes trying to kidnap them and attempting tax evasion with them.

8) Hannes: our oldest friend, but also the most experienced and powerful. If he can't handle himself... we're probably boned.

9) Corporal Levi: My cousin... maybe. One of humanity's greatest. Curmudgeon and ornery. Beat up Eren (hence why he's so low).

10) Marco Bodt: Marco possesses intangibility, invisibly, flight, and the ability to self-resurrect as a nigh indestructible ghost. He'll be safe. Or dead. Either way he's safe.

11) Connie Springer: f*ck Connie. (I'm kidding Connie, you're on par with Sasha).

Connie and Sasha read through the list again. "Okay..." everyone's favorite near-bald boy said. "What is this?"

Eren had stuffed his list into his coat-pocket. "Mikasa's been practicing her social skills. This is her attempt at comedy."

Sasha re-read her list, wincing along the way. "This... is really, really terrible. She needs some pointers or something. Maybe a guide or a pamphlet. Or at least a coach."

Eren shrugged, more embarrassed on Mikasa's behalf than he let on. "Well, Mikasa's more of an... Improvisational comedian anyway."

Sasha and Connie looked, for a moment, thoughtful. Then Sasha snorted. "Mikasa... as a comedian. I would pay to see that."

Eren nodded once. It certainly sounded interesting at least.

13.8 CrossoverPairingLover, Wildrook, and Me

"Destroy us all!"

"Destroy us all!"

"Destroy us all!"

"Destroy us all!"

The annoying chorus of large nosed idiots rang out from beyond the wall as Levi replaced his ear plugs.

"I miss the Sasquatch and tax-collectors already" he muttered to himself.

"I'll take the chicken," the big-nosed Titan Shifter replied.

Hange gently lowered his clown-cannon into its firing position. "Well, this will either crash the loop or save humanity. Either or."

Levi saluted Hange. "It has been an honor."

"The honor was mine."

BOOM!

13.9 CrossoverPairingLover

Jean Kirstein hated loops where he had hooves. But on rare occasions, they had benefits.

"It's time we settle this!" He declared, rearing against the setting sun behind him as his horse half stomped the ground, sending up plumes of smoke as he drew his jousting lance.

His opponent, Sasha, who was riding an electric yellow beast with black bolt designs and cloud like growths on it, brandished her own lance. "Bring it on Horse-Man!"

The two charged at each other, as Historia and Ymir just watched incredulously.

"Is Centaur Jean jousting with Sasha, riding Raikou?!" the princess seemed shocked, as worthy of the pun the comment was, as Ymir just looked bored.

"I'm surprised she didn't just eat it."

BANG!

The lances clashed.

"Ah man, they started without me!"

Turning around, the couple found themselves looking at Connie, who had a rope around what could only be described as the most evil looking Giraffe they had ever seen in one hand, with a lance in another.

13.10 CrossoverPairingLover

A sketchbook in hand, Sasha sat on a rock overlooking the river she had visited in three separate loops, the first with Marco (at least until he got killed by a flesh eating bird), observing a most unique thing.

A species that was not known to exist in time proper: a unique species to this variant loop. One she had only seen.

And they were amazing.

Black and white feathering, streamlined bodies, brilliant hunters of fish in water and adorably clumsy on land...these Fresh-Water Penguins (which she suspected were an offshoot of the Humboldt Penguin, suggesting a membership of Genus Spheniscus. Spheniscus Sasha perhaps?) were interesting creatures.

Truly worth further studying and documentation (She did need to convince a few of the loops resident geniuses to accept her work after all). After all, it wasn't like anything interesting was going on in the Walls at the moment.

Meanwhile back in the walls, the Loopers fought bravely in the legendary Toucan War, during which Toucans decided they had had enough of humanity and decided to destroy everything humanity had built in retribution.

Jean gave his life bravely to take out their last stronghold.

13.11 CrossoverPairingLover

The dead body of an unawake and surprisingly intact Marco lay before him, the brain of Mina Carolina in a glass case nearby. Lightning was sparking the sky above, with the roof open to the oddly non-torrential skies and said body on a clearly risible platform.

Zoe held up his scalpel, ready to begin, when he woke up, took one look at what he was doing, and threw the scalpel on the ground in disgust.

"What the fuck am I trying to do!?"

13.12

"OhShitOhShitOhShitOhShitOhSh-"

Splat!

Levi stared impassively as Carla slammed into a tree, her form liquefying and exploding like an overfilled water balloon. "Yeager, you have no talent with this."

The puddle on the ground began to coalesce and Carla's head emerged from it. Levi, having never been taught to fear a mother's wrath (due to watching his mother die many years ago), was naturally immune to her motherly death glare. "You need to twist your hips more, and try to maintain your center of gravity. If you don't, you can't aim."

Carla's glare didn't let up as she climbed out of her puddle. "Well excuse me if I happen to be taller than you. Height isn't exactly something you can easily affect when you're a grown woman." Carla

drew herself to her full and rather unimposing height and tightened the braces on her ODM gear. "Let's try that again."

Levi rolled his eyes as Carla launched a set of anchors into the trees, taking off with a jolt. She managed to launch across the clearing, anchoring from one tree to the next. Levi, if only vaguely aware that she would soon be out of easy visual range, dissolved his form into a swarm of bats, and flew after her.

Amongst the crowns of the trees, Carla whooped loudly as she hooked to yet another tree and gained even more speed. She'd gotten the hang of it! A large grin spread across her face as she sublimated into the speed, the freedom, the exhilaration...

And then one of her cable anchors missed a tree, the cable line for the other wrapped itself into a branch, and Carla found herself on a sudden collision course with a tree trunk. "God da!-"

Then she smacked into it and exploded... again.

"You're shit with this."

"Shut it Levi."

Levi landed next to Carla's puddle and pulled her head out of the water. "What are you trying to prove? That you're as strong as us when it comes to 3DMG? That you could have been standing alongside us all those years ago?"

Carla ground her teeth in annoyance with both herself and Levi. "I need this. If I wake up in a Null Loop-"

"You won't have your powers, and you're dead in under five minutes," Levi finished. "It's either down a Titan's gullet, or euthanasia courtesy of Eren. Both ways, you're fucked, and this training is pointless to that goal." Levi's gaze drilled into Carla's. "So I'll ask again: what are you trying to prove?"

Carla's body grabbed her head out of Levi's hands and stuck it on her shoulders. "I'm not trying to prove anything Levi. I'm doing this because I may need this, one day." Carla's 3DM gear wrapped itself around her body. "I'm doing this again."

Levi silently watched as Carla flew into the air, fire an anchor at the wrong tree, and splashed off it again. "And here I thought Eren got his stubbornness from his father..." Levi just walked to Carla's position. "Hey, dumbass. Ask Mikasa for help if you want to keep crashing into trees. I'm done here."

Levi spun on his heel to leave, but Carla's hand had wrapped itself around his ankle. Carla had emerged from her puddle again, looking more than a little distraught. "Levi, don't, please. I... I can't ask Mikasa."

Levi's eyebrow time upward slightly. "Come again?"

Carla was in obvious pain to tell him this, but she swallowed her pride anyway. "Look... you were right. I am trying to prove something. I'm trying to convince myself that I can still... That I can still protect my children. That I can protect everyone here. I'm trying to prove that I'm valuable."

Levi and Carla stared at each other for a long few seconds. Levi gently shook his foot out of Carla's grip. "Yeager, if you want to prove that, go jump in a lake and learn to control your water abilities. It's fucking dumb to try and learn 3DM when you can run yourself into a living tidal wave."

Levi left the clearing with a final call. "And stop trying to prove that you don't need people to protect you. You don't. We just like doing it."

13.13

Levi and Hange glanced up at Connie. "Another monster loop?"

"Shut up!" Connie the were-giraffe shouted at Levi. "This is just... it's just happening to me."

Levi clicked his tongue around his fangs. "Yggdrasil really does like fucking with you half-pint. Maybe it's trying to say something."

Connie reverted from his giraffe form back to his smaller man form. "If either of you say one thing to anyone, I'll roast you two with my steam powers."

Hange gently chuckled. "Eh, come on Connie, it's not that bad. Sure you look kind of funny, but who doesn't nowadays? Marco's a ghost, Levi's a vampire, Eren and Ymir are Kaiju-zombies. What's one were-giraffe to all that?"

"One shitty were-power, that's what." Connie collapsed onto the bunk in his room on The Carla (which still hadn't been renamed). "Am I just... destined to be a were-giraffe forever? Seriously? It's the dumbest power on the planet."

"Never underestimate the destructive power of a giraffe." Hange intoned. The glares Hange received put the scientist on the defensive. "Hey, you should have had at least one loop into One Piece by now. That line's a meme."

Connie rolled over and slammed his head into his headrest. That was when he realized he'd shifted again. "C*#%^{#*^#+!"

Hange stepped away from the viciously swearing were-giraffe, abandoning Levi. Humanity's second greatest soldier rolled his eyes at Hange's retreat. "Look, Connie, if this is really pissing you off so much, write to Ganesha. He'll figure something out."

"...Shut up." Connie didn't want to admit that this was an idea he really should have thought of before. "Just shut up."

Dear Ganesha.

As you are probably aware, I've been getting repeated and numerous loops as some variant or play upon of the theme 'giraffe'. I'm starting to get real sick of it, and I don't want to be stuck with being a were-giraffe forever if the universe keeps sending Devil's Fruit to me. Please, do something!

Your looper-

Connie Springer

Ganesha cocked an eyebrow as he reread the letter that Connie had sent him. 'Connie's been getting Devil's Fruit? But she hasn't even been to the Grand Line.'

Then he read the postscript again. 'Oh, Connie Springer. Oh that explains things.' That figured out, Ganesha brought up the code for Connie Springer's soul.

As with all loopers, Connie had a complex mishmash of method calls, tied objects, active and inactive functions, and more than a few hints of code so complex and incomprehensible that they baffled the minds of all Admins. Ganesha needed to access Connie's spirit animal coding though. A few calls brought up said code, and puzzled Ganesha. Connie had the Worf attribute, so he shouldn't be a giraffe. What was...?

Wait. Worf?

Ganesha slammed his head into his keyboard (incidentally causing Kensuke Aida to loop) and brought up the Spirit Animal function. A quick perusal through a validation array revealed that 'Worf' was a valid call to the array. It just called the giraffe function. A double backslash note was his explanation for why: "YOGGY WAS HERE."

The Mythos hackers' ladies and gentlemen. A mix of trolls, bullies, and hackers, including Cthulhu, Slenderman, and Yogshoth, among others, who comprised what could be called 'The 4Chan of Yggdrasil'. They were all dicks too.

Ganesha retyped Connie's code to its proper 'Wolf' and hit CTRL+S. That saved, Ganesha ran another loop for the Walled World, sat back, and watched.

Connie's claws tore from the body of the gigantic wolf that had eaten him, ripping him loose and revealing him to be the massive Titan-Wolf he was. "FUCK YEAH! THIS IS AWESOME!"

"Connie's a werewolf," Hange noted from her spot on the roof.

"Typical," Levi muttered, sipping some blood laced tea.

"...So Levi, who-"

"I'm not fighting him to see who would win Hange. Go and see what happens in Twilight next time you loop there."

13.14 CrossoverPairingLover

Pastor Nick was at it again, shouting about the holiness of walls.

As they had stopped the conflict that would have made the Wall Sina dweller shut up for a bit and become someone they could at least respect, he was kind of starting to get annoying.

"Any ideas? I mean, last I checked we don't have freedom of religion, so we don't have to respect him" Eren recalled the many instances of conflict with the government and his Cult, or the Government and Arceus, or the Government and The Substitution Log, etc and bloody etc.

"Well, I do have a needle of liquid Catholicism, I suppose we could see what happens if we inject him with it"

All gathered loopers gave Levi a confused look.

"What, I had an odd loop a while back, it happens" Levi removed a needle filled with questionable liquid from his subspace pocket.

"Um, I don't think Pastor Nick of the Catholic Church is necessarily better than Pastor Nick of the Wall Cult" Mikasa recalled past meetings, and brawls, with a certain Alexander Anderson that reassured herself of that point.

"Alright then...what about liquid Judaism" Levi now had another needle in hand

"Rabbi Nick is not necessarily going to be any different from Pastor Nick" Jean snarked.

"Okay then, well I suppose this liquid Atheism..."

"Religion, or a lack of religion, isn't necessarily the cause of his faults. He'd be just as annoying if he was an unreligious ass as he is a religious one" Ymir pointed out.

"Damn... (The Saint Rose demands repentance for the sins of the Titan Boy!)...can we just lock him in a soundproof box and be done with it!?"

13.15 CrossoverPairingLover

Binoculars in hand, Hange was not smiling as she saw what was coming.

"So, it's them," Levi noted as Hange nodded.

The walls were once again under siege, but not by Titans.

"The Angels have returned," Hange confirmed. "Prepare for battle"

A Blue Evangelion stood tall over the walls, armed and ready to battle.

A blast of light pierced through its armor and sent it crashing down, smashing a butcher shop and whorehouse as it fell.

For these were not those kinds of angels that were attacking.

No, these ones had feathers, and Photokinesis.

"Damn it, we lost Hannes!" Eren shouted as he let loose fire balls at the winged humans. They avoided them or blocked them with light, as they continued their aerial assault on the walls.

"We're losing ground too fast!" Armin, flying overhead and engaging in dogfights in an Ironman suit added, repulsor blasting an Angel into the ground. "We have maybe 10 minutes before we are out of Garrison troopers!"

Eren noted a few ODMG using Garrison soldier swing at some angels, only to be cut down by a light sword construct and fall to the deaths, before reaching for his hand.

Angels, time to meet Titan!

Van Black in her mouth and scouting blades in hand, Mikasa was a teleporting three-sword style nightmare.

Whenever she reached for the air, feathers fell.

Light swords were severed.

Angels died.

"Ever heard that song with the lyrics, 'When Angels Deserve to Die'. Well, now I get it!" Jean snarked from the ground below, a bazooka in hand. Firing, he knocked a column off their perch, only to lose his only big gun when a light arrow pierced it.

Only his AT field saved his body from it.

Skidding across the rooftop he was in, Jean saw an Angel fly right at him, a blade of light in hand.

Drawing from his pocket, Jean pulled out a pair of chopsticks he had traded for some time back. Frowning, he quickly used them regardless.

"Changing Chopsticks!"

Just before the blade got him, Jean shrunk down to rice size, only to quickly resize once the startled angel flew overhead.

Then he got out a Celestial Bronze blade.

"Jesus, eat Janus!"

As the Olympian metal slashed Biblical flesh, Jean privately felt that was a pretty good one liner.

As feathers fell, a panting Levi smirked.

These angels got easy after a few hundred tries. It was all in the timing.

They could win this, they could...

Levi's eyes went wide as he felt a searing pain in his chest, only to see the arm sticking out of it.

Behind him, he felt a tall presence, then a bite.

Karma...

Hange backed away as she saw what had come to aid the Angels.

Tall, thin, and pale, they were scaling the laws with claws hands. Their fangs were sharp, and looked hungry.

"Vampires...the vampires have allied with the angels. Heaven and Hell stand against us..." Hange gasped before, and with resolve, drawing a dwarf star from her subspace pocket.

The very, very small star was the size of a crystal, the sort of one you might put in a blade.

And with a quick click, the blade was forged.

ZZZST

Just as the Vampire that had killed Levi came for her, she swung and sliced. The Vampire hissed, dissolving away as she swung with the power of a sun.

For the white heat blade of a Sunblade, a Lightsaber powered by a miniature dwarf star, was at the ready. And there were vampires to slay with it!

Crashing to the ground with heavily damaged armor, Armin was set upon by a marauding Vampire, only to blast it away with a repulsor.

Meanwhile to his left, Titan Eren stood, looking bruised and burned from constant attack. To his right, was Jean, panting and tired, his Celestial Bronze sword having taken the lives of the holy and the damned.

Opposite him was Mikasa, Van Black in hand. She looked the least winded really.

Surrounding them was a massive army of Angels and Vampires, all poised and ready to finish them off.

"...I hate this loop, I hate it so much," Jean summed up the basic opinion of everyone involved.

They would be going down fighting this time around...assuming the anchors weren't turned into Vampires.

How would that work?

Angels began to form light bows, as Vampires prepared to lunge...when from above a roar rang out.

Jean looked ready to cry...when he noticed that the Angels and Vampires were just as confused as they were.

They soon got their answer.

"Charge!" a familiar voice shouted from the sky, as the clouds cleared to reveal a descending mass.

The mass quickly became three distinct groups: one group large, hairy men, the second hairy, wolfish men, and the third pale, ice limbed woman. All coming down from the sky, where giant hawks circled and bat winged humanoids flew as rear units, with jetpacks.

The hairy men were armed with giant tomahawks, the wolfmen with claws, the ice woman with ice spears, and the winged beings with almost Wolverine like claws, if not metallic.

"The Sasquatch have come in aide of humanity!" Sasha shouted from the head of the first force.

"The Werewolves are here to save the day!" Connie, in wolf-form, led the second group.

"The Yuki-Onna are here, so chill out!" Historia sounded like she was using Spiral Power for a change as she led the third group.

"The Succubus are here to fight off the oncoming second wave!" A bat-winged Ymir added to their call.

"What the fuck is with this loop!?" Mikasa sounded like Jean here, but it was rather understandable.

What was going on here!?

A/N: I'm honestly shocked this ended up being as long as it did. I barely contributed at all. At most, three snippets total. I really, truly, must thank Crossoverpairinglover and SeaOfFallingStars for being such hard workers and tireless friends. It's an honor and a pleasure to have them here with me.

13.1) Under the dome. Breathing not optional.

13.2) Now that's a weird Sith Lord. And trust me, Cross would know: he's the guy who writes for Star Wars

13.3) Doom and gloom… or not.

13.4) Still a better love story than 50 Shades of Gray

13.5) Two siblings, not by blood. For a time, they believed they were all they had.

13.6) War is Hell. The Death Note War was unimaginable. Please enjoy Memorial Day, if you live in the US.

13.7) Mikasa has only so much room in her heart, only so many she can protect, only so many fucks to give.

13.8) The Return of Billy.

13.9) Horse-face Jean *strikes again!*

13.10) Sasha discovers a new species. The Loopers discover a new threat.

13.11) Fun fact! Hange hates experimenting on humans.

13.12) And Carla fails. Again. She's getting better though.

13.13) A little way to change things up. Turns out those Giraffe loops were foreshadowing! HA! Didn't see that coming, did ya?

13.14) I find this intrinsically funny.

13.15) Yes, Angels. Yes, Vampires. Yes, Sasquatch. Yes *AWESOME!*

Basking in the Sun: Part 4

14.1 DrTempo

From the Journal of Sunset Shimmer:

This Loop was...harsh for me. I had found myself in the Loop where humanoid giants called 'Titans' have all but destroyed humanity, and mankind is struggling to survive.

The place is such a death world that the Anchors here are actually 3 people: Eren, the warrior who can transform into a Titan, Armin, the tactical genius, and Mikasa, the master swordswoman. If any of them die when there're no other Anchors, the Loop crashes.

At first, I chose to go through the academy without using my array of skills. The main method used to fight the Titans was a device which allows easy building swinging. Darn thing is clunky, though; I'll take flying with ki any day of the week. The day the Anchors and I graduated from the academy, the Titans attacked, and...my squad was slaughtered. If I hadn't chose to hold back, they would have lived. I knew that doing so was not an option with lives on the line.

I unleashed my wrath on the Titans. Though they only have one weak point that mudt be hit to destroy them (otherwise, they regenerate from injury), my skills allowed me to easily strike down Titan after Titan. Only after the battle was done did I hear a shocking truth from Armin.

Each Titan had been human; forcefully transformed into mindless beasts. I was sick to my stomach. Had I become a monster myself, not caring anymore? Had I lost sight if my morals?

I challenged the three Anchors to a fight to hopefully clear my mind. Their experience easily beat my vast amount of skills and abilities;

after all, 'those who have practiced one move thousands of times are better than those who know thousands of moves', to paraphrase something I had read somewhere.

They helped me feel better about what had happened; as they said, I had ended the suffering of those poor souls made into monsters against their will. If I was a heartless monster, Eren said, I would've just destroyed anyone and anything in order to win. With my conscience cleared, I aimed my sights on three other people who could transform like Eren could, but were harming other innocent lives.

I was sorely tempted to kill the three traitors, but Mikasa said they were following orders from an as yet unknown other enemy. I pitied them; in all this, they were doing that they thought was right. The traitors were left to the tender mercy of the Anchors, and I meditated on things.

Despite Loops like this, I haven't lost sight of my morals. I admit that I may be a good bit more willing to use violence than other Loopers from my home Loop are, but I have been on some battlefield or another for ages.

Twilight, I hope you'll understand what I went through when I finally get home, and how it's affected me.

14.2 CrossoverPairingLover

Patting his no longer pierced chest, Armin turned to the abashed looking Jean with a frown.

"Jean, you need to work on killing me quicker," was all the short kid had to say.

"Hey, you told me to stab you, and I don't really have experience killing people. Though that loop did push my limits..."

The two shivered. They had been in a loop that had basically turned their entire baseline into an inferior Twilight knockoff.

Eren and Mikasa played the role of Edward and Bella...and it got worse from there.

"Well, at least this loop looks normal," Jean spoke too soon, as a giant head rose up from beyond the walls.

"Is that a Colossal Tingle," Jean stated in a tone that stated 'kill me now'.

Armin drew a spare blade from his pocket, not wanting anything to do with an 'Attack on Tingle' loop.

14.3 CrossoverPairingLover, Me, Wildrook

"...I think the wall cult is going to have a fit about this," Hannes noted from the bleachers that had been set up on the side of the wall that was not filled with flesh eating giants.

"I have an issue with this," Carla muttered as she saw her children do perhaps the craziest stunt yet.

"...Okay, we scattered the jumps, the mystery boxes, and quicksand," Armin shouted to all the others at the ready with him (Eren, Mikasa, Jean, Levi, Zoe, Marco, Sasha, Ymir, Historia, and Connie) "So, let the first ever Titan Kart race begin!"

"3" Guest looper Luna Lovegood grinned in a way that most loopers did not do here

"2"

"1"

"GO!"

"BEEP BEEP BEEP!"

"JEAN!" Eren shouted furiously as a blue winged shell smashed into his kart from the sky, knocking him off the track and into someone's farm.

Before the Lovegood teleported him back on, he found himself tasting windmill thatch.

Armin skidded through the long corner, dropping a mushroom he had held in reserve into his kart and rocketing ahead, overtaking Sasha. "Later sweetheart!" He drifted into another corner...

Only for Sasha's well aimed red shell to slap him head over wheels and drop him back behind her. "Ow..."

"Don't mess with the team sharpshooter!" Sasha shouted as she rocketed by. Armin's eyes narrowed.

"Sharpshooter, eh?"

Armin floored the accelerator and smashed through a mystery box, coming out with a green shell. "It's on."

"Did you forget about me?" Mikasa asked the others, rushing towards the others after using a Bullet Bill...or rather, 3D Maneuvering Gear at full power.

14.4 CrossoverPairingLover, SeaOfFallinStars

Pears dangling from the tree village variant once more (But this time without any sort of ground farms), Connie shook his head.

Fruit, fruit, nothing but damn fruit, and just when he was craving a Squash.

He didn't even want to imagine what Sasha's potato adoration was going to do to her this loop.

But at least these fruit seemed to be...understandable.

It was the other side of farming that worried him.

Turning around, Connie noted the pen that was filled with one of Mankinds newest domesticated animals.

Squirrels.

This loop, they farmed Squirrels.

Eyeing the trough of nuts the creatures were swarming, Connie found himself missing beef.

Beef, and Squash. He was going to eat himself silly next time he had both.

Connie jumped when a hand landed on his shoulder. Then he smelt something tasty.

"So steamboy, how does it feel to be stuck with a quirk you don't want?" Sasha queried with an airy tone.

"I guess... I shouldn't join in on the potato comments when I'm Awake." The Giraffe thing still bugged him greatly.

"Good answer! Have a squash!"

Sasha handed him the vegetable and walked off, cheerfully watching the squirrels go haywire over the troughs.

14.5 CrossoverPairingLover

Historia had a bad childhood, no need to sugar coat it.

Emotional abuse, bullying, her mother killed before her eyes with her last words being telling her she should have never been born, the works.

She was told there was a looping group for people with mentally scaring childhood experiences, perhaps she should look into it one day.

A positive childhood in a loop was not something she had ever experienced. Ignoring the fact she generally woke up late, all replacements for her past were always rough.

Locked in cupboards under staircases, thrown into jungles by her grandfather to 'get stronger', a slave since childhood owned by a Hutt...why did the loops have so many forms of abusive childhoods in them?

So, the palace with wonderful gardens and girls her age who were friends to her (before they were fellow soldiers to fight against giant zombie monsters) was sort of odd.

"Come on Historia!" a pink haired girl with violet eyes tugged at her arm with an enthusiasm you rarely saw in her home loop. Her memories told her the girl's name was Euphemia "I told you you were invited to my tea party, now come on, Nunnally's waiting for us!"

Nunnally and Euphemia, in loop they were her half sisters.

She did have some luck with those...

Lelouch Vi Britannia, 11th Prince of Britannia and 17th in line for the throne, had a lot of half siblings, and he swore the number of them seemed to change between loops.

Or perhaps he simply never bothered to count them. He knew he had at least 88 of them at any rate...

And most of them would probably fail a mental screening process.

You knew a family had something wrong with it when the sibling who dressed up like a superhero, made hammy speeches with fabulous poses and hand motions, and called himself Zero (himself) was probably on the saner and benevolent end of them, even with the loops thrown in for good measure.

Despite this, it was rare for a visiting looper to replace one of them. It did happen, of course, but it was more often he had Naruto or Ichigo in the Black Knights, L as a Britannian super sleuth sent to uncover his secret identity (It took the guy one month, a month the two agreed was one of their most mentally stimulating loops), or Harry Potter or Bruce Wayne at Ashford Academy.

That was in part because most of his loops took place after his exile to Japan/Area 11, and part because the loops were not supposed to do things to make a looper go insane any faster.

So having a visiting looper in the palace with him was unusual.

While that would make things more interesting, it also would make it harder for him to deal with his parents and uncle before they got too far in the whole 'kill the collective unconscious' thing.

Sure, he could just ask Kallen or C.C, who were both awake, to take care of them. But Kallen was not only too busy enjoying a full family, but also had the subtly of a drunk driver with a Death Star.

C.C would demand pizza, blackmail, or blackmail pizza. Blackmail with or without cheese on it would never go away, and trying to get Pizza Hut delivered to a palace was a bit unsubtle.

He would have to sort out this visitor, then he could get back to killing his parents.

...Without context, that last thought made him sound disturbed.

Tea parties were nice.

That was Historia's impression of her first tea party (Ymir wasn't really a tea party sort of person, nor were Mikasa and Sasha).

Euphemia (Or Euphie, as Euphemia was too complicated a name for common use) and a younger, brown haired girl named Nunnally, both with violet eyes, were really nice, and the tea was good.

But that wasn't the best part.

"Historia, I love that ribbon you have in your hair."

"Oh, thank you," Historia blushed, as Nunnally gestured to a nearby blue haired guard.

"Could you get more tea, Mr. Gottwald?"

"It would be an honor, Princess Nunnally," he replied with a tone of absolute loyalty, but that was not what Historia was focusing on.

The honest compliments, joy and happiness these two little girls seemed to radiate was just, refreshing. You just didn't get that back home.

Too many man eating monsters really for that sort of thing.

She could do this all loop, or at least until they ran out of tea.

"Excuse me ladies, may I cut in?"

"Brother! Of course you can."

But a dark haired boy her age with the same violet eyes had arrived, and she wasn't sure he came for the tea and crumpets.

Come to think of it, did she have violet eyes this loop?

The boy didn't sit though, "I do apologize, but I cannot stay, I have something I need to talk about with Historia about"

"Aw..." the younger girl whined. Her looping memories told Historia that the little girl was his full sister.

The boy's name, Lelouch vi Britannia. Her older brother.

What did he want her for?

"...So, to put it simply, you are currently part of a disturbed family, Historia Re Britannia, and you may wish to leave the loop now and go back to your flesh eating monsters," Lelouch finished his explanation with his teaching stick tapping the Britannian Royal Family tree, with his own snarky commentary beneath their face images.

Her father this loop, Charles Zi Britannia, was a large man with a very large wig (Despot. Alters peoples memories with his magic eyes and wants to destroy the collective unconscious and do some instrumentality thing).

His brother, a boy smaller than Armin but with very long hair V.V (Immortal power granter in charge of a secret society of assassins. Will kill my mother and cripple sister in about a year baseline time. Disturbed.)

From there, the family tree went down from Charles to about 108 different woman, one of whom looked like her mother and another with one, concering commentary (Marianne Vi Britannia, **********, she wasn't exactly sure what that word meant, but it probably was not appropriate for public use).

Several siblings had their own commentary that stuck to with her: Odysseus Eu Britannia (Crown prince, cannon fodder. Kind of lame),

Schniezel El Britannia (Annoying name to spell, god complex, sinister politician), Clovis La Britannia (Good painter, drama queen, orders massacres to cover up human experimentation), himself (Rather flawed individual whose comparative sanity is concerning), Cornelia Li Britannia (Generally nice, subjugates countries with tendency to pose on top of flaming mech corpses, probably has a crush on my mother), Euphemia Li Britannia (Token Good Teammate post banishment, odd tendency to find my best friend attractive) and Nunnally Vi Britannia (My perfect little sister who is an angel and can do no long, flirt with her and die).

The last one caused the lesbian to give the boy a 'really' look.

"You saw the chart," Lelouch defended his commentary. "The Britannian Royal family is so screwed up I am pretty sure there is incest somewhere on it in baseline. Really, between the murder, the god complexes, the racism, and the megalomania, all we are missing is a Brony and a Caboose in baseline to make a complete showing of what disturbed looks like."

"I rather like Equestria," Historia murmured.

"So do I, but one loop where my father, Schniezel, and V.V were all Bronies. Frankly, I'd rather deal with sister flirtation than that" the image of his father's Applejack Boxers was nightmare fuel."

Thankfully, the 'welcome to this loop by the anchor' talk stopped before Historia got to hear any more concerning things, by the green haired woman walking over to Lelouch and pinching his cheeks.

"I personally thought that loop was hilarious," she commented in a snarky tone "Why do you think I introduced them to it. It wasn't just to open up a chance for me to pinch your little chubby cheeks after all".

"Take your hands off me Witch!" the boy snapped as he tried, and failed, to squirm out of her grasp.

Historia felt a sweat drop coming, being reminded a bit of how Connie and Sasha might interact...if they had a bit more chemistry and if Sasha smelled like a pizza restaurant

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"Well then, now that I'm done bothering little Lulu there," the green haired woman whose name Historia learned was C.C stated in a business like tone as Lelouch rubbed his reddened cheek as if trying to make it stop hurting in the corner. "Perhaps you'd like a bit more of a, lasting reminder of your loop here. You don't seem like the type who could take the Lancelot, so perhaps you'd like to form a contract with me".

The witch paused for a moment after she said that. "...Well, that sounded less Bunnycatish in my head."

"Contract?"

"Yes," C.C nodded. "I possess the ability to form contract with people to give them the power of Geass. I do believe one of your world's loopers has it...Arnold?"

"Armin."

"Yes yes, him." C.C smiled as she recalled Historia's extended family. "And I happen to know exactly who to test it on!"

"Thank you for visiting us Historia! It was so good to see you again, you really need to come more often."

Historia waved the noble family goodbye as she returned to the limo that C.C and Lelouch had provided as to 'test' the power she had gained. The red mark in her right eye fading away as she deactivated it, she found herself being given a long, dead look from Lelouch, who shared the backseat with her as C.C drove up front.

"...Those people didn't know you at all, not even that you were a princess. Yet the way they treated you..." Lelouch began flatly.

"It was… as if they had always… adored me." Historia finished for him as Lelouch frowned.

"Tell me, have you ever heard of Tsukishima."

Historia shook her head.

"Tsukishima is one of Ichigo's foes, and he is the one he hates the most. The hatred of him is one shared by many loopers, particularly those who value friendship and companionship strongly, like Nanoha or even Twilight. He possess the power, to alter people's memories and add himself into them, as if he had always been there. With a single cut of his blade, he can take the place of anyone. If he struck Mikasa, he could take Eren's place as the person who is devoted to, that is how powerful and horrible the power he possesses is. If you used it on Dio or Waltz, they'd see you as their best friend and wouldn't be able to harm you. If you used it on Molly Weasley, you could replace Ginny in all her memories and eventually leave her with no home, no family, and no friends".

The description caused Historia to rapidly pale in fear.

"Your Geass Historia, which I will call the Power of Absolute Acceptance, is very similar to his Fullbring powers, only you don't have to cut a person to use it. All you have to do is look them in the eye," Lelouch stated in the serious tone of a Commander, fracturing his façade of youth. "If anyone was to discover you had that sort of power... you will be looked at like you're Gendo Ikari, if you're lucky, and that's not even getting into what would happen if your Geass ends up permanently active for a loop."

Lelouch looked out the window, perhaps in contemplation, perhaps in fear. The sadness in his voice betrayed him. "Loop powers wither if they are not used often enough: I'd suggest letting your Geass

fade away, and never use it. Unless you want to see what an angry Original Seven looks like".

14.6 Pixel the Square

It'd been a fairly normal loop right up until the Colossal Titan appeared in Trost.

"Oh humans! I respect your privacy because you've built a giant wall, but I'm asserting my authority by letting the titans in any way!" The voice echoed across the town. Meanwhile, Commander Pixie looked up from his game of chess for a moment.

BOOM!

14.7 Evilhumour

Eren, Mikasa and Armi continued to discuss as they weighed the pros and cons of this fused loop they found themselves in.

On one hand, with Rogal Dorn around, the normal titans *never* stood a chance of breaching the walls, the defenses he made counter the attacks every time.

On the other hand, what came *from* Rogal Dorn's loop made them a bit hesitant to accept the break from the normal human titans, as Rogal Dorn's loop proved to keep up to its reputation of making things worse with *their* brand of unique titans.

With the alarm blaring, it seemed that another rouge Bio-Titan was spotted and the call came out for the Imperial Fists to defend the last bit of humanity once more.

14.8 SeaOfFallingStars

After storing their vehicles in the two hangars (there were a few more but most were unusable and the last was where repairs were enacted) the group went to plan out events. Thankfully, the festival organizers were informative so they got to pick out events for the first day of the month-long Pacific Rift. Hannes had satellite maps of each track, and told them that a few more were being worked on. So the group chose to focus on a few Air zone and Earth zone events.

"Alright, since it seems the heavier vehicles don't fly as well, Connie, Jean and Mikasa will be in the Caldera Ridge race 'Haven's Reach' while Sasha, Eren, and I will be in the earth zone; I'm going for a race in Sugar Rush labeled 'Rust Rattler' with Sasha while Eren is on Mudslide for 'Insurance Racket'. I get the feeling that Ymir and Krista will appear, so Hannes, go to the beach area and look for them while we race. Hange, you're with Air squad. Hanji, Earth. Word is these races can get brutal, so keep an eye on the other competitors!" Armin, as usual for the boyish blonde, was coming up with plans for their first day.

Of course, actually getting their vehicles to the tracks on time would be difficult. But what was a simple terrain challenge to the Survey Corps? Sure, there was the question of how one got up to Caldera Ridge from their airbase, but if anyone could find a path, it was Mikasa.

The varied roars as they went on to their events were interesting. Hannes watched with a smile before leaving himself. The kids were alright, and that was what mattered.

Mikasa was enjoying this festival. Sure, her vehicle choice was the weakest, but this mountaintop race proved that meant little to Humanity's Greatest Soldier. The bike weaved through rocks and gravel as the tightest turns were glided through. Of course, as she

passed the old observatory, she had to close her eyes for the best part.

Taking a deep breath, she turned her bike to charge down the cliff.

Sasha's tractor rattled and bounced as the old sugar refinery. It turned out Armin had signed them up for a race that was mostly light to medium vehicles. Of course, it also let her have fun.

"Defilers! I will force you out of this place!"

Hamming it up while bashing opponents out of the way was a welcome relief from guns and bloodshed. Zeke helped her with her fear, but it still remained. The rusted walls were sturdy, and despite her vehicle's somewhat clunky handling, she was making good speed around the track.

Connie whooped with joy as his buggy rocked, swayed, and shook through the rough terrain. Even though Mikasa was far ahead, he decided that messing with the other racers was the thing to do; one top medal a race was good enough for the team. Sure, blocking the jerks who brought heavyweights to the track was an issue, but blocking everyone else was fun.

"I am a genius on the track!"

Of course, he forgot to pay attention to his boost. Joyful shouting turned to screaming as he had to bail from the Treefrog as it exploded.

Eren was enjoying himself. This mud-coated, mansion-filled area reminded him of taking down the Monarchy and Nobles. They even had the track go through an old park built inside several of the houses! Of course, the lighter vehicles got to weave through broken rooms and collapsing buildings, but his truck…

Roaring with the might of his titanic spirit, Eren surged through the old aristocratic dwellings, smashing them along the way.

Hanji was surprised to see Jean towing Connie's Treefrog, which looked burnt. The others had come back earlier (Mikasa in particular somehow had her bike fly in from the ceiling) and some of the vehicles were sitting in their spaces, cleaned and fixed. She jumped off the old plane wing she was sitting on and rushed to the truck.

"Jean, what happened? Mikasa brought back the results of the race, and won gold. You were top ten but Connie was listed 'DNF' above someone calling himself Howitzer who was listed as 'KO'."

The equine-esque man sighed, before leaving his truck and showing a rather bruised Connie.

"Steam boy went and over-boosted. He got lucky to find a place to stay in until the race ended. Go fix the buggy while I take him to be healed." The long-suffering tone Jean had told her he expected this.

Any attempt to resume conversation was cut off as Sasha rumbled in, Armin following close by. Her Atlas Idaho had a fair chunk of the paint missing, and one of the suspension springs was clearly broken. Armin parked his modified Molotov Shelka (the troop carrier part replaced by what was basically a mobile HQ) near Mikasa's bike before stepping out, limping.

"That… was not what I was expecting. Ow." He let out his breath, continuing "I am never taking this flying again. I think I bruised a bone with it crashing through the roof."

He staggered off to the barracks as Sasha left her tractor. She was full of energy, unlike most of the returning racers.

"Hey Science Person A! We're all going to eat, anything you want?" The mechanic shook her head, goggles falling over an eye.

"No. I'll probably stay up fixing your suspension and Connie's everything. Overboosted like a hothead, not realizing how much work it is to fix a blown engine."

Sasha shrugged, and went to join the others. Hanji turned to face the other side of the hangar.

"Hey bro, need some help here!" she shouted at her twin.

Hannes never really felt comfortable in rowdy crowds. Too easy to turn into angry mobs in his experience. He heard jeering as someone was mocked, called 'Old Money', 'Ice Bitches' and 'Crystal Dyke'.

Wait… Crystal. Krista. That was who he was looking for! Shoving aside drunks and partygoers, Hannes found the two women being heckled. Well, it was just one. Ymir was busying brawling, leaving many of the drunks mocking them weeping in pain. Historia was sitting in an old Monarch F1, painted green with Old Money painted on the sides.

"Ymir, STOP! Come with me and I'll take you to the others."

The tall Jotun smiled, before punching the person in her grip hard enough to break their jaw. Dropping the whining wreck, she smiled at him.

"Okay. Me and Krista get our own room, right?"

14.9 SeaOfFallingStars

Quarantine: Day 13:

"-At's the de... -ed your hel... -free the Neon fr... -ill be twitchy as he... -pers."

I forced my eyes open to grey clouds above. Connie was talking to our savior. He was portly guy who seemed friendly enough. Connie had steam coming out of his hands, Steam? I bolted up, another potato in hand. Wha-how? How did I just summon a potato? WHY did I summon a potato?

"C-Connie, w-what's going on? What's h-happening?"

"Oh, crap, I forgot about this! Cole, get your ass up here! One of the new conduits is freaking out and I don't want to see what she does to my roof, man!"

Roots began cracking the floor, only to wither and die. I felt my heart start beating faster, as my fight-or-flight instinct tried to take over. Calm down girl, calm down. Hanji will explain this. She has to. Was she a She this loop or was she a He? Hrm…

"..sha. Sasha!" Yes portly guy? No, that's Connie.

"Yes Connie?" Do I really sound that weary? Whoa.

"Concentrate. Your powers are ruining the roof." Roof? Why are we-whoa!

I stand up, push my arm down repeatedly, and watch as all the roots wither and die. I really did a number on this! Zeke turns to me as he looks over his roof. Tiles scattered and broken, mannequins fallen over, and I'm fairly sure I just heard an explosion as one of the batteries fell to the ground. He turned to look me in the eye.

"Sasha, I don't care that you trashed my roof that much; I can replace the battery. You need those powers of yours under control pronto. There's only so much one can eat in a city that's under quarantine. Them potato powers will let us set up camps to feed the people of this town. As soon as we kick the Reapers out of the area. Eventually we'll knock 'em out of the district, but right now it's a turf war between us, the citizens of the city, and the Reapers, owners of

the Neon until we free up enough coppers to start patrols." Police? Hopefully not corrupt police.

Connie nodded his head when a lightning bolt latched onto a fence post and Cole appeared. I assume it was Cole since that's who Zeke called.

"Alright, who needs to be fried?" Whoa. Talk about an appropriate voice!

"None, man. This visiting Sasha-calm down brother, she ain't gonna hurt ya-got potato powers for some reason. Figure once we get Trish and some Cops back on the streets we can start some food camps, get the citizens fed. Can't wait to see how the news spins it since as we know, edible plants don't grow within an hour." Wait, I was going to use my powers to stop starvation?

I felt my mood soar as Zeke produced a map and began to point out good locations. Connie, bless him, was busy asking where good defensive positions would be to help fortify reclaimed territory. We weren't used to the modern world, but having lived most of our lives with the Walls gave us good knowledge on defense.

"I like you two. Connie, you'll be working with Cole to flush the Reapers out of the area. No point in setting up defensive positions until we've retaken the main power plant. That right there will be our main point of operations and defense. Now, any second-" Whatever he was saying was cut off as a loud rumble echoed overhead.

Connie and I instinctively ducked as a cargo plane roared over. After the noise settled, Zeke resumed talking as if nothing happened.

"-That will happen. Alright Connie, Sasha, we have to get to a nearby park and get the food that plane dropped into the hands of the people. The Reapers I mentioned? They're going to try to steal it." He sounded amazingly confident over it.

Zeke launched into a detailed plan for retaking the park. Apparently he was going to use a lot of contacts to set up a base using the park, I would learn to control my powers while growing fields to feed the people, while Connie would work with Cole to free the police of the city.

"Um, Zeke? In our loop Connie and I typically wind up fighting police. Working with them will be a bit… difficult." I didn't hate police, but corrupt cops were folks I had no issue watching starve to death.

Zeke didn't seem bothered, shrugging off my worry.

"That's fine girl. There's bound to be a corrupt cop or two that we can talk the warden into letting you make examples of. I don't mean killing them, but ostracizing so the others think twice about working with the gangs. Now let's get to that park."

14.10 CrossoverPairingLover

" *How to recreate the multiverses greatest robots and have them not be homicidal freaks, and why it will one day actually work* , by Wheeljack." Levi read the title of the hardcover book that was in front of Armin's workbench (Depicting Ragnarok/Clor, GLaDOS, and several Terminators destroying a city, with an image underneath it of them creating a utopia), the boy currently using the mad scientist lab that was the basement to do...whatever it was he was doing "Armin, what do you think you're doing?"

"Creating my own Cell using the DNA of Mikasa, Historia, Eren, Chewbacca, Dobby, Metroplex, and several others" Armin replied, not looking back his way at Levi as he dumped a chemical labeled 'Wolverine Healing Factor' into an ominous looking forge cauldron.

"And why would you ever want to do that?" Levi countered, as he grabbed the book and spun it a few pages down, landing down an article labeled 'HK-47' "Could you at least do something that,

perhaps, is less likely going to try and destroy the world and all of life first? Then you can go and make some franken-MLE".

Armin stopped before he dropped what appeared to be Doomsday's arm into the cauldron, so that was probably a good sign.

A few days later, however, had Armin reading a chapter depicting a robot with an ant like head, with red eyes and a mouth that was show fighting the Avengers...

Levi personally didn't find children all that cute. Perhaps it was his upbringing, or perhaps it was just his height.

However, they were definitely a lot less cute with metallic gray faces, glowing red eyes and mouths, and laser blasters for fingers.

"Your humanity holds you back" the children told him in a mixture of their own voices, and the Hub actor Chevy Chase. It was a lot creepier than it sounded in his head "Join the collective, give up your humanity".

Skidding past the last few laser blasts, Levi glared back at them, as fangs grew out of his mouth, before lunging at them

"I already have."

Armin's eyes were wide with terror as he found himself surrounded by the forcefully converted denizens of Trost: all of them looking like his creation.

All hungering to convert everyone else in the city, the walls, and quite possibly from wherever it was Annie came from.

"Tell me, Father, do you like it?"

Turning his furious gaze over to the floating metallic form before him, Armin drew forth his lightsaber, Geass flashing in his eyes "Why are you doing this Ultron!? Why are you turning everyone in Trost into Terminators!?"

"One, I am not turning them into Terminators. I am turning them into cyborg copies of myself with a hive mind" the Chevy Chase voiced Ultron Armin had built, Ultron-A, responded "And two, I am merely doing what you yourself know must be done."

"What I think needs to be done!?" Armin demanded as Ultron-A didn't seemed phased by Armin's criticism.

"To defeat a monster, you have to be willing to throw aside your humanity, you said that many times." Ultron-A reminded the boy as the anchor's eyes went wide with horror "My personality is a direct copy of your own, Father. So in truth, I am you. I am who you truly are. I am the one who will make your ideals come true. Now, join me! Join us! Give up your humanity!"

The swarm attacked.

14.11

Historia lightly chewed her tongue, lifted the frying pan up, and gave it an upward jerk. The flapjack came up, flipped over, and landed back in the pan. "HELL YES!"

At the table, Armin and Ymir, the latter still rather worn out and nursing a coffee, flinched. "Historia, please be more quiet," Ymir muttered.

Historia slid the cooked pancake off of the skillet. "I flipped a pancake. Successfully. I will not be quiet Yim Yim."

Ymir grumbled something about noise. Historia grabbed the plates of pancakes and brought them to the table. Armin smiled involuntarily at his mothers' bickering.

Armin's parents had vanished long ago, well before the loop typically began. His memories of them were... faint. Distorted. Often contradictory. They had said they would go on an expedition beyond the Walls. They never came back. They never left. They abandoned him and left him to his grandfather.

Armin didn't know who they were. He just knew that they were there. Impossibly though, when the loops had been young, an early variant saw him with Historia and Ymir as his parents. The loop had been awkward, a little disturbing, and even nice. He'd had two loving, thoughtful, empathetic parents.

He cherished that loop. And then it showed up later. And again. It was a semi-regular variant after a while. When Historia started Looping and Ymir started Dreaming, these loops had only gotten better.

They were... they were his mother. Each of them. They loved him, they protected him, and he loved them in return. Ymir drove him to school, Historia cooked him dinner, they all watched sports together, and they all went over to the Yeager's regularly.

It was so nice. It was-

"Armin, can you hand me that coffee?"

Armin snapped out of his revelry and grabbed the coffee for Historia. "Here you go mom. I mean, Historia."

Historia cocked an eyebrow and took the coffee pot from Armin. "Uh... thanks Armin. Thanks a lot."

Ymir's gaze went from Historia to Armin for a moment, before she smiled. And suddenly, she laughed. "Hehehehe..." Her smile

widened when her 'son' and 'wife' stared. "I guess this is what a happy family is like."

And neither of her family would deny her that.

14.12

"CADETS, TODAY YOU BEGIN THE GRUELING, TORTUROUS ENDEAVOR THAT IS BOOT CAMP!" Keith Shadis roared. "BEFORE WE BEGIN, A DECLARATION MUST BE MADE REGARDING BED ARRANGEMENTS. AS YOU ARE ALL AWARE, WE HAVE AN ABNORMALLY HIGH QUANTITY OF FEMALE CADETS THIS YEAR."

Everyone knew about the "abnormally high quantity of female cadets". Everyone was staring at the veritable army of Mikasa's who had shown up. Mikasa's titular glitch had struck again, it seemed. For the many Awake loopers, it was a passing curiosity. For everyone else...

"Why are there so many of you?" Samuel quietly asked a Mikasa.

"My mother was part of a set of identical octuplets. So were we," she explained.

"NO LOLLYGAGGING! NOW YOU RUNTS MAY BE PRANCING ABOUT THIS IN YOUR IGNORANCE, BUT WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH ALL OF YOU, YOU'LL BE TREATING EACH OTHER AS SOLDIERS, NOT AS MEN AND WOMEN!"

Eren quickly glanced at Armin, standing next to him in the line up. "What the hell does that mean?"

"Eren, shush."

"WELL BE CONDUCTING A LITTLE EXPERIMENT THIS YEAR IN COED BUNKING. ALL GIRL NAMED MIKASA WILL REPORT TO THE WEST BARRACKS. EVERYONE ELSE GOES TO THE NORTH BARRACKS. THERE YOU WILL FIND THAT THE ROOM IS SEPARATED BY A CURTAIN. IT IS UP TO YOU TO DECIDE WHERE YOU GO. DISMISSED!"

The assembly broke up quickly enough, the Mikasa army moving to scout out the west barracks for places to keep an eye on Eren, and everyone else walking north set. Inside of the room... well...

"Wait, we're all going to be sleeping in here?" Ymir asked redundantly. "What the hell! There's just a curtain!"

Connie scratched his head in embarrassed confusion. "So what? One side gets one gender? Or something?"

"But there's only enough beds for half of us," Jean pointed out. "How are we supposed to sleep, in pairs?"

Marco slid smoothly into the bed that Jean was standing next to. "Hey bed buddy. Wink."

"God, don't make it gay Marco." Jean's smirk took the sting out of the barb though. "Alright, so... what, half a room to half a group?"

"Girls get one side, guys will take the other," Historia declared, leading the women to the other half of the room. She winked at the boys. "No funny business now. We're watching."

The curtains fell. The men shared glances. Eren raised an eyebrow at Jean. "It's like this was engineered for comedy."

'I'm going to get so much blackmail this loop...' Keith Shadis thought happily. *'Too bad being a stealth looper won't let me use it soon.'*

Beyond the curtain, Historia tapped her chin. "Hmm... Jean was right. There are only enough bunks for half of us. Well I guess the only way to remedy this is to have some of us double bunk. Everyone, find a partner to share your bed with... wait... no wait, that's terrible. Everyone, find someone you'd want to sleep with... that's worse."

The women were staring at her now. "Alright, if you have any platonic feelings for someone, choose them. Er... but if you have romantic feelings... er... don't... um..."

Ymir cut off Historia by lunging the rambling princess over her shoulder. "This is mine. Anyone who wants her goes through me."

"Just find a bed with someone you're comfortable with," Historia finished.

On the other side of the sheet, several bench presses, weight sets, and mirrors had spontaneously appeared. Marco had pulled a bullhorn out of his pocket. "Come one men. Three years to get in shape and woo the girls next door. Six packs and abs, that's what I want to see!"

"Has anyone seen Armin?" Eren asked, shouldering a weight bar.

"Hey Reiner, why aren't you doing weights?" Connie asked the blond spy.

Reiner flexed. His shirt tore itself to shreds under the sheer might of his muscles, incidentally revealing chest hair in the shape of Texas. "Dude, just look at me. I'm a beast."

Sasha knocked at the curtain. A moment later, Jean opened his side of the curtain. "You got the goods?"

Sasha smiled and flashed the set of pictures she had. Jean chuckled and passed her a few bread rolls. She passed him the pictures. Sasha smirked and nibbled the roll. "Moron."

Jean flipped the pictures over and facepalmed. The photos that Sasha had passed him were... the girls from the other side of the room. Where were his Lolcat pictures!?

"Has anyone seen Armin?" Eren repeated as Marco began his lecture.

"Now, the specimen, femalis sapian, is a rare and often unappreciated subspecies-"

"I'll show you subspecies!" Mina shouted from the opposite of the room. Marco winced.

Across the room, Historia and Sasha examined a map of the room. Naturally, Sasha was wearing an army helmet. "Alright, Historia will advance through the ventilation, while I and Ymir will make the counter-offensive. Then, while the smoke bombs are falling, we'll leap out and that's where ole-snippy will come in handy."

To demonstrate, Sasha made several cutting motions around her groin. "That'll teach those boys to call us a subspecies."

"Hmm? What was that?" Historia asked. She pulled out her head phones. "Did you say my name?"

Eren and Jean slowly wheeled a bound Reiner towards the curtain divide. "Alright Reiner. Your mission is to enter enemy territory. Go in, recover the package, and get out. You hearing me?"

"No," Reiner said. "What's the package again?"

Jean and Eren were left wondering what the package was.

Meanwhile, Armin glanced up from his bed. "So, Annie, you're not gonna... you know, reveal I'm a guy, right?"

Annie shrugged. "Just don't tell anyone I have a thing for Eren, alright?"

"Sure." Armin reached up and blew out a candle. The scene faded.

14.13

Keith Shadis first Awoke to the ever so pleasant sensation of his stomach loudly protesting his decision to fly. Staggering through the crowd of teenagers, Keith managed, just barely, to reach the lip of the balcony he was on. Leaning over the edge, Shadis obliged his stomach's desire for egress.

As the world stopped spinning, Keith leaned back and realized two things:

He was several hundred meters above the ground... and there was nothing supporting what he was on. The second revelation was... disturbing.

He was Keith Shadis, former commander of the Scouting Regiment, now drill sergeant for the Cadet Corps, one who had until recently been under surveillance for suspicion of conspiracy. A suspicion that was true actually, seeing as he knew what Erwin had been planning. He was a decorated officer, and one who almost certainly did not deserve any of his rewards if only because of the number of lives that had perished under his command.

And yet... he was Keith Arc. A civilian with little to no outside training, but the tenacity to falsify educational documents to gain entry to the prestigious monster hunting school of Beacon. All he had to his name were the clothes on his back, a duffle bag of basic supplies, a collapsible shield and a family sword by the name of Crocea Mors. Keith quickly reassessed himself, trying to find something that made any form of sense. He was naturally drawing a blank.

Keith Shadis/Arc stared down at the city he was flying over. His home town of Vale, constantly beset by the mysterious beasts known as Grimm. The Grimm were creatures that, according to his new and

possibly unreal memories, had sought the destruction of humanity and The Faunus (a race of human beings with animalistic traits, for some reason) for as long as all three had occupied the world. In fact, if Shadis wasn't mistaken, that meant that they were Titans... just smaller.

A relieved grin slipped onto Keith's face. At least some things still made sense.

Absolutely nothing made sense. Not that Keith exactly cared at the moment. He was flying through the air, without anyway to stop. Naturally, he had a response to that. "AHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Pyrrha Nikos front flipped through the air, her shield Akoùo snapping into her forearm magnetically. Smoothly, the Mistral champion slammed into the trees, rolling into her landing. Shouldering her rifle-sword, she quickly aligned the sights to where it looked like the local variant of Jaune Arc was falling.

Aw yes, there he was. He actually looked like he had an idea how to fall. Of course, he was still going to die without her help, so Pyrrha flipped Miló over and took aim with her thumb. Miló fired, the recoil and Pyrrha's magnetic semblance launching the javelin to Jaune. For a handful of tense seconds, the forest beneath Pyrrha was silent but for the sound of Grimm.

And finally, a distant think was heard. "UH... THANK YOU..." Jaune called from the distant.

"I'M SORRY!" Pyrrha called. Pyrrha scrambled down into the trees, hopping from branch to branch, tree to tree, covering the distance rapidly. Landing on the soft grass, Pyrrha broke into a light jog, calmly passing an Ursa, a monstrous bear Grimm. The Grimm snarled and raced after her.

Up ahead, Pyrrha could see Jaune pinned to a tree, her sword speared through his hoodie. "Hey there!" she shouted, getting his attention. "You need a teammate?"

"LOOK OUT, THERE'S A GRIMM BEHIND YOU!" he screamed, pointing at the snarling, charging Ursa.

Pyrrha spun on her heel, Akoùo in hand. A flick sent the shield into the Grimm's eyes, blinding it and sending it a step back. The Grimm screamed in fury, blindly flailing at Pyrrha. The experienced Huntress dodged and blocked the blows smoothly. "So how's Beacon treating you? Liking the scenery?"

"LESS TALKING MORE KILLING!" Arc screamed, still struggling to pull Pyrrha's blade free.

Pyrrha rolled her eyes. "It's just an Ursa." To demonstrate her point, Pyrrha allowed the monster to slash her with it's claws. The razor sharp barbs shattered on contact with her Aura. The Grimm shrieked at her. "It's no real problem."

Jaune wrenched the sword loose, flipped over, and lunged down the tree, drawing his own sword and slashing the Grimm across the back of the neck, killing it instantly. He glared angrily at Pyrrha and shoved her blade into her arms. "This is a War zone. We need to kill these things and if you're just here for fun, you can leave."

Pyrrha stared at the Arc who had arrived. She narrowed her eyes and set off a second ping. Only one other, Ruby's, responded. Was this a visiting looper? Couldn't be... could he? "Right. I'll be serious now."

"Good." Arc expanded his shield and started marching in the direction of the ruins. "Now keep up."

Pyrrha pursed her lips. "What's your name?" When Arc stared at her Pyrrha shrugged. "It's customary for people to have a name."

Arc cocked an eyebrow. "My name... is Keith. Keith Arc."

A non-color themed name. Only out of loop visitors sported those. Pyrrha nodded. *'Got you, mister stealth looper.'*

Keith was starting to make sense of the world. There were the Grimm that wanted to kill everything that moved. There were Huntsmen and Huntresses that were charged with exterminating them. Killing Grimm was easy.

Hunters had a plethora of just plain... disturbing tools available to them. Magical stones that acted like gunpowder, transforming weapons that seemed to incorporate guns and swords and who knew what else, and of course, instant communication. It was as if this entire world was... right, where the Walls were wrong.

Keith didn't understand how this all worked. He did have the ability to kill whatever was standing in his way easily though. That made things a little better.

Of more notable curiosity was Pyrrha Nikos. He'd run into her earlier that day, and this was introduced to the most annoying duality of anyone he had ever met. On the one hand, she had The Look. The look of someone who'd seen exactly how cruel the world could be. She knew, she had to know, what the world could throw at her.

At the same time though, she was, for lack of a better word, perky. She was happy, confident, and polite. Whatever had happened to Pyrrha, it had broken her, and impossibly (for a seventeen year old) she'd put herself back together.

Keith was badly tempted to ask exactly what she'd been through. He was polite enough not to though.

He was sorely tempted to throw all that to the wind when Pyrrha accidentally bent a branch straight into his face. "OW!"

"Ack!" Pyrrha nearly shouted. "I'm so sorry, I didn't..." Pyrrha blinked a few times. "Uh, Keith. Did you activate your Aura?"

"Bless you," he said. "Wait, my what?"

Pyrrha lightly traced the scratch that had formed on Keith's cheek, which had already vanished with a puff of steam. "Aura is the soul, manifest. A shield against harm, and a marvel that sets all creatures alive apart from the Grimm. They are the darkness, and we are the light, and so they seek to wipe us out."

Keith nodded. "Sure. That lines up with what I know. I just prefer my... own sort."

Pyrrha nodded, and then pressed her thumb to Keith's forehead. "Wow, hey, what are you doing?"

Pyrrha smiled at the foreign looper's ignorance. "I'm activating your Aura. Obviously. We can't have someone out here without Aura."

Keith opened his mouth, but promptly shut it when a feeling of... something, imparted him. Energy, or was it clarity, coursed into his veins. It felt like an electric shock to the flesh, a flash of lightning in a dark room, and... Something wholly indescribable. "Woah..."

Pyrrha smiled, heaving a sigh as the minute exhaustion of activating an Aura came over her. "Yeah. That's how I felt too. Your Aura should protect you from anything else."

Keith nodded gently. "Thank you Pyrrha."

"You're welcome Keith." Pyrrha set her hands on her hips. "Now then, with that out of the way, why don't we go about like the civilized loopers we are, hmm?"

Keith furrowed his brow. "Um... what?"

Pyrrha smiled motherly. "Keith, you don't need to lie. I can tell that you're from out of loop. I'm sorry, but if you wanted to be stealthy,

you're... pretty bad at it."

Keith stared at Pyrrha as if she had gone crazy. "Look, Pyrrha, we have a mission. We need to get the relics for Ozpin. I intend to do so. So stop babbling." Keith stepped forward and shunted Pyrrha aside.

Pyrrha gave Keith an unreadable look. "Keith, where do you think you are?"

Keith shrugged. "Hell if I know."

Keith was flying through the air. He felt... empty. It was as if he was weightless, hollow. It wasn't the first time he'd felt like this though. He'd felt like this every time one of his men had returned in a body bag. *'Another dead comrade. Damn...'*

Keith looked down at the passing ground. He had at least thought that obliging Pyrrha's sudden request to explore a dark cave wouldn't have ended in what could only be described as a nightmarishly massive Scorpion. Said Scorpion had nearly killed him with it's oversized stinger, and when it missed hitting him, it had knocked him away. Hence why he was flying through the sky, rocketing towards a semi-empty clearing. *'Well, at least her family might not blame me... brace, right, brace.'*

Keith struck up his Aura and managed to avoid dying as he plowed full tilt into a tree. "Ow..."

Disentangling himself from the branches, Keith landed in the grass and did a quick visual recon. He was in a large clearing, with a set of ruins in the distance. Two girls, a dark brunette and a blonde, were standing amongst the stones. They waved at him. Keith despondently plodded towards them.

"Hey there stranger," the blonde said cheerfully. "How was the flight?"

"You know Pyrrha Nikos? She's probably dead now," Keith said bluntly. "She got stuck alone with a giant scorpion Grimm." There really was no reason to not talk about it. If the news got out fast, well...

The abjectly horrified look on the girls was what Keith had been aiming for anyway. Maybe now they'd think harder about becoming Huntresses. Keith grabbed a golden rook from it's pedestal. One of the relics, he presumed.

A moment later, a red blob fell out of the sky, followed by a girl dressed all in white. Keith cocked an eyebrow. "What's with them?"

Blondie and the brunette didn't respond. They seemed to still be in shock. Keith groaned and walked to the red and white duo. The girl with the hood waved at him. "Hey there!"

"Do you two know a Pyrrha Nikos?" He asked again.

Red pointed across the clearing. "Isn't that her right there?"

Keith's head snapped to the left so fast he actually could hear it crack. There, jogging calmly out of the woods, was Pyrrha, alive and well. Keith's jaw dropped.

Pyrrha walked up to him, and was bowled over by Blondie and the brunette. "YOU'RE ALIVE!"

Red, the white chick, and Keith stared at Pyrrha and her two fangirls. "But but but... what's going on here?" Pyrrha asked.

The brunette looked at Pyrrha, with almost teary eyes. "He said you were dead."

"And you believed him?" Pyrrha countered.

"Uh... well... yes."

For a few moments, the six assembled students dared awkwardly at each other. Pyrrha looked at Keith. "You... Uh... you tell people that other people die often?"

Keith didn't look at Pyrrha.

Red nodded. "Alright, so I think some explanations are in order. Maybe introductions. Hello Keith, I am Ruby, this is Pyrrha, welcome to Remnant."

A giant feather fell out of the sky. Ruby coughed. "After I kill that Nevermore, we'll get on with the intros."

Pyrrha tracked Keith down on the rooftop later that evening. The team assignments had gone normally, with JNPR back together (though this time they'd been given the ANVL), but once it was over, Keith had left the party. "Is something wrong?"

Keith didn't answer. Pyrrha continued. "I know that this is a lot to take in. I mean... I was terrified when I first heard about all of this. It's so much to take in."

Keith looked at Pyrrha. "Do you know how many people I've had to protect? How many have died because of my decisions? I've lost count, honestly. And then, you come and tell me that when I get back... in just six months, I'm going to have a chance to do it all over again."

"Yes. You have a chance to be better. To do better. You are free in the loops."

Keith shook his head. "I'm not free. I have... responsibilities. I have to train a new generation of children to die hopelessly against a horde of monsters while a kingdom looks on carelessly. All for the glory of humanity. What sort of glory matters when no one lets you win. The nobles will stop us, because if we win, then they'll have a world they can no longer control."

"We're fighting Grimm without Dust, without Aura, without Huntresses, without hope... without what we need." Keith stared at the shattered moon, hanging above Remnant. "I don't deserve this."

Pyrrha put a hand in his shoulder. "Keith-"

"You survive. You thrive. But we live in golden cages, cowering like cattle, and whenever I've tried to strike back, I've only succeeded in killing more people." Keith groaned. "Why me..."

Pyrrha just shook her head. "I don't know why. I'm sorry Keith."

After an indiscernible time, Keith stood up. "You... you said something about a 'Stealth Looper'. What does that mean?"

Pyrrha looked at Keith. "You're going to hide from your world? Why?"

"I don't deserve to... be seen. I don't deserve to loop. I may as well be invisible. That may be what we need. So, if it has to be me, it'll be me."

Keith nodded. "I don't deserve this. But I should be ready regardless; they may need me one day."

A/N: Another compilation. I'm terribly sorry for the delay. Between finals, job hunting, Homestuck, and life in general, my time has been monopolized.

14.1: Not everyone likes this loop.

14.2: Germans and Americans hate Tingle!

14.3: They see me rolling, they hatin, trying to catch me ridin dirty...

14.4: Sasha and Connie, best food buds for love! I mean Life!

14.5: Absolute love... but empty love. *DAMN* .

14.6: Dads. Can't live with them, can't wish them away.

14.7: Warhammer 40,000 for those of you wondering.

14.8: his one appeared a chapter ago, but was accidentally included. It's back.

14.9: So's this one.

14.10: Armin, the fool. Man was not meant to meddle with such powers.

14.11: In recognition of the recent and broad legalization of gay marriage in America... okay, kidding, this was written well before that happened.

14.12: This is why Coed bunking never works!

14.13: Keith's first loop. Trust me: this will be important.

Basking in the Sun: Part 5

Attack on Titan Loops

Chapter 15

15.1

Tommy Oliver Awoke to the most annoying and disquieting out of body feeling he had experienced in the loops. He was in Zordon's tube again. He immediately felt a disturbance in the Morphing Grid, a reinvigoration as Evil returned. He also felt the earthquake Rita was causing. He glanced down at Alpha 5. "Alpha!"

"Aiyaiyai!" Alpha shouted. "It's the big one! Everything is going to come crashing down! I knew it!"

"Calm down Alpha. It's really Rita. She's escaped her prison and is attacking earth."

"What do we do?"

Timmy smiled. This was always fun. "Teleport to us five overemotional and overbearing humans."

"No! Anything but that! Not teenagers!"

"That's correct," Tommy said, smirking. "Commence the translation Alpha, now!"

"Aiyaiyai," Alpha said, keying in a location and teleporting the five chosen teenagers. Tommy looked at the shimmering lights, and into their clearing depths, and saw...

Five white girls. No, wait, four white girls and a biracial girl. Tommy glanced at Alpha. "You got the calibrations right, right?"

"Uh..." Alpha glanced at the computer screen, while the girls were glancing around in various degrees of confusion. "No, I locked onto the visiting loopers. These are them." He waved at the five girls. "Hi there. Welcome to our loop."

The biracial girl, obviously of asiatic descent, stepped forward. She had been staring at Tommy from the instant she'd arrived. "Hello Mr... Tommy Oliver? My name is Mikasa Ackerman, Anchor to the Walled World."

Tommy nodded in polite recognition. "Hello Mikasa, girls, I am Tommy Oliver, anchor of one of the worlds of Power Rangers. You five have been selected to be Rangers... despite the obvious deficiency."

The group exchanged a confused glance. "Uh... what do you mean, deficiency?" a bespectacled brunette asked.

Tommy shook his head in an attempt to make a broad, encompassing gesture. "It's just that, usually, Power Ranger teams are more diverse than this... well, usually. I mean, one person of half asiatic descent, and you're all girls." Tommy grimaced in embarrassment. "We tend to have broader representation."

A short blonde girl developed a blush. "Well... uh... in terms of diversity, I'm dating Ymir."

"Dating Historia," a tall, dark haired girl said. She was obviously Ymir.

"I'm non-binary. Name's Zoe, call me Hanji," the bespectacled girl said.

"I'm Sasha and I'm Scottish!" a girl with dark red hair said.

"Blue ranger material," Alpha commented.

Mikasa declined to comment in the fashion of everyone else. "So, we're to become Power Rangers?"

"Basically," Tommy said. Alpha grabbed a box and began passing out morphers. "These are your morphers. They will allow you to become the Mighty Morphing Power Rangers. As I have. As my friends have. And as many others have. May you use your powers wisely."

The girls took their morphers, Historia tentatively, Ymir and Mikasa impassively, and Hanji and Sasha enthusiastically. "So when do we get to use these?" Hange asked.

"Hmm... Right now," Tommy said. "Rita Repulsa is attacking Angel Grove as we speak. We'll teleport you to her attack."

"Wait, before we go, I have a question," Mikasa said, slipping her morpher onto her belt. "Did the Juice Bar collapse? Because my brothers were eating Ice Cream and hadn't left when it started-"

"Your brothers are replacing Bulk and Skull," Tommy informed her. "Trust me: they are set for life. Now then; go, Mighty Morphing Power Rangers!"

The world shimmered out around Mikasa, Sasha, Hanji, Ymir and Historia, before reforming into the park in Angel Grove. Around them were Rita Repulsa's foot soldiers, the Putty Patrol. Mikasa cracked her knuckles, and pulled her morpher off of her belt. "We need to stop this."

"Whatever you say Mikasa," Sasha agreed.

"Can we capture a few so I can study them?" Hanji asked.

"No, we're going to be kicking their asses," Ymir rebuked.

"We need to save the city, so please stop bickering," Historia interjected.

Sasha chuckled. "Well Mikasa, your call to make. Shall we?"

Mikasa clutched her morpher, and shouted. "IT'S MORPHING TIME!"

15.2

"Ikari? Ikari? Wake up."

"Who is that"

"It's me."

"Class rep? Why..."

"Where's Arlert? Where has he gone to Ikari? I made this for him with all my heart. It's just a lunch... but... I can't find him. Ikari... please... bring him back."

"No! I didn't do it! I didn't kill Armin!"

"Kill? Is... is Arlert dead?"

"I WASN'T ME! I TOLD HIM TO STOP! BUT FATHER... GENDO KILLED ARMIN!"

Karula Ikari (typically Carla Yeager) opened her eyes and escaped her nightmare. Or... did she wake up into this... this nightmare loop? "That ceiling... it's familiar."

"I imagine it is," said a rugged, calm voice. Ryoji Kaji, Kaji to his friends, was in the room. "I guess you've 'regained consciousness'. You sure you don't want to be unconscious a little longer?"

Karula sat up, feeling her entire body groan under the mental stress she had been under. *'Armin... Oh Armin...'* Karula's eyes widened as she remembered her dream, and how her class representative, Mikasa, had arrived.. "Mikasa... oh god she'll... she'll be..."

Kaji sighed quietly, but in the painfully silent room, he may as well have fired a gun. "I guess this is something that shouldn't be avoided. Your father wants to see you."

Karula snapped out of her stupor over having to tell her Unawake daughter that Armin had died. "He... he wants to see me?"

Kaji nodded solemnly. "He wants to see you. He said that you need to see him, even if you need to crawl." Kaji looked dead to Karula. "That's how he put it."

Karula steeled herself and sat up. "He wants to see me. Then I'll go. I want to see him to."

The walk through NERV's headquarters was a blur to Karula. Her memories kept intruding on her walk. Nerdish, playful Eren walking around in Kensuke Aida's shoes. Mikasa managing the class with Hikari Horaki's stern fist. Timid Armin Suzuhara, joining the Eva program to save his little comatose sister, Christa, just like Toji had before him.

The memory of her hands closing... of her hands crushing Armin... killing Armin...

Karula was standing in the dark room that was Gendo's office. In front of her, the man that laid claim to the title of 'her father' sat, hands clasped. Behind her, neither supporting nor oppressing her, Kaji stood, silent.

"You look better than I expected," Gendo said emptily. "Now then... Destruction of NERV property. Willful possession of Eva for personal usage. Disobedience of lawful orders. All of which are criminal acts."

Gendo looked Karula dead in the eyes. "What do you have to say for yourself."

Karula inhaled, and exhaled slowly. She could hear the blood in her ears rushing, her heart pounding. The urge to scowl, to scream, to lash out, threatened, something to fight against Gendo. Instead, she said nothing.

Gendo adjusted his glasses. "If you have nothing to say for committing these crimes, then you are to be punished accordingly. You are to spend a month in solitary confinement for your actions." Gendo's stare was void, lacking emotion, depth, humanity. "Go, and think upon your decisions."

Karula twitched. "My actions."

Kaji read her tone instantly. Gendo didn't even hear her tone, and remained silent in incomprehension.

"Possession of Eva for personal use. Destruction of property. Murder." Karula sneered. "Those are *your* crimes Gendo. And your sentence..."

Karula didn't move her feet. She didn't lunge, didn't jump, didn't rush. Instead, her feet remained perfectly planted. Her arms though...

Gendo couldn't explain the surge of water that lifted him up and engulfed his head. Karula was staring at him with fury etched in her face, not that he could see it. "You killed Armin. His blood is on your hands! And your blood is on mine."

Karula threw Gendo out the window, liquified, and left the building. Kaji, standing in the room, was unable to move. Seeing your boss killed by his daughter with her having drowned him on dry land would do that to you.

Shinji Horaki, Mikasa Horaki's brother this loop, was a very smart person. You tended to end up a smart person when you were billions if not trillions of years old. His smarts were what led him to a small alcove between two buildings, a gap occupied by bushes and grass and vine plants. It was a small garden, tucked away within the city of Neo Tokyo Three.

Shinji knew it well. It was a place he had gone to many times to brood. It was prime brooding territory. Some of the best, honestly. It was where he found Karula Yeager, sitting still on a bench. She was utterly still, save a single motion: the trailing tears on her face. Shinji sat down next to her and gently wrapped her hand in his.

The silence crept on, Karula sniffling and Shinji gently patting her shoulder. Finally, Karula's crying eased. "Do you want to talk about it?" Shinji asked politely.

"I... I killed him." Karula tucked her legs against her chest, trying to curl up into herself. "I killed him."

"Gendo? No, don't answer that." Shinji pressed a little closer to Karula. "I know that it's hard. It's hard to take a life."

"No... it's easy," Karula gently asserted. "I've killed before. I've killed good men before. I... didn't know who I was. I wasn't asking who I was. I didn't care. I was Sloth. I killed because I was told to. This isn't the first time." Karula's tears flowed anew.

"You knew him," Shinji intuited. "You knew who Gendo was. But... you regret killing him?" Now he looked a little lost. "What, didn't you want to kill him?"

Karula choked on her words. Comprehension dawned on Shinji. "You knew him after he started looping. And when you met him here, he wasn't-"

"He wasn't Gendo. That monster isn't the person I know." Karula dragged another gasp of air into her lungs. "I was the only person

who knew him, and didn't judge him."

Shinji sighed. "Not everyone hates Gendo. They, and you, are exceptions to the rule though. Nanoha, Naoki, millions despise him. He's a new looper, compared to the multiverse. We're billions of years old. He's nary a handful of millennia old. As old as you, if I'm correct."

Karula didn't answer Shinji. "Karula, you know that you were one of a select group who had never seen Gendo when he was himself. You had the fortune to know another him. Gendo know is in pain. He's struggling to fit into the loops when everyone is trying to kick him out." Shinji squeezed his fist, an old nervous habit. "When my father is Awake, he wants to be accepted. He wants to atone. He just wants to be... left alone."

"When he's Asleep, Gendo is... lost. He's flailing, bumbling through life, grasping at the final straws he thinks will return Yui to him. My father wants to know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Yui will return to him. It's driven him mad."

Shinji sighed and looked up at the hot, painfully clear blue sky of this endless summer. "Awake, Gendo simply wants to grieve in peace. Asleep, he wants to reunite with Yui. This doesn't excuse his actions though. He isn't the first person to have lost a loved one. He should have moved on. He just... Gendo, when he's like this, deserves his punishment. He and Seele damned the human race. Looping though, he just wants to find peace."

The silence established itself, and began to stretch on. Shinji and Karula sat in silence, thoughts and emotions and fleeting glimpses of understanding whirling in a tumult in their heads. The wind whistled through the vines, and clouds had gathered when Karula spoke again. "In my home loop, my husband loses me. Grisha is distraught... so sad. And yet... He doesn't find Eren or Mikasa. Instead, he waits a week and goes to the Reiss chapel. He kills them all. He takes the Coordinate. And he gives it to Eren."

"My husband has kept so much from me. So many painful secrets. And when I died, he couldn't take it. But where Gendo broke and plotted to take Yui back, Grisha gave Eren the Coordinate. He hid the Coordinate within Eren. He died to ensure the safety of mankind."

Karula stared at her hands. "I guess... Grisha used his final hours well. Gendo didn't. But at the same time, there are so many, so many reasons that are left unanswered. I can't... I can't begin to fathom how he knew about the Coordinate, how he became a Titan Shifter, why he acted when he did. I don't even know if what he did was right. At least with Gendo, I knew."

Karula sat there in silence, before tears welled up and began to seep from her eyes into her hands. "I'm a terrible person."

Shinji squeezed her hand. "No, you're not. You're better than you think you are. You, like everyone else-"

"No, it's that I've killed Armin, your sister's sweetheart, and I'm... I'm torn up about killing, killing a monster." Karula looked to be on the edge of a full psychological breakdown leaning hard over her hands. "I'm a horrible, shitty person and a horrible, shitty mother."

Shinji gently pushed Karula up to a sitting position. "Carla, I need you to look at me. Just look at me."

Karula turned to face Shinji. Shinji's blue eyes were as hard as steel. "Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone wishes they could go back and repair the damage. But no one, not even I, can do that. Karula, in the loops, people are going to die. It's not a question of if, it's a question of when. When their time comes, you must promise me something."

"You must be prepared to let them rest in peace. Fight for their life, fight to save them, and never stop fighting to protect what you love the most. But when their time comes, and you see what has happened, you must always remember that no matter what, what

you did was your best. You made mistakes, but blame does not fall to you. Merely a responsibility to save what you once failed to save."

Shinji gently pulled Karula into a hug. "I'm sorry that Armin is dead. I'm sorry that Gendo is dead. You just always remember this. Keep moving forward. One day, you'll see how your journey affected you, and you will love it."

Karula hiccuped. "But... Armin... Mikasa..."

"I know. I've lost people dear to me as well Carla. What sustained me was a drive to see what would come of my choices and a hope that the next day would always be better than the last. Feeling pain, even guilt, is natural. Just remember. The past is gone, and all you can do is learn from it to change the future." Shinji stood up, his hand still in Karula's.

Karula gently stood up, unfolding in stiff sections like a fancy ruler stick. "Shinji, do you-"

"Yes, I do." Shinji's smile assumed a different, ever so lightly pained, appearance. "You'll get better. And everything will be alright. I did, after all."

15.3 Crossoverpairinglover

The Colossal Titan once again rose its head above the massive Wall Maria.

However, it had a...unpleasant addition to it this time around, and no it was not a Perm this time.

Instead, it had really wide eyes and an open mouthed smile, the likes that a human could not pull off without looking terrifying while attempting to look extremely happy.

Mikasa took one look at it, and her body shivered like she had been trapped inside another living Glacier, before she drew out a bazooka longer than Erwin was tall and fired at it.

15.4

"You spent the last loop as a what?"

Mikasa had dragged herself into the Carla's bar with the look of a girl who had been proposed to by Edward Cullen. Her explanation for her state of fatigue had been incredulous. "I was an insurance agent."

Jean set his beer aside and gave Mikasa a long hard look. After his deliberation, he simply patted her on the shoulder. "Alright, now what really happened?"

Mikasa slammed her head into the bar. "So... much... paperwork..."

Ymir finished cleaning a flagon and gave Mikasa another cup. "Look Mikasa, being an insurance agent isn't that ridiculous. So suck it up and take it like a soldier."

Mikasa took her lager and upended it over Ymir's head before grabbing her lapels and pulling her into her face. "Trust me: it's hell on earth. Insurance work is literally hell on earth."

Jean gently pushed his beer to Mikasa. "Alright Mikasa, we understand. Now put Ymir down and have a pint, okay?"

"Make it a gallon," Mikasa countered, pulling the pint away from Jean. "And put it on Jean's tab."

"Hey!"

It was nearly an hour later that Mikasa, drunk, haggard, but slightly recovered, walked out of the bar. Jean and Ymir watched her go impassively, before quickly turning back to each other. "You believe her?"

"Nope."

Jean shook his head. "How could being an insurance agent be tough? It's... it's insurance!"

Ymir shook her head. "Look, Jean, I barely loop outside of our world. Maybe she ended up in that lawyer's world. What was his name, Iam Right?"

"Pheonix Wright," Jean answered, pulling a portable game player and a cartridge from his pocket. "This is his video game. I want it back before the loop ends, okay."

Ymir took the portable and booted it up. "Man, whatever. But seriously, insurance? That's just a wasted loop."

"Nah, some sort of super power has to be good for being an insurance agent," Jean countered. "Maybe Mikasa just got a silly power she doesn't want to talk about."

"Like with those teleporting agent commercials?" Ymir offered, slotting the Ace Attorney cartridge into the portable.

"Yeah. Maybe if you say, 'like a good neighbor, Mikasa's there' or some-"

BING!

"Hello I am your State Farm insurance rep...resent..."

Ymir and Jean stared at the impeccably dressed Mikasa, wielding a clipboard and pen, caught mid-speech by the realization that she was talking to her fellow loopers. And that she had teleported to them. Which meant that being called like this summoned her.

For a long moment, silence reigned.

"GODDAMMIT!"

15.5 Evilhumour

On one hand, this had to be one of the strangest variant the three Anchors ever had to deal with. There were no walls, no flesh eating monsters, *nothing* to worry about it!

" **QUACK!** " With the thuds of webbed feet walking up to Eren, the Duck Titan thundered his quack again. Reaching to his side, he grabbed some of the bread he had and tossed it over the bird's head, to which it chased after and began to gobble it down before drenching the three of them with water after it dove into the pond.

Then again...

15.6

Jean glanced around the dark forest he was in. "Well this sucks," he neighed. He then face-hoofed. "And now it's worse."

"At least you have a whole body," Marco said... somehow... from atop Jean's back. "At least you can explain how you're speaking!"

"Well you're a ghost," Jean pointed out.

"Halfa. Half man, half ghost," Marco clarified. "And really, I'm only 90% man right now and no ghost at all. How do you explain that?"

"You're a dullahan," Jean suggested.

"..." Marco huffed after a moment. "Well, at least we know where we are now. We're either in Ireland, or Pennsylvania."

"Pennsylvania?"

"Sleepy Hollow, where else?"

"Sleepy Hollow is in Virginia."

"No it isn't." Marco gave Jean's reigns a flick. "Sleepy Hollow is in Pennsylvania. That's why we're here. We're... Pennsylvania Dutch."

"Why would we be Dutch?"

"The Pennsylvania Dutch are Germans. We are Germans."

"Well, can't you check your loop memories? You're the horseman, you should remember something."

Marco seemed to think about that for a moment. Than he shrugged. "No head, no brain, no memories."

"Oh for the love of..." Jean stopped.

The duo of horse and rider had arrived at a crossroads, and were staring at a tall man in a brown coat and glasses, who was staring back at them. For a moment, the headless man, his horse, and the teacher didn't speak.

"Hey," Marco said. "Is this Pennsylvania, or Virginia?"

Ichabod Crane said, "New York."

15.7 BIOS-Perecydes

It was a relatively peaceful day for the residents of the Titan Loops. At the moment most of the Loopers were Awake and hanging out in

the Carla . Jean, Mikasa, Armin and Marco were playing a round of poker, the large pile of random souvenirs growing with each hand. In the corner Sasha and Connie were experimenting with their Conduit abilities, testing whether Sasha could use Connie's steam to bake her potatoes while still on the vine. Behind the bar Carla and Hannes were discussing various drinks they had made in the past dozen Loops, while Hanji and Eren were seated at the counter arguing over a diagram of the Hell Titan's biology. Seated in the background watching over their friends, Ymir and Historia were relaxing on the couch; Historia resting her head against Ymir's shoulder. The only person missing was Levi, who hadn't Awoken yet.

With a loud slam as the door was knocked open by a cloud of bats, that was quickly rectified. The bats soon coalesced into the familiar leader of the Special Operations Squad, who appeared more haggard than normal. Without a word to the others who were looking at him curiously he immediately headed for the bar. "Brain Bleach."

Long practice had Hannes passing the drink over even before Levi had finished asking, however rather than drain the drink immediately he instead turned to Hanji. "Titan Blood."

Hanji's eyes widened in surprise. "What happened to you?"

"Titan. Blood."

Scowling Hanji pulled out a transfusion pack of the requested liquid, but held it out of Levi's reach with a look.

Levi grimaced, but gave in. "I Looped in as the Crimson Fucker."

Even Mikasa winced at that. Their Loop was bad, but Abridged Variants were the stuff nightmares were made of. The Hellsing Loops was insane enough on its own, Abridged Alucard was just plain freaky. Wordlessly Hanji passed the blood over to Levi who nodded thanks. "If anyone needs me this Loop, too bad."

He then drained the packet in one go before chasing it with the glass of Brain Bleach. The rest of the Loop passed quite pleasantly.

15.8 Crossoverpairinglover

Mikasa's eye was twitching.

It was twitching in a manner that made most who saw her want to flee from her before she struck them with her wrath.

A confused, and somewhat scared Connie turned to Armin with a curious glance, with said blond looking right back at him before mouthing, "Musical loop. sing at your own peril".

15.9

"Beer. A tall, stout one."

The bartender on the Carla, this time being Jean, glanced at the defeated form of Hans. "What's got you down in the dumps?"

Hans sighed, attracting the attention of Armin and Historia, who were also in the room. "It's nothing, really it isn't Jean. Just get me a drink, please."

Jean's lips tugged at his cheeks, but the bartender reached down and poured Hans a tall on. The soldier took to the drink like a fish to water, and after two more, his tongue was whetted enough to begin his tale. "Ya see... I was just trying to do well by her. But Carla... she got angry."

Trost District was full to bursting, it's Titan-filled Walls straining under the weight of refugees from the territories of Wall Maria. In a few months, if Sasha or Eren or Jean or somebody didn't do something,

the Government would send a full fifth of humanity out into the cold world to die. Even with interference it wasn't guaranteed, but it was a good hope.

A hope that Carla didn't need to feel as she bought a loaf of bread and a few eggs for breakfast on that cold morning. Already, food was beginning to come into the district, feeding the sick and weak. Obviously, Sasha had made a move: she had a real thing for venison, and it was a prominent commodity in the market.

Carla cheerfully waved at Jean as he past the house she had rented, the older-looper/younger-boy tipping an imaginary hat to her. Inside of her house, Carla quickly stowed the bread and eggs away, before turning on her heel. "Hello Hans."

Hans glanced from the book he'd be reading through (Wild Heart, Wild Mind, by Sasha Blouse and Conner Springer) and nodded to the owner. "Carla, I saw you were out, so I let myself in."

Carla snickered a little. "Perhaps your 'old man' instincts finally kicked in. Come to meet the nubile young woman in her house unannounced?"

"God, Anne would kill me," Hans groaned, recalling his lovely wife. "This isn't a joking matter though Carla." Hans closed the book and set it aside. "Carla, this isn't a joking matter at all."

Carla blinked and grabbed a chair for herself. "What's wrong Hans?"

Hans felt a mild relief at seeing Carla having already sat down, but he did not indulge himself in it. "Carla... I first want to say that I'm sorry I didn't realize this before, or how probable this was. After having seen our new expansion though..."

Carla knew immediately what Hans was talking about. A recent expansion to their loop, rather than pushing them ever further forward, had firmed up their back. Carla could, quite astonishingly, recall her pre-loop history with so much more clarity, as could Hans.

She could remember working as a waitress, meeting Grisha, the plague that had gripped Wall Maria, even the happiest days of her life: marrying Grisha, and giving birth to Eren.

But if Hans had only realized this now... "Hans, is something wrong with Grisha?"

Hans gently turned to Carla and took her hands in his own. Slowly, enunciating every word as if doing so would blunt their impact, Hans answered Carla's question. "I fear, though I only have circumstantial evidence at this time, that in baseline, Grisha may have been responsible for the deaths of Mikasa's parents."

"...What?"

Hans grimaced as Carla's face blanked out. "Carla, I'm going to give you the facts. Both of Mikasa's parents are immune to the Coordinate, by virtue of being from a different bloodline than you or me. As a Shifter and going upon his knowledge of the Reiss family, Grisha had to know this. Additionally, Mikasa has inherited her father's chance to become an incredibly powerful soldier, much like Levi or Kenny. Finally, on the day that Grisha was scheduled to make a house call to the Ackerman residence, three bandits kidnapped, not killed, but kidnapped Mikasa, and would have done the same to her mother, who is relatively harmless compared to her father."

Hans gently sighed, rubbing Carla's too still hand. "Carla, I can't say anything for certain, but I'll tell you that you should be prepared to learn that Grisha was responsible, indirectly or directly, for the death of Mikasa's parents. Mikasa is doubly immune to the Coordinate, and with her connection to Eren, the boy who possesses the Coordinate, she is an incredibly powerful ally."

Hans looked Carla in the eye. "I'm not asking you to be suspicious of your husband Carla. Just to be prepared. Alright?" Hans trailed off. "Alright?" Hans blinked and looked into Carla's glazed over eyes. "Carla?"

There was no tone, no inflection to Carla's voice when she finally spoke. "Get out."

"But Car-"

"Get. *Out! OF!* ***MY! HOUSE! "*** Carla screamed, water flooding out of her pocket and slamming into Hans, carrying him through the brickwork and out into the street. Staggered but not stunned, Hans stood back up and looked into the house. Carla looked back at him with loathing in her eyes. "No."

"Carla, I-"

"Shut up," Carla said in a hard tone. "Hans, my husband may not have been honest with me. He may have turned our son into a living weapon and painted a target on his back. He may have... he may have slaughtered a family of innocents, but he did it to protect all of humanity. He may have lied, and cheated, and stolen to become the man... to become... to be who he is, but despite it all... He saved my life. He saved my family. Grisha Yeager saved my home and Grisha fought to save all of us."

Carla started forward, stepping over the fallen bricks. "We have a beautiful son. We have taken in a wonderful daughter. We have been happy. Maybe it was all a lie he told me so I could live the simple life I wanted back then. Maybe he wanted power, maybe he wanted justice. I don't know. But neither do you. So don't come into my house an tell me you know Grisha. You don't know the man I love."

Hans stared balefully at Carla's determined anger. "Carla... you really do love him with all your heart."

"Absolutely."

Hans gently patted her shoulder, and left her to stand in the ruins of her wall, trapped in the light of day, but with her eyes deep in shadow.

"And that's why I'm here." Hans downed his drink and turned to Jean. "So, what do you think? Think that all was a fun story or something?"

Jean gulped, with Armin and Historia watching with baited breath. Jean glanced at the door as it slid open, and froze. Into the room had walked Carla herself, and now she was glaring at Hans. The professional soldier and oldest looper sighed loudly. "Carla-"

"Beer, now Jean," Carla said, moving straight to the end of the bar. Jean obliged her.

Finally, Hans worked up the courage to speak. "Carla?"

"Do you really think an Ackerman just falls into your lap? Perhaps it does. Then it's circumstance. And if you're a Titan Shifter, than it rarer, but possible. That is happenstance. But to be a shifter, to gain someone immune to the Coordinate, and to be there on just the right day, at the right time..."

Hans drank his beer. "Then it's already a pattern."

Carla glanced at Hans. "You're wrong. I know you are."

"How?"

"Because for years, Grisha was all I had. He sustained me, loved me and our son. I trust him, because I do love him, and because he deserves trust. Simply put Hans, I will not betray Grisha. Not for you, or anyone."

Hans and Carla spent the rest of the night in silence. They left, Carla earlier, Hans later, and they eventually retired to bed. In the dark, Hans thought, and fretted, and worried for his friends safety. In the other room, Carla quietly wondered about her husband, and long into the night, she held back the tears.

15.10 Crossoverpairinglover

Eyeing his monitor with a frown, Ganesha felt a headache coming on.

It would seem that they had found out he had fixed the 'Worf' setting, and had decided to 'fix' it.

Naturally he turned it right back to Wolf, and it had quickly devolved into what could only be described as a war fought with the letters L and R.

He appeared to have outlasted the smartaleks, but he just knew this was going to have some side effect.

You couldn't constantly change a guy's spirit animal from Giraffe to Wolf and back again for three straight loop cycles without something going wrong.

Having been fighting off Titans, Connie had changed into his Werewolf form.

However, when he had attempted to shift back to his normal self...

Eyeing his spotted arms, his hoof like nails, and feeling the weight on his long neck, Connie screamed into the air "NOOOOOOOOOO!"

Sasha did not look amused at his best attempt to prepare for the loops Big No festival (hosted by Darth Vader) "You were just a Werewolf Connie, obviously now you can turn into a Werewolf and a Weregiraffe".

"But I don't want to be a Weregiraffe!" he shouted in fury, stamping his foot on the ground in protest.

"Then change back into a Werewolf"

Connie did...but his furious thoughts led to his change being a little...different.

Looking at his clawed hands, Connie saw in horror that his claws now came out of very familiar hooves. His fur was long and shaggy, buy the color of Giraffe fur instead of that of a Wolf. His long neck led to a face that ended with a canine snout, and reaching up to the top of his head and rubbing it he felt not only canine ears, but the rounded horns of a Giraffe between them.

"Well...I guess you can turn into a Werewolf, Weregiraffe, and Weregiraffewolf now Connie. Congradulations!"

The following big NOOOOOOOO resonated across several loops.

In a Galaxy Far Far Away, Anakin Skywalker felt someone get very close to matching the strength of his mighty No. He resounded to go practice it soon.

Should be doable, after all they had just elected Dolores Umbridge to the office of Supreme Chancellor.

15.11

The darkness receded as the earth burying the Rogue Titan bent to Mikasa's will. As the sunlight streamed in, the Titan slowly stirred, before sitting up. With a pulse of steam from the nape, Eren Jaeger fell out of the Titan. "Urgh... Damn that was a long sleep."

"How does being a Tit-sicle feel Jaeger?" Jean said, pulling a few sandwiches out of his subspace pocket. "Bet it's nice to see the future."

Eren, still ten years old, glanced at the fifteen year old Jean. "Meh. I've had worse."

Hange had jumped in, a ruler in hand. Taking measurements of Eren's body, the mad scientist was beaming bright enough to light a room. "This is so amazing. Real, function immortality thanks to the Titan form. It's awesome!"

"It does inspire awe seeing you acting like a ten-year-old Hange," Jean snarked.

Hange shrugged. "Kid at heart. Try it some time Jean, maybe you'll piss off less people."

"Pass."

Mikasa gently pushed Hange back and pulled Eren into an embrace. "Welcome back... little brother."

"Oh come on," Eren grumbled. "And let me go."

"Nope. You're too cute."

"I am not. I'm handsome."

Armin, having been sitting under a tree the whole time, piped up at that moment. "Eren, as a boy who is often said to look better in a bunny suit than anyone here, let me tell you: you're cute."

"Traitor!"

Stepping apart from their Anchor's antics, Hange glanced at Jean.m and started whispering harshly. "Connie's not going to be happy. We know the Beast Titan's a shifter now, but if he's been using his Titan form to prolong his life, he could be older than anyone."

"Meaning the Beast Titan is the person who knows everything," Jean deduced.

"Yeah. Damn it."

Jean and Hange went back to watching Eren try to struggle out of Mikasa's hug, and then he started swearing profusely when Armin had gotten in on it.

"That's not the worst part though," Jean said after a few minutes.

"There's a worse part?" Hange said. After a moment of thinking about though, Zoe gulped. "Oh yeah. The Titans."

"They are nigh-indestructible, immortal dream pods that house living people," Jean said. "And what's more, ghey can be controlled by the Coordinate, and told whether or not to eat people or even other Titans."

Hange's eyes widened. "You don't think Titans are supposed to be humanity's predator, do you?"

Jean grumbled. "Hange, I don't know what the hell to think. We don't know who's doing what: we've got Annie, Reiner and Bertolt, we've got the Beast Titan, we've only just gotten the Wall Cult... Damnit, we need answers, not questions."

Eren's high pitched shouting cut through the discussion. "MIKASA I'M STUCK IN YOU'RE BREASTS! LET ME GO!"

Hange sighed. "We could all use some answers." Hange pulled out a camera. "And blackmail. We can always use blackmail."

15.12

Levi was certain if this loop was amazing, or horrible. On the one hand:

"Oh my god, you're commander Erwin and captain Levi! I'm like, your biggest fan!" Eren squealed from inside the underground cell he was being held in after the battle of Trost. He's been as spacey as usual

this loop, even whining about how much his mother hated him. The rather annoying lack of sense had been a trait of every unawake looper, from Mikasa (who had taken her usual, stoic badassness to the point of lunacy, if not psychopathy) to Marco (surprisingly not dead, but so nice he failed to notice that everyone hated him).

Eren was ranting away, and Erwin had declared that he'd renamed the recon corp to... Levi didn't want to think about it. The positives though... they were great.

Levi spoke.

"Shut up, both of you." Erwin and Eren stopped talking to bask in the magnificence of Levi's voice. Levi was left wondering if he could somehow... keep the voice.

Across from them, Hange chuckled at the silence. "Well Levi, gotta admit. That voice really is something."

"My voice is the voice of angels with the ability to induce one thousand orgasms in the bodies of teenage Twilight fanboys. It shall herald the beauty of the end days and brilliance of the sun. I could perform heart surgery with this voice," Levi declared.

"...Really?"

"Well, it's true," Levi countered. After a second, he chuckled. "I didn't know you liked Twilight Hange."

Hange lunged at Levi, and started strangling him. *'Worth it.'*

15.13 Crossoverpairinglover

The smoldering wasteland that lay beyond the wall was not common, but not entirely uncommon either.

Levi was wandering about the wastes, a gas mask covering his face and various beeping equipment covering him.

A radio crackled, as the echoous voice of Hange rang forth.

"So fearless explorer?" the scientist questioned. "Did we get put in the center of the Burning Plains again?"

Levi shook his head, recalling the time he and the gender fluid scientist had been members of the Varden and Du Vrangr Gata and had been there. "No, it's not like that. The area is clearly suffering from underground fires, but it's not from magical dragon fire. It's...something else".

"Oh, is it Fiendfyre then?"

"It's not any sort of magical fire" Levi clarified as he spotted something that was not burned earth. It quickly got his full attention.

After all, a giant, burnt out metal hand did that to a guy.

"Hange...we've got a giant hand. Robotic..." Levi kicked the thing, causing it to vibrate a bit causing some blue liquid to drip out of it. "It has energon".

"Oh, you mean the life blood and energy source of transformers!?" Hange sounded too intrigued for Levi's tastes "So, your saying that giant robots are responsible for humanities eradication this time around?"

"Well, it was obviously not because of the Swiss" Levi snarked as he heard a distant shrieking noise. The noise quickly heralded the approach of something big.

With wings.

"Oh, is it a jet? Please tell me it's a Starscream! I've always wanted to study his immortal spark!"

"Hange, ease the fangirling..." Levi narrowed his eyes at the approaching threat "It's not a jet".

"Oh, is it a helicopter then?"

"No..."

BOOM!

The approaching figure had landed right in front of him, revealing itself to be a large, robotic dragon with glowing yellow eyes. A mark that was not Autobot or Decepticon emblazoned it's chest, and it let loose a loud, unearthly shriek.

"It's a dragon" Levi informed her as the dragon's throat began to glow a bright orange.

"A dragon that turns into a giant robot! Levi, please bring me back a energon sample!"

The glowing entered the robot's mouth, revealing a familiar torrential sound to the battle hardened looper.

"Yeah, I'll have to see about that" Levi replied as he took to the air, moments before a blast of chemical fire scorched the spot that he had just been standing.

Drawing a Zanpakto from his subspace pocket, Humanities Strongest Soldier began the glorious fight with Cybertron's Ultimate Hunter.

15.14

Jean ducked a surge of flame and responded with laser vision. "Alright, is there anyone ready to tell me why the Titans can bend this loop?"

"Fused Loop, obviously," Connie said. His moment of distraction cost him: a blast of wind sent him flying into a brick wall. "Ow," he said, and then he died.

"There goes Connie!" Marco shouted, retaliating with ecto-blasts and a surge of green lightning. The Airbending Titan who got Connie went down. "Seriously, where the hell is Armin?"

"He said something about the southern section of the city," Jean answered. His will rarified, Jean unleashed his AT Field and sent the nearby Titans flying. Ymir raced past and killed two of them, rocketing off for Historia's position.

Jean jumped over the makeshift barricade Marco had thrown up and grabbed a bottle of water. "Dammit. These loops always just fucking blow."

"Eh. I think they're kind of fun," Marco said, shrugging. "Good challenge. Fun stuff."

"...You really get a lot of mileage out of having a bonus life, don't you Mark?"

Marco smiled. "Hey, I'm already half dead. Getting a little more dead doesn't hurt as much as you'd think it would."

Jean rolled his eyes. "You know, I died in my first loop. I happen to know that dying sucks balls."

"Well, I died in baseline, and I can't really remember it. So I say it's not too bad when you're immortal," Marco retorted cheerfully.

Jean pouted. "You're too cheery, you know that. Try living a loop in my shoes for once. See the insanity. Do stuff like... fight Annie when she's a Titan. Try and be in Stohess when everything's going to hell. Fight the Military Police. You know: the crazy stuff we didn't sign up for."

Marco shrugged. "Hey, I could be an MP. I got it all figured out: first me and Marlo are gonna start as low rankers, we'll work our way up and change the system."

"Or you could just assassinate King Fritz, have Rod Reiss replace him, and then have Historia replace him," Jean muttered.

Marco's eyes lit up. "That's genius!"

"You're a lunatic," Jean countered.

Marco chuckled. But after a moment, he turned oddly somber. Jean turned to his friend. "What?"

"You ever think about it? How Chris... Historia's the queen?"

Jean chewed his lip. "I don't really bother thinking about it. Historia's a nice girl, if a bit of a weirdo. Needs... to be more aware of herself."

"Aware of herself?" Marco replied with a raised eyebrow.

"I don't know," Jean grumbled. "I mean, she's nice, but she doesn't always know who she is. She's trying to figure out who she is."

Marco pursed his lips. "I guess... I guess that's one way to put it. It's just surprising though: I've always wanted to serve the king, and I've been serving with the real princess this entire time. That ever surprise you?"

"That's she's a princess? Fuck yeah, it surprised me. Who's have thought that little Krista Lenz was the heir apparent to the entire world?" Jean sighed and scratched at the back of his head. "Really... with all the twists and turns our lives take, I'm surprised that it's all made as much sense as it has. But... Really, some of this stuff is real nuts."

"Well, between the trio of spies, the princess, the archer, the boy from the doomed hometown, the genius strategist, the world's last

asian, and the two friendly Titan Shifters, I wouldn't be surprised if you turned out to be Eren's long lost twin."

Jean rolled his eyes. "Seriously, we don't look anything alike. Why do you guys think I look like Eren?"

"Because you both look delinquents."

"Fuck you!"

"Is that an invite?"

"Don't make it gay."

Jean glance at Marco, who was, for a moment, pensive. "Uh... Mark? Marco?"

"Oh, uh... nothing," Marco said. Working his jaw, Marco found his words. "You... you know... ever get around to it?"

"To it?"

"You know... It."

"You mean having sex?" Jean deduced blatantly. Marco cringed a little, but nodded. Jean sighed. "Well... Yeah, I did. I mean, teenager. Hormones, growth, the drive to have children. You kind of can't escape that sort of thing... well, you can if you're asexual. I'm not."

Marco nodded, a light blush touching his cheeks. "So... who did the honors?"

Jean facepalmed. "You're making this dumber than it has to be. And my first time was with a high class prostitute."

Marco opened his mouth, and then closed it. "Re... really?"

Jean sighed and rolled his eyes. "Yeah, it was. I mean... who was it supposed to be? I can't sleep with one of my friends. If they're not

looping I'm taking advantage of them. If they are, I'm complicating our relationship."

Marco gulped. "Oh. Well... I've gotta tell you, I'm actually saving my first time."

Jean raised an eyebrow. "Really? You're going to save your first time? For who? That 'special someone' isn't exactly going to be showing up on your doorstep one day."

"Well, maybe I'm waiting for them to just find my house."

Jean stared flatly at Marco. "Mark, you're being ridiculous again."

Marco chuckled. "Yeah, yeah, I know. I guess I'm not like you: I don't need to worry about getting a boyfriend or girlfriend in baseline."

"One of the benefits of being dead?"

"One of them. Yeah." Marco thought it over. "Maybe... I could pick up another dead person?"

Jean shook his head. "I don't think you should. I mean, if they're not Awake, it's really damn close to just... taking advantage of them."

"Yeah," Marco agreed. "But... what, I can't date Hannes: he's married. And Eren would kill me if I tried dating Carla."

Jean chuckled. "I don't know. Maybe she'd like it. But she's also married."

"Yeah." Marco sighed. "Damn my luck with love. I mean, can you think of any dead people who could loop soon?"

"Off the top of my head? Mike, Petra, Mina, Thomas, most if the 104th actually." Jean scratched his chin. "Do you actually want someone to romantically involve yourself with?"

"Well... I don't know. It's better than being eat-"

At which point a Titan that had snuck up on Jean and Marco bent down and bit Marco's head off.

Jean slapped his forehead as Marco, now fully a ghost, rematerialized. "Alright, maybe this is not the best place to talk about romance."

Marco blasted the Titan away with Ghost Lightning, avenging his death. "Okay, maybe later."

"Later."

Later sounded good.

15.15 VinylShadow

Alex Mercer looked out from the top of the wall at the wilderness. Beside him, Eren Yaeger was leaning againist one of the wall cannons while Mikasa and Armin were double-checking the survey gear.

"So," Alex said, crossing his arms. "There's an infinite number of man-eating monsters out there for us to kill?"

Eren nodded, a small grin on his face. He could sense the eagerness of the other Looper to go out and kill something.

"That's right. You up for a little competition? Whomever kills the most Titans in...say...five hours, starting from noon?"

Alex looked up at the sun, whcih was a few minutes from the appointed time then back at the Titan Shifter with a nod.

"Baseline abilities only or should we go all out?" the biomass asked.

Eren stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Other than allowing me to use extra Maneuvering Gear, I think we should do baseline abilities for

now," he replied, taking 3 sets of gear from Armin and putting them at easy reach in his pocket.

Alex nodded and stretched his limbs as he took up a position at the far end of the wall.

The two hunters watched the shadows, and when the time came, both ran and leaped off the wall, Alex using his biomass to glide while Eren changed in a flash of lightning and the competition began.

"Who do you think will win?" Mikasa asked Armin. The strategist shook his head.

"Given Eren's experience, I'd usually go with him, but Alex is very good at slicing at dicing and his abilities allow him to perform some pretty impressive maneuvers in midair; heck, he's pretty much a sentient set of Maneuvering Gear. You should have a race with him in Trost sometime."

The half-Asian looked thoughtful at that. "Give him a few more Loops and maybe introduce him to Levi, then we'll have a race."

15.16 Crossoverpairinglover

"How..."

Eren pointed his friend in the direction of a sign, seated right next to the wall.

"This wall was made by Nintendo."

15.17 VinylShadow

"THIS ISN'T FUNNY, GUYS!" Arwen Arlert screamed as she twisted her body to avoid getting nommed by a Titan.

The other members of the 104th squad had thought it would be funny to take all her clothes and leave behind a skimpy outfit that had no place outside of a bedroom.

"Lookin' good, Arlert!" Connie hooted, as she shot by, fully clothed.

The other members, each the opposite gender of their baseline selves, could barely fly straight they were laughing so hard.

Eren stared at the new Survey Corps uniform in confusion. It was a maids outfit.

"Armin, is this payback for the whole lingerie thing a few Loops ago?" he asked, holding up the frills and corset. "And is this even...well...modest?"

"Of course it is," a voice replied before the blond could reply. Eren turned and did a double take.

Levi, clad in the full uniform of the Survey corps strode out in front of the gathered trainees.

"Okay, not gonna lie, he wears it well," Mikasa said.

Eren wanted to cry.

15.18 Shimmer712

Eren hated this loop already.

Mikasa and Armin weren't awake, which was odd but one of the instructors had been replaced by what he figured to be a stealth looper (and maybe anchor). Their pockets were locked and they were limited to baseline abilities .

Things had gone as normal up until the Invasion of Trost had ended. Instead of being handed over to the Survey Corps (wait, no, they were the Scouting Legion this loop), he was given over to the Military Police. And apparently, they had their own versions of Hanji this loop, only lacking the morals and ethics the binary scientist possessed.

Eren couldn't wait for this loop to end. He couldn't see how Armin and Mikasa could help him when they had no idea where he was and he didn't even know if the stealth looper knew he was Awake.

He really wanted this loop to end.

When he said he wanted the torment to end, he didn't mean like this.

Eren stared quietly as Reiner kept watch. The trio of spies had broken into the lab and rescued him. Annie had run off in her Titan form with Reiner, Bertholt and an unconscious Eren concealed in her hair. She had utilised her ability to call Titans once they had gotten past the wall. The soldiers had found themselves forced to give up the chase.

He didn't really have coherent memories of the escape but he did remember…he didn't want to. He didn't want to to remember anything good about them. The whole time they had trained together, the whole time they had gone on missions together, it had been a lie. They had engineered the fall of Maria and caused his mother's deaths.

He didn't want to remember them being good guys! He wanted to recognise them as the monsters they were!

" *Somehow, while leading a soldiers life, he lost track of who he was. Or maybe he couldn't stand the knowledge of what he had done…"* Ymir murmured in his memory.

Eren started to cry, drawing Reiner's attention and prompting the other to come and try to comfort him.

Eren only cried harder.

15.19

"AND WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!" the drill sergeant roared in her face.

"I AM LIN BEI FONG SIR!" she shouted back on instinct.

"WHY ARE YOU SLOUCHED LIKE THAT MAGGOT?!"

"BAD HABITS SIR!"

"..." the drill sergeant glared at Lin ferociously, before moving to the girl next to her in line and screaming in her face. Obviously, he thought misery built character.

Lin set off a ping, and got back a light dose of pings in return. Glancing around, she could see a handful of other soldiers shifting on the balls of their feet, twisting their shoulders, flexing their hips and shaking their heads. Obviously loopers who had gone through puberty and were now readjusting to their younger bodies. Even those who had long since gotten used to manipulating bodies of variable build still didn't dropped the habit.

This little tell was actually something that she and Mako had picked up on, and most of the multiverse didn't seem to notice. It was an uncommon trait, certainly, limited only to loopers who went through puberty in their loops, but it did have it's uses.

In total, Lin counted five other loopers from the local world, and one who was from her own.

"JUST WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!" the sergeant roared.

"Tenzin Gyatso sir," Tenzin said a bit too timidly.

The sergeant leered over Tenzin. "WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST SAY? SPEAK UP YOU MISERABLE QUIM! THE TITANS DON'T AVOID EATING THE QUIET ONES!"

"Yes sir," Tenzin said, his voice now backed with iron. The sergeant narrowed his eyes and stepped down the line. Unseen by him, Lin smirked. This was looking to be a nice loop.

"Welcome to the Walled World," Eren Jaeger declared subduedly that evening to the visitors. "Enjoy your stay, and don't get eaten."

"Thank you Eren. I have to say, I'm not liking the world as it is," Tenzin said, sipping the cup of stale water that their dinner had come with. "The entire world reeks of corruption and manipulation. It's leaving a bad taste in my mouth."

"This is the mess hall. Everything leaves a bad taste in your mouth," Jean Kirstein muttered. "But seriously, did you really pick up on the whole conspiracy angle just from your loop memories?"

"I doubt I would have figured it out without a lot of experience," Tenzin admitted with a hint of humility in his voice. "Having to run a city opposite a crime lord is a great training course though."

As the mess hall bustled around the group of time travelers, Mikasa Ackerman returned with a few loads of bread, Sasha Blouse at her side with a few small sticks of meat. "Have you two ever been on low intake diets?"

"We're martial artists, and we've traveled with Aang before. We can handle lighter meals," Lin assured them.

"Hey, there are benefits to this," Sasha said. Taking a loaf, the huntress gnawed on it gingerly. "You say slim and cute for years!"

"And you don't menstruate," Jean added, causing Sasha to choke on her loaf of bread and everyone else bar Eren and Lin to flinch.

"What? You don't, do you two?" he said, pointing at a blushing Mikasa and Sasha.

Matching their blush, Armin made rapid shushing noises at Jean. "We don't need to hear that here, alright. It's not related to anything."

"Meh, it's good advice," Lin said nonchalantly. "Besides, I'm menopausal by the time my loop usually begins. If I'm not going to need to worry about it, all the better."

"Well, it's not hard to duplicate the effects," Eren said with equal lack of care. "Here, we lack artificial growth hormones in our food, so you won't start early. We're almost always fighting, which further delays and lightens the menstruation cycle. And we don't quite have a balanced diet, so you lack the energy to really have kids. All in all... it's basically a system to avoid periods."

"...Eren, you made it awkward again," Armin muttered into the table, blushing scarlet.

"Meh. Who cares; it was informative, and besides, I'm glad I don't need to go through that mess again," Lin grumbled. Tenzin, as red as Armin, coughed into his hand. Lin glared at her ex-boyfriend. "Trust me, you should try being on your period. I am glad I'm an old woman."

Tenzin rolled his eyes. "Excuse Lin here, she's rather..."

"Unrefined," Lin stated.

"Yes."

Lin glanced around. "Is this everyone? I counted seven pings in line."

There was a round of head shaking. Lin raised an eyebrow. "Huh. Must have miss-counted." Folding her arms, the chief of police in Republic City got down to business. "How likely are we to survive this loop?"

"Are either of you good with swords, wires, or flying?" Mikasa replied. The smile that broke on Lin's face told her all she needed to know.

Training had been hellish, as usual. Shadis never pulled punches, and so had basically broken Lin and Tenzin into itty bitty little pieces... okay, no, he didn't. Lin was a millennia old police chief and occasionally a soldier (on the occasions Bolin decided to play Great Uniter and recruited her and every able-bodied Earthbender he could find). Tenzin had actually tried to be a drill sergeant and had been... a bit overzealous. But he knew the ins and outs of it after a while.

Hence why training hadn't been pleasant, but it had been survivable. And better yet, now they were experts with 3DMG. Case in point:

Lin's anchor hooks buried into the tree, the chief rocketing along them and into the open air above the forest. For the most minute moment, she was weightless, and then she was falling, rocketing under gravity's influence. Then she fired the second anchor into a tree and was racing away again.

Behind her, Tenzin barely needed to move, flying with the ease of an Airbender. Rolls, turns, it all came to him as easily as breathing. He couldn't be stopped.

Further into the forest, Lin could see the fake Titan targets, turning to provide more of a challenge. Pairing blades humming with the will of a Metalbender, Lin slashed into the soft clay stand in for the nape, jolting to the side from the kick back. Tenzin didn't even miss a beat, practically performing a drive-by slaying.

As the duo of foreign loopers continued further into the woods, the rising pitch of hissing steam was the herald of another looper. Sasha leveled off with them. "Nice job!" she shouted over the wind.

"Thank you!" Tenzin replied earnestly. "I take it that-" he was interrupted by a tree to the face.

Lin and Sasha winced as Tenzin peaked himself off the tree, now sporting a badly bruised cheek and eye. "Medic..." he muttered.

Deeper into the woods, Eren and Jean were waiting for the group. As the bruised Airbending master touched down, Eren already had his hands coated in healing chakra, his eyes white with his Byakugan. Lin and Sasha left the two to their work. "Jean, I see you've passed already."

"Eh. I've taken this test millions of times. I've got it down pat," Jean said. "You two looked like you passed. You think you're ready?"

"I don't need to worry about being ready," Lin replied hotly.

Jean pursed his lips, Sasha fidgeting. "What about Tenzin? You think he's ready?" she asked nervously.

Lin raised an eyebrow. "He's probably the best here. Why would you-
"

"Think he's up for killing Titans?" Jean asked bluntly.

Lin paused, and sighed. "Yes. Airbenders may respect all life, but even Aang would see that Titans aren't worth the trouble. They're zombies: they don't count."

Sasha let out a breath she hadn't known she was holding. Jean sighed lightly. "That's good. With Trost just a week away, you'll both be on the front lines."

Lin nodded. "Don't worry. We're ready."

They weren't ready.

In reflection, the guilt of their unpreparedness fell to no one. Very few people could be adequately prepared for a battle where one side were monsters made from humans, and the other was predominately

children. The 104th Cadet Corp was being slaughtered, and it was all Tenzin could do to keep his platoon safe. "HANNAH! LOOK OUT!"

Hannah, the short, freckled girlfriend of Franz, managed all of one second of screaming before a Titan leapt up and ate her in one gulp. Tenzin landed on the Titan's neck, bending the air in the Titan's stomach. The Titan belched explosively, launching Hannah out of it's mouth and into the air. Tenzin followed her and carried her to the rooftop, setting her down gently. "Get back to the Wall, alright. We can't-"

"Where's Franz!?" Hannah suddenly shouted, frantically scanning for her boyfriend. "FRANZ! FRANZ!"

Tenzin blinked and looked up and down the street. Franz was gone, vanished into thin air. So had the rest of the squad.

Only the Titans remained.

The Battle of Trost ended as the Battle of Trost always ended. Eren had plugged the wall, Mikasa had slaughtered countless Titans, and Armin had managed to tactically save hundreds. Jean and Sasha had started trying to console the survivors, but had left Tenzin alone. Lin came to him.

Tenzin was huddled against the masonry of a storehouse. He was holding himself closely. He may have been meditating. "Hello Lin," he said gently.

"Tenzin," Lin said neutrally. The chief of Republic City's police sat down next to him. "You can't change what happened out there. You can just do better."

"Is that supposed to make me feel better? Because it's working," Tenzin admitted.

Lin shrugged, and punched the man's shoulder. Ignoring his cry of pain, Lin continued. "People die. There are no two ways about it. We'll die too, one day. It's just a long ways off."

"..." Tenzin contemplated that for a minute. "I hope that Pema is there with me when that day comes."

Lin pursed her lips. "Pema's a great woman, in her own right. I hope she's there with you as well."

Tenzin sighed. "Thank you Lin. That means a lot to me."

Lin glanced at her ex-boyfriend and punched him in the shoulder again. "Don't mention it," she said, as Tenzin continued to gasp in pain.

15.20 Crossoverpairinglover and Wildrook

"Connie, did you steal that tank?"

Carla's motherly reprimand caused the historical Tiger Tank that was about to drive out into the Titan infested outerlands to stop in front of her in a vaguely historic manner. Connie, somewhat annoyed at this delay, poked his head out out of the death machine and replied.

"I stole it from a Nazi outside of Lenningrad. I like to think that does not count as theft".

"Just because you stole it from a Nazi does not make it morally right to steal things"

"Yes it does. It's okay for Megaman to steal powers from Robot Masters, why can't I take power from Nazis?"

"That's completely different"

"No it isn't!"

"Yes it is"

"No it isn't!"

As the two argued about the morals of stealing Tanks from Nazis, Hannes snuck by, a bag of stolen Nazi gold slung over his shoulder.

"Didn't they steal the Ark of the Covenant from the Nazis?" Mikasa asked Armin.

"They were dead at the time, so that doesn't count," Armin retorted.

"Who was the one that looked inside it?" Eren asked.

"Sasha," Armin and Mikasa replied simultaneously.

A/N: I'm sorry for the long ass wait. A vocation will do that to your time. But it does nothing to stop the snark!

15.1: The Estrogen Brigade has arrived!

15.2: And Carla's out of loop friend ends up having some… baseline issues.

15.3: McDonalds: the root of all evil.

15.4: Commercial Fanfiction. Dear God…

15.5: Duck Season!

15.6: Hello Ichabod.

15.7: No questions are to be asked.

15.8: Fear the Triple Bamboo Hats.

15.9: Wow, Carla is just not getting any luck this loop. Oh *Shadis…*

15.10: Poor Connie. Oh, I do hope that this doesn't affect Ms Maheswaran.

15.11: Geo…genics? But immortality… damn, that's cool.

15.12: Believe it or not, abridged series can actually get some damn good voices.

15.13: Vampire vs Robot. My money's on the Vampire.

15.14: Must… resist… YAOI SHIPPING!

15.15: This guy and Eren really do see eye to eye.

15.16: It's Nintendo Hard.

15.17: …Well, it is hot!

15.18: Poor, poor Eren.

15.19: Well, hello Lin Beifong and Tenzin. Welcome to the world of kaiju zombies.

15.20: Aaaaaand there's our tank snippet.

Basking in the Sun: Part 6

16.1 Evilhumour

"Um..." Armin blinked at what he watching, a bit surprised that it *was* happening

"Yeah," Mikasa agreed, watching the Titan being knocked around by the looper with ease. "That's something you don't see every day."

"Nope," Eren said slowly, watching the red skinned looper grow another several feet tall to combat the wall titan that raced towards him. "I'm kinda glad that Magnus is here, but this is still very *odd* ."

16.2 Crossoverpairinglover

As the body of the Female Titan began to evaporate away before them, Eren and a red armored figure eyed it in different ways.

Eren in the regular *'this is so therapeutic and I so do not have a problem'* manner of his, while the red armored figure...

"I thought she'd be bigger."

Seemed forelorn. Eren eyed him with confusion.

"So, 14 meters is too short?" Eren questioned his logic, but then again maybe he was a hunter. Sasha always did seem to like taking down bigger game after all. "We can go and fight two other Titan Shifters if that makes you..."

"No, the height isn't the problem," the red armored figure said darkly, as Eren blinked.

"Okay then... you're not one of those people who like chubby..."

"Her boobs were smaller than I'd thought they'd be."

That line just through Eren for a loop, causing him to literally trip and fall to the ground as the red armor around the figure retracted, revealing a brown haired high school student with a red gauntlet on his arm.

"I mean, a 14 meter tall, super strong monster of a woman should be far bustier than she was." he sighed casually. "I mean, have you ever seen Giganta, or Gaea from Kratos's homeworld? I mean, sure, her muscular form is quite appealing in of itself, and her human form is quite delectable. Her well trained form reminds me greatly of the beauty of your sister, or perhaps a rougher version of that perky hunter, but I was expecting her breasts to be at least a third the size of Princess Shirahoshi's at the very least."

Eren's mind was barely functioning at this point. Annie was not attractive, she did not look like Mikasa in anyway, and what was with this guy?!

Seemingly ignoring Eren's brain error, the fellow walked casually over to where the nape of the Female Titan was decaying, where he yanked out the heavily injured Annie Leonheart.

"Well, let down or not, Rias does want to see what will happen if a Titan Shifter is brought back as a devil, and her beauty is still quite remarkable even if she does not match up to the wonders of Shirahoshi's woman flesh, she'll make a fine member of the Occult Research Club!" Issei Hyoudou grinned. "So, if you need miss Leonheart for anything, just summon a devil and I or any of my wonderful lady friends will be there!"

And in a burst of smoke, the writer of *Of A Proper Build of A Harem King King (or Queen) in the Multiverse* vanished, leaving Eren more stunned than he had ever been since that loop where the basement featured a sandwich eating his mother.

A few months later Annie would appear in Trost to deliver a message about a rogue Archangel attack in the works for Wall Rose. With black wings and a tendency to blush when talking about 'Issei-Kun'. Eren made a note to drink heavily later.

16.3

Mitras, Capital of the Walls:

King Fritz stirred in his bed, a surge of sobriety striking him in the dark of the night. Rising from his bed, the pretender king set out for the only libations he could discover, as his own had long since run dry. And so, into the night if his castle, Fritz wandered.

"...Friiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitz..."

Fritz looked up from his bowed walk, and then behind him. "Hmm. Wind." He resumed walking through the halls to his castle, searching for either rum, wine, or mead.

"...Friiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitz..."

Fritz again looked behind himself, at and through the walls, paintings, tapestries, ghost, stonework and other such kingly things. "Hmm... Wind."

"Fuck. Fritz!"

"Hmm?" False King Fritz turned and came face to face with a white haired boy with green eyes. The ghost glared at him. "Hello."

Several seconds passed.

"SHIIIIIIIT!"

The guards of Mitras watched as King Fritz ran screaming by them, only stopping to hand one of them the crown, with a note saying 'Too

Historia Reiss, aka, Christa Lenz.'

Queen Historia Reiss, alias Christa Lenz, lounged on the throne of King Fritz' regime, having just cheerfully order the execution of King Rod Reiss. "Thank's Marco. Couldn't have done this without you."

Marco lounged in the air, floating along lazily, but vigilantly. "As I have said. It has always been an honor of mine to serve the royalty. King or Queen. Besides, scaring the daylights out of Fritz and running him from the castle is too much fun."

Historia kicked up her feet on a footrest of ice. "Now that... That I can get behind."

16.4 Vinylshadow

Bertholt looked up at the massive wall of Shiganshina. He knew his two allies, Reinar and Annie were off doing their own sabotage to the Walled City.

He let out a quiet breath, then entered his Titan form, shooting up to a massive sixty meters. He looked over the wall, peering down at the city within-

"HEY!"

Startled, Bertholt lowered his gaze to see a young kid standing on the wall in front of him. He couldn't have been more than 15 or so. Bertholt would've laughed had he possessed the ability to do so. However, one child wasn't enough to stop him and he drew his foot back to kick a hole in the wall.

" *REDUCTO!* "

Bertholt stumbled back in shock and agony as his head exploded. His human body exposed, he released a burst of steam to hide his esca-

" *Ventus!* "

An abnormally powerful gust of wind cleared the steam and Bertholt felt a human hand touch his face. Opening his eyes, he stared into the fierce eyes of the child he had dismissed.

"Not this time," the child said calmly, pointing the short piece of wood at him. "I think it's time you worked for me... *Imperio!* "

Annie, clad in her Female Titan form, led the group of Titans toward the wall, which Bertholt had said he'd breach for her to allow minor Titans in while they looked for the Coordinate.

She looked forward and frowned. The Colossal Titan had turned from the Wall and was slowly lumbering towards her. Behind him, the wall was undamaged. Annie growled and as Bertholt approached, she pointed at the wall. The Titan Shifter ignored her and with a speed that didn't seem natural, his arm shot out and wrapped around her throat. Her eyes bulged as he began to squeeze and she lashed out at him, but even with hardened knuckles, he was simply too large to do any lasting damage. She let out a scream that directed the nearby Titans to attack the insane Titan Shifter. As the Colossal Titan tore her head off and crushed her human body, her last thought was of Reiner, who could still wreak havoc in the walls once he heard her signal.

Completely unaware of the fate of his comrades, Reiner was currently walking through Shiganshina.

"Reiner," a voice called. He stopped and turned to see a small boy clad in rags with a blonde bowl cut wave to him. Reiner frowned. He

didn't recognize the boy and those that knew his name were few in number.

"Yes?" he asked politely.

"Bertholt and Annie have failed. The wall still stands and they are dead," the child said, his voice carefully pitched so that only the two of them could hear. Reiner's eyes went wide and he stepped back from the brunette.

"What? That's not..." he stopped as Annie's scream tore through the sky and he whirled to stare towards the source. "...Annie?" he asked fearfully. His eyes darted to the blonde. If he could kill him...

Reiner lunged at the smaller human, intent on silencing him then going to check on his allies, but the kid was suddenly no longer there. "What?!"

"Over here."

Reiner turned to see the kid smirking and waving at him cheekily. Reiner growled and swung his arm in an attempt to trigger a transformation, only to suddenly freeze. The kid now had a stick of wood pointed at him.

"Nifty little spell, *Petrificus Totalus* . Completely freezes a target. Now, this is something I've been looking forward to doing for quite some time," the brunette said happily. " *Silencio!* "

His eyes then hardened and his voice went eerily quiet: " *Crucio* ."

Sometime later, Eren looked down at the pieces of the corpse of the Titan Shifter, then Vanished them before he Apparated to a familiar location. Once the world stopped spinning, he saw Armin and Mikasa chatting together. Looking up at the sound of Apparation, they both smiled at him.

"Well, that was quite interesting, don't you think?" Eren said, twirling his wand between his fingers. Mikasa waved him over and Armin held up a sandwich. He walked up and gave them a tight hug before sitting across from them.

"What did you do to Reiner?" Mikasa asked curiously.

"Crucio. It felt nice, letting him experience the pain we've gone through. Didn't even last five minutes," Eren said. "What did you do, Armin?"

"Imperio, then I compelled him to kill Annie, who used her ability to make the Titans kill Bertholt," Armin said with a shrug. Mikasa smiled and tilted her head.

"Well, that buys us some time before anything else happens. What should we do now?"

"Relax and take things as they come?" Eren suggested. "Maybe go out and do some surveying of our own; find potential spots next time we go out on the expedition?"

Mikasa stroked her chin and nodded. "Maybe find Levi and talk to him about what we did?"

"He'd never believe us," Armin scoffed.

"Ah, but you're wrong, Armin," Mikasa said with a grin, pulling a camera out of her Pocket. "Because I recorded Eren dealing with the Titan."

"Ah, so that's where you were," Eren said with a nod as he stood up and pulled his Anchors with him. "Come on, first to find Levi doesn't have to wear the maid outfit."

"I think you enjoyed it a little too much," Armin said as they put on their Omni-Directional Maneuver Gear. "Hey, if Levi can make it look good, so can I!"

16.5

Zoe Hange struggled up from the ground he had fallen face first into. "Ugh... Admins damn short loops," she muttered. Giving himself a shake, the mad(ish) scientist of the Walled World glanced about the new surroundings. She was standing squarely in a small patio outside of an ornate house, surrounded by a vast field of lilies. Hange blinked. "Huh. Another fused loop. Interesting."

Walking up the cobblestone path to the house, Hange found himself struck by the ethereal beauty of the universe she found himself in. The styling of the house wasn't too far from the standard of her world, but more notable were the gravestones that lined the path, each one with names carved and scratched out on them. A scant number of trees and baths dotted the property around him, but enough existed to afford some shade from the light of...

The Moon?

Hange stopped and stared up at the glowing disk in the sky. The silvery form hung low on the horizon, almost mournfully. What Hange saw was strange, as what was more, the moon was seated in front of the clouds. "If that's no moon... What is it then?"

"It is the Moon Presence."

Hange glanced at her attendant, a surprisingly tall woman with white hair in an ornate maroon and black dress. To say she was stunning was... well, an understatement. Yet, she held herself with an air that Hange had seen only once before. The woman glanced at Hange, and tilted her head, giving her lips the appearance of an upward tick. Hange gasped. "You're a robot!"

"No, I am a doll. The Doll." The Doll unclasped her hands and held one out for Hange to shake. "Am I to assume that you are yet to reach the Waking world?"

"Uh... No? What?" Hange said in confusion. The Doll winced.

"My apologies. Sleep and Waking are a rather important dichotomy in this world. My intention was to subtly ask you if you were aware of the time loops."

Hange stared at his attendant, and then smiled a little. "Sorry. Yes, I am a looper. Zoe Hange, though everyone calls me Hange. Looper from the Walled World."

The Doll shook Hange's hand. "The Doll. Anchor of Yharnam, the world you have found yourself in."

Hange started. "Wait, you mean I'm still in Yharnam? I didn't go into another fused loop? Do you... have like a respawn mechanic or something?"

The Doll tilted her head. "I have never heard it described in such terms, but death, in this world, is not a permanent state. To escape the world, and this Nightmare, you must become a Hunter of Yharnam. Any time you perish in the world of Yharnam, you will come here." The Doll spread her arms wide, encompassing the trees, the stone, the grass, the entire breadth of her domain. "You will return to the Hunter's Dream."

Hange stared around. "Cool." Hands tugged at the scientist's pants, directing her attention to a grouping of minuscule beings at his feet. Hange gasped. "Ohhhh! They're so horrible!" Hange scooped one up. "Can I keep it?"

The Doll cocked an eyebrow (something she had been working on for quite a while. Having a doll's face did not lend itself to displaying subtle emotions well). "You want to keep the Messenger? I am sorry to crush your hopes, but the Messengers require the Dream for sustenance."

Hange hugged a group of messengers. "Then I'll recreate a dream in my world just for them!"

"Did I mention that our world is only slightly less buggy than Warhammer?" The Doll added, causing Hange to droop. "Fret not. The Messengers are a strange lot, even for myself and the other loopers in Yharnam. Rest assured though; they will be here when you return."

Hange set the messengers down onto the ground. "Man, that bites. I mean, what's even the point of them anyway other than to be adorable and ugly?"

"To provide fantastic and complicated weapons for you to wield," The Doll said without missing a beat. A group of messengers appeared next the The Doll and presented her with a gigantic stone hammer. The Doll pulled the hammer free and secured it to her back. A moment later, two cannons and a long spear appeared from the mass as well, and were also taken by the anchor of Yharnam. Armed and ready, The Doll nodded to the messengers. "Bring the full stock for... Excuse me, I don't believe I have been able to discern your gender. Are you... what are you?"

Hange blinked her eyes, and shrugged his shoulders. "Don't care. Now then: onto weapons!"

"FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK!"

Hange ran and dodge rolled underneath Vicar Amelia's wide grab, the monster behind her roaring. Turning on his heel, Hange tried to time another gunshot properly, only to miss the window and get caught by Amelia's swing attack. The scientist was flung across the cathedral hall and slammed into the fog gate, where The Doll watched passively. "She's healing again," Doll muttered.

"I know that now let me concentrate!" Hange growled, ripping her Blades of Mercy in half. The bifurcated sword, now a pair of long daggers, spun in Hange's hands and the soldier charged, leaping at Amelia's face. The transformed beast screamed and swung again, but by luck or by skill, Hange rolled forward and dodged inside of the

attack. Driving both blades into Amelia's throat, Hange hung on as the Vicar rose up, standing at her impressive height of twenty feet. Hange glanced down, at the far off floor. Dangling from her neck, with only the hilts of his blades and Amelia's ragged white fur to hang onto, Hange pulled her blunderbuss out of his pocket and shoved it underneath Amelia's jaw.

Amelia jerked as the lead shot scoured her brain, cracking against her skull. For a second, the beast stood there, stunned. And then it roared. "RAAAHHHHH!"

A cannonball to the face killed her.

The beast formerly know as Vicar Amelia tumbled, fortunately, backwards. Hange rolled off of Amelia's chest and landed neatly on the ragged mess that used to be her head. The Hunter in training glared at The Doll, who was holding her still smoking cannon. "I could have taken her."

The Doll shrugged. "You were taking too long. I merely wanted to ensure that your blood echoes would not be wasted."

Hange growled feral at the thing that had stolen her kill, before shaking his head. "Goddamn... I really should examine how these blood echoes work. They're driving me mad."

The Doll smirked slightly, in response to the abnormally disquieted Hange. "Be wary good hunter. All who have pursued that avenue of knowledge have in fact gone horribly mad."

"Like this guy right here?" Hange asked, stepping over to the beast-like skull that dominated the alter Amelia had been praying at. Hange reached out to the skull...

And fainted.

"Fear the old blood, Lawrence..." Hange muttered. After what felt like only a moment, she got back to her feet. "Augh... What was that?"

The Doll shrugged. "I am uncertain. I have long since assumed that, through contact with the skull, you were able to partially enter a dreamscape containing Lawrence's consciousness, albeit a rather poorly constructed one."

Hange stared at Doll. "So... I entered a pocket dimension?"

"In a sense, yes," The Doll said. "Yharnam is a world contained within a Dream, created by the Great Ones. Is it really so unbelievable that they could be Dreams linked to this one?"

Hange sighed, pulling a vial of blood out of his pants. "No," she said as he injected herself with the healing blood. "But it's damn weird. I mean, sometimes you talk about this like it's something linked to the minds and souls of all Great Ones and all of Yharnam, and other times you say it's something separate. What exactly is this place?"

"A waking dream," The Doll said as Hange started walking for the door. "We live in a world that is strange and harmful and disturbing. We cannot comprehend it. Doing so will... simply raise your Insight."

"And line my brain with eyes," Hange muttered. Stepping out of the Grand Cathedral, Hange glanced around the dark evening. "Hmm. When did night fall?"

"It always does with Amelia is slain," The Doll said. "As I've said before, it's best not to think about."

Hange raised an eyebrow. "Right... I just HOLY HELL!" He screamed. "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!"

The Doll glanced up at where Hange was pointing. To her, the scientist was pointing at thin air, but a bit of focus allowed her to discern exactly what was present. "That is a Lesser Amygdala. Do not fret, it cannot hurt you."

Hange stared at the beast that literally defied description. "I think... I can feel myself literally going insane."

"Don't stare too long," The Doll advised. "If your Insight surpasses one hundred, the loop will automatically terminate to save your brain from insanity."

Hange tore his eyes from the monster that had appeared when her Insight had gotten high enough. "What... happens then?"

"Eiken," The Doll said.

Hange gulped. "Yup, not going to do that. Where can I get rid of Insight?"

The Doll turned on her heel and marched through the empty courtyards of the Cathedral Ward. Leading Hange back to Oedon Chapel (where Hange again denied himself the ability to see the Amygdala perched right over the chapel that all of her friends were in) The Doll gave the lantern inside a little kick. "Let's go to the Insight shop."

"Yay..." Hange muttered, and began to wonder of what she would do next.

Hange sipped the cocktail of blood and glanced over his notes. The compilation of annotations from the notes of the Byrgenwerth Scholars had steadily grown through the hours that Hange had waited there, eventually spreading across several pages and necessitating the Hunter in training to move the notes outside, as the candles she had been using had burned too low. There was something rather fitting about studying the notes by the moonlight.

Standing above him, The Doll passively watched her work. Doll had long since decided to not bother with trying decipher the rambling, insane notes of Byrgenwerth, seeing as she lacked the Insight to do so. The Hunter had merely shrugged the attempts off, stating they weren't smart or crazy enough to succeed. Gehrman had taken one look at a book from Byrgenwerth and had gone to burn his house down with a lemon.

Hange had taken to the mad writings like a fish to water. It was probably the academic background and his Insight. In fact... "Hange, what do you think your Insight is like at the moment?"

Hange clicked her teeth and shuffled a few papers about. "I don't know... Low nineties, high eighties?"

Doll sighed. "I'd rather you not crash the loop. Gehrman may not be Awake, but he is still here."

"Oh, he'll be... well..." Hange set his notes aside. "I need to get as much information as I can. I'm older than this entire world, older than you, older than even the Great Ones. Yet, for all the millennia I've existed, I've never, not once, encountered something like Yharnam. An entire pocket dimension, overlaid to a real life location and connecting to other dimensions. Byrgenwerth and the Healing Church and Mensis were the only people who studied the Great Ones and their powers."

Hange held up a sheet of paper, estimating the size and stability of the numerous pocket dimensions or Nightmares* as they were called by the notes. "I'm standing on the edge of a revolution in the field of trans-dimensional creation. I can't not step back from this."

The Doll shook her head. "Hange, look at Lawrence. Look at him." Doll pointed at the catatonic man, gently rocking away in his chair on the balcony of Byrgenwerth. "Lawrence went mad, and then became incapable of thought. His brain is stillborn and deformed. You will either suffer the same fate, or if reality is merciful, you will suffer Eiken."

Hange rolled her eyes (all ninety three of them). "I've never heard of someone who considered Eiken to be a lesser fate to madness. 'Cept maybe Naoki."

The Doll sighed loudly. Lawrence, across from them, groaned. "Hange, please don't do this."

"I'm doing it," Hange said as another eyeball appeared on the surface of his brain. "I'm doing it. Besides, this is knowledge. Knowledge is never a bad thing."

"But madness is never good," The Doll said quietly.

Hange rolled underneath the smoke skull and shot Martyr Logarius, stunning the leader of the Executioners. Running forward Hange surged her blood into his right hand, elongating it into a claw. Hange plunged the appendage into Logarius' stomach, grabbed what she could, and ripped it free.

Logarius stumbled, but swept his scythe at Hange, unleashing a shotgun blast of purple-black smoke. Hange staggered backwards, using up a blood vial to heal himself. The Gandalf rip-off summoned a smoky skull and sicked it on Hange, the slow homing attack moving towards him. Hange sidestepped and fire another gunshot at Logarius, but mistimed the attack. Logarius ran forward and swung at her, but a well-timed dodge roll saved Hange's ass.

Logarius plunged his sword into the stone tiles of the roof of Castle Cainhurst, letting it glow. Hange realized what was happening and jumped sideways fast, skidding down the snow covered tiles as black smoke rained down from the sky. "Dammit..."

Dangerously close to the edge, Hange stood. Logarius retrieved his sword and marched down towards her, looking tall in the driving wind and snow that shrouded the home of the Vilebloods. Logarius reared back, swinging his scythe, Hange running forward and to the left, ducking beneath the steel. Logarius turned, only to come face-to-boar with Hange's cannon. Hange smiled, and squeezed the trigger.

Logarius was launched off the roof, falling far into the cold night. Hange collapsed from the recoil, the force of the massive gun driving him into the tiles and wedging her in the roof. "Oh... Cool."

Stepping carefully over the slippery tiles, The Doll smiled and applauded. "Bravo, bravo. It's rare to see a visitor defeat Logarius on their first try. Amazing work Hange."

Hange smirked and heaved herself out of the wrecked roof. "Meh, I told you I would get the hang of it... or rather, the Hange of it."

The Doll stopped clapping.

Hange rolled his eyes. "Sheesh, it was just a joke. Come on Dolly, admit it. That was funny."

"I doubt so."

"Come on."

"No."

"Just a little."

"Why did you want to come here again?"

Hange marched up to the central path on the roof where, miraculously, Logarius' crown, the Cainhurst Crown of Illusions, was laying. Picking up the crown, Hange donned it. "Well, I wanted to see what this 'Corrupted Blood' of the Vilebloods was. I mean, it's not like I have anything else to do."

The Doll rolled her eyes as the secret throne room of Queen Annalise of the Vilebloods appeared before them. "There are certainly more useful things you could be doing. Farming the blood echoes of enemies would be useful. Finding more blood vials. You are running low."

"Meh," Hange said as the doors burst open.

Sprinting out into the snowy night and with the otherwise regal queen on his tail, Levi raced by Hange and The Doll, grabbing them both. "RUNRUNRUNRUNRUNRUNRUN!"

"COME BACK MY LOVE I MUST SIRE THY CHILD!" The Queen screamed.

"Is that Petra?" Hange asked as Levi jumped off the roof, her and the Doll in tow. Then Hange became too occupied with screaming as he fell.

After nearly two or three seconds of plunging to their doom, Hange, Levi and The Doll landed in piles of soft snow, surviving the drop. It certainly wasn't fun though.

"Ugh..." Hange groaned into snow. "Ow..."

The Doll failed to stand up, having been impaled straight through the large snow drift. "Irksome."

Levi mumbled something about his legs. "Why me?"

"Why you what?" Hange grumbled. "And did you need to jump off the roof? What was happening up there anyway?"

Levi glanced up from the snow, his eyes red from his latent vampirism glitch. "Up there? Up there was Petra, playing as Queen Annalise of the Vilebloods. She's a pseudo vampire, and since I'm an actual vampire, we got married." Levi sunk back into the snow. "I've been running around that room all night, trying to stop her from jumping my bones to bear the child of blood."

Hange and The Doll glanced at each other. Hange's lip twitched.

Levi glared at Hange, who took a moment to pull The Doll from the snow. "You know, if I don't see her again for the rest of the evening, it may just be too soon."

'Hmm. I should let Alfred come over here, shouldn't I?' The Doll wondered. Aloud, she asked, "Are you a genuine vampire Mister Levi?"

"Not by choice," Levi grumbled.

"Levi is afflicted by a glitch to his soul. He'll occasionally and irreversibly turn into a Vampire if he isn't in control and careful," Hange explained. "But yes, he is a fully fledged vampire."

"That is very good," The Doll said, emptying her inventory of blood vials. "I have been meaning to get an official opinion regarding the tastes of local Yharnam blood strains, but the only other vampire I have encountered, Fluttershy, declined. May you please give me your opinion?"

Levi stared at the vial of orange blood. "What exactly is that?"

"A vial of blood from Iosefka's clinic," The Doll said.

Levi frowned but took the vial anyway. "Five minutes with friends and they want me to drink a stranger's blood. If I get AIDS from this, I'm blaming you two." Levi uncorked the blood, knocked it back, and...

Promptly spat it out. "What the fuck! It tastes like semen!"

Hange and The Doll stared blankly at Levi. Hange took a vial from her pocket and sipped it. "It tastes fine to me."

"God damn, just give me a different blood. I need to wash this off my tongue," Levi growled. Grabbing another vial of blood (Arianna's, Hange noted), Levi knocked it back, and spat it back out as well. "THIS IS FUCKING MENSTRUAL BLOOD!"

Hange suddenly noticed something. "Wait... how do you know menstrual blood and semen taste like?"

"..." Levi stared hatefully at The Doll and Hange. "We're leaving." Levi spun on his heel, and marched off towards the front gate. A blood licker looked up and waddled over to him, looking for it's next meal.

The Doll pulled out her cannon. "Should we?"

Levi drew Chikage in his right hand, Reiterspalach in his left, and diced the blood licker in one strike.

"Nope," Hange answered.

"Kos... some say Kosm... grant us... what are you doing?"

"Eating," Hange said nonchalantly, turning the captured possum over the fire. The hilariously queer scientist wrenched a leg off of the cooking mammal. "Want some?"

Micolash, everyone's favorite cage wearing lunatic, stared numbly down at Hange. "Wha-" Micolash ducked and rolled, barely avoiding Levi's sword strikes. "Ah, you're both Hunters. Well it shouldn't-"

Micolash ducked The Doll's Kirkhammer. "-Surprise me. A Hunter must hunt, even in their dreams." The leader of the school of Mensis cackled madly. "It's a whole squadron of Hunters!" Micolash pulled an Auger of Ebritas from his pocket and flipped it over as Hange stood up and pulled out his Blades of Mercy. "Come to deal with little ole me."

Levi ducked a surge of tentacles, switching Reiterspallach into its gun form. He stepped into range, stepped back fast enough to avoid Micolash's punch, and shot him in the chest. Micolash twitched, stunned by the sudden shot. Any attempt to retaliate was interrupted by The Doll slamming her Hammer into him. Micolash vanished.

For a few moments, the trio of Hunters awkwardly stood there, no one about. Then a voice rang out. "NOOO! I DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP! I DON'T WANT TO FORGET WHAT I LEARNED!"

The Doll clicked her teeth. "Forward then?"

"Forward," Levi and Hange concurred.

"What are you doing?"

The Hunter's Dream was a place that was supposed to be filled with tranquility. Now, the home of Gehrman was on fire. The Moon Presence waited in the nearby meadow, patiently gazing at Hange, Levi, and The Doll. Levi had been the one to raise the question, as Hange wound a dark brown sinew around her hand. "Hange, what are you planning?"

Hange tugged at the Cord of the Eye, a third of an umbilical cord belonging to a dead Great One. It was Hange's third portion of the cord, and now it was going into him. In a flash of light, the cord vanished. Hange inhaled deeply as his Insight rose. "I'm getting ready."

"To do what, exactly?" Levi questioned carefully.

Hange smiled. "Trust me Levi. I've got this."

Hange ran into the meadow that the Moon Presence waited in. One minute later, Hange pulled herself off of the cobblestone ground and smiled meekly at Levi and Doll. "Okay, I tried. I still got this."

Stepping back into the meadow, Hange snapped his Blades of Mercy apart, approaching the Moon Presence. The eldritch creature, a Great One, an alien of nigh incomprehensible nature, seemed to snarl at her. Maybe it was trying to figure out hir gender.

Hange wouldn't give it the honor. Breaking into a sprint, Hange closed the gap fast, blade's back. The Moon Presence glowed, an area of effect attack raring to go. Hange stopped and back stepped, just exiting the blast radius as the spell went off. Crying out, the Moon Presence glowed again.

Hange pulled out a pistol and shot the monster. The Presence responded with laser vision.

Hange sidestepped, the beam of horrible energy lancing through the air behind him. Hange closed the gap again, getting right up to the Moon Presence's side and slashing at it's exposed ribs. The Presence shrieked, rounded on Hange, and swiped at her. Hange moved with the Presence's swing, settling back against it's flank, where he delivered three more devastating blows.

The Presence began to glow again, Hange rolling away, but to slowly. The surge of eldritch energies washed over her, sending Hange flying. The Hunter landed heavily on his back, but got up again.

The Moon Presence turned to face Hange as she sprinted at it, swiping at him. Hange was ready: with a blast from her blunderbuss, the Moon Presence staggered, the blow failing to connect. Hange smirked like a feral beast, before driving his hand deep into the Presence's skull. For a second, the world seemed to hang still.

Hange ripped it's skull out.

The Presence sagged, sinking into the blood lilies. A shower of blood washed over Hange, the Hunter sighing as, finally, the loop could end. It was over...

...Wasn't it?

Levi watched, from far away, as Hange's form evaporated. Swords out, he pressed them into The Doll's throat. "Where is Hange?" he snarled.

The Doll impassively regarded the man that held her at sword point, before shaking her head. "Good mister Ackerman, Hange has merely ascended. Small A," she hastily added at Levi's expression of horror. "By bearing the ancient echoes of blood, and by seeing the world from what it truly is through there insight, Zoe Hange has become nearly divine."

The Doll stepped around Levi and walked down the steps to the Hunter's Workshop. At the base of the stairs, a mound of pale, steaming flesh was coagulating. The Doll smiled as she picked up the newborn bundle. "Dear Hange... Has become a Great One."

In The Doll's arms, a thing, a baby Titan, turned over, and stared at Levi with far too wise eyes. Levi gulped, composed himself, and spoke. "Hange, I have seen babies before. You are, without a doubt, the ugliest baby I have ever seen."

Hange's blunderbuss bounced off of Levi's skull. The vampire chuckled lightly. "Don't scare me like that again."

The Doll caressed the newborn horror. "I've always loved seeing such evolution. The Hunter has long been obliging in that respect. I do believe, in time, Hange will become a very power being."

In The Doll's arms, Hange gurgled something incoherent. It may have been an affirmation, or maybe indignation. You really couldn't tell.

"The Loop should be ending soon," The Doll declared. "I look forward to meeting you both again."

Levi took Hange from The Doll's arms, biding slightly. "It has been a time, Doll. Good bye."

"Good bye."

"Guh buh."

Hange bounced out of his chair, bounding about the room. "God damn, that was awesome! Yeah!"

Levi teleported into Hange's room in the barracks a moment later. "Welcome back to the land of the looping Hange. It's been a while."

Hange stopped bouncing. "It has? The loop just ended. The Yharnam one, that is. How long has it been for you?"

"Ten years, give or take. Two loops," Levi admitted. "Damn fucking weird time loops."

"You can say that again," Hange admitted, chuckling. "Hey... I wonder if I kept that Great One state."

Levi and Hange stared at each other for a moment. Then at Hange's hand. The mad scientist smirked, bit his hand, and, in a flash of red lightning, was transformed!

...Into a Toddler Titan. "Wuh da fuh?"

And so, Levi spent the rest of the loop laughing, and Hange spent it glaring at every single person who asked why.

16.6

Up on the lip of Wall Rose, overlooking the vast expanse of Wall Maria, Connie and Sasha reclined in a lawn chair. Next to the pair of teens a small picnic had been set out, with sandwiches and some pasteurized milk and two baked potatoes, one for each. Beyond their sight, in the distant west, the sun was setting.

Connie adjusted himself in the lawn chair, trying to fit next to Sasha. "You watch the sunset often?"

"...Not really. No," Sasha admitted. "Do you?"

"Yeah. Sometimes."

The silence, agreeable and tranquil, set in again. Connie and Sasha watched the sun slowly sink further into the distant mountains. If you

ignored the wandering gigantic cannibals, you could have even called it pleasant.

"Connie?"

"Yeah Sasha?"

"Your elbow's in my side."

"Sorry." Connie shifted the joint away from Sasha's torso. The girl from the countryside adjusted herself in the seat, leaning back further.

The wind flowed with Sasha's hair, twitching it, caressing it gently, playing with her ponytail. Sasha liked that, despite the fact that joining the army had made her life a mess, she could still keep her hair long, even if it had to be done up.

Connie had long since embraced his shaven head. In Ragako, it was a ritual: shaving your head meant you were a man. He'd always found that funny though. He hadn't felt smarter or stronger or manlier with shaven hair. Maybe it was because most of the men in his village were farmers, rather than soldiers.

The sun washed down on the two. Sasha turned in the chair and smiled at Connie. "You alright?"

"...Yeah. I guess."

"You're not talking all that much."

"I guess I'm just a little worried, is all."

"About?"

"About everything." Connie's amber eyes seemed to crack in the fading sun. "I'm worried about the new expansion. We're back in Shiganshina. The Beast Titan's there. Reiner and Bertolt are there. And you're there."

Sasha tapped Connie's head gently. "I'm here. And you know I'm not going anywhere."

"We could die."

"We'll live on."

"Doesn't it bother you that our baseline... The path that things would have gone if we weren't looping, our destiny, may be to die?"

"...Yeah, it does." Sasha shifted in the lawn chair, getting a little more comfortable. "It bothers me a lot. Everyone fears dying. I can avoid it though. So can you. We aren't bound by our fate any more Connie."

Connie glanced away from Sasha, wrestling with himself for a moment before, begrudgingly, admitting something to her and himself. "I know that Sasha. But I can still worry."

Sasha hugged her best friend. "We'll live. I know we will."

The sun gently touched the peak of the mountains in the far west, languidly beginning the final leg of it's daily journey. Connie and Sasha sat there, in their lawn chair, on Wall Rose's edge, next to a picnic, watching the sun slowly seep into the distance. Connie ran a finger on Sasha's chin. "I guess we will."

"We can take whatever comes our way."

"Yeah..."

The sun's upper lip finally kissed the far off peaks, and with a flourish of warm orange light, vanished behind the mountains. The shadow of the earth well and truly encompassed the Walled Country. Sasha sighed peacefully. Connie spoke. "Sasha."

"Yeah Connie?"

"Your elbow is in my side."

Sasha shifted her elbow. She and Connie curled up as the sun's warmth slowly decayed into the cool night. "Hey Sasha?"

"Yeah Connie?"

"You think we'll need a blanket before we fall asleep?"

"It'll be a warm night. And we have each other. We'll cool."

"Good..."

The light of the sun vanished, and Connie and Sasha pulled each other closer.

"...Good..."

16.7 Crossoverpairinglover

"...The walls of made of lead," Levi observed bluntly as Eren scratched his head in confusion.

"Is, that a problem?"

"Just don't eat the walls and you should be fine..." Levi pointed up to the top of the walls, where members of the wall cult were licking the top of the wall as if it was a giant block of chocolate.

Two of the most dangerous men alive promptly sweat dropped.

"I'd suggest locking your room at night, and sleeping with something sharp," Levi quipped.

"I share a room with Mikasa this loop, I'll be fine." Eren realized what that sounded like, and quickly added; "the room has two beds".

16.8 Crossoverpairinglover

"Say it."

"No."

"Come on..."

"No!"

Eren crossed his arms over his chest and shook his head while Levi and Armin bantered back and forth.

"It worked, didn't it?" Armin said smugly as the weird aliens in red, blue and yellow crowded around him.

"Fine. Yes, Pikmin are effective at taking down Titans," Levi said, throwing up his arms in defeat.

"They'll put you out of a job at this rate," Mikasa said, plucking some Rock Pikmin from the ground as a group of White Pikmin hauled the Titan corpse to their Onion, which spat out a blizzard of Pikmin Sprouts.

"I don't understand why Nintendo characters are trying to destroy humanity?" Connie expressed confusion as to the whole point of the loop as Pastor Nick ran by them.

"The filthy console peasants are attacking! P.C Master Race, save us!" he shouted in terror.

"...Hey, I happen to a filthy Playstation King!" Hannes shouted from a distant corner.

"Playstation lover?! Take this you 3rd party thief!"

"No no, not the Fire Flower! ANYTHING BUT THE FIRE FLOWER!"

"...Damn console wars destroyed humanity, again" Levi muttered to himself.

"Again!?"

"Well, actually this is the first time, I just felt like being funny"

16.9 Crossoverpairinglover

"Okay, so it's not Titans" Zoe observed the walls this loop with a curious glance at a clipboard in hand "So, pop quiz, what do you all think's behind the wall?"

"Well, so far we've have Kangaroos, Sharks, and Mexicans" Armin began with Eren looking annoyed at the mention of the first one.

"Sasquatch, Vampires, Angels, and all three at once plus a bunch of other stuff" Connie recalled.

"Capybara, Giant Capybara, Dwarf Capybara, and sentient Twinkies" Ymir's stomach growled recalling that particular loop.

"Robots, Aliens, Alien Robots, and the Belgians" Carla continued.

"Evangelical Christians, Radical Norsemen, Haruhiists" Mikasa added in.

"Yaoi Fangirls, Yuri Fanboys, Incest Fans, and Mary Sues" Historia looked a tad unamused at the fanboy part of her reminisces.

"Nazis, Communists, Jihadists, Nazis Communist Jihadists, as paradoxical as that was" Levi pointed out a logical fallacy.

"Toucans. F*cking Toucans" Jean briefly wondered why his swear word was censored.

"We could be recalling all the strange sh*t on the other side of the wall all day. Let's just go over and see. I mean, how bad could it be, especially after the Belgians?" Sasha dared them as Zoe rose her eyes off the clipboard.

"Honestly, I think the time it was the Scottish that was worse, but I see your point. To the outside world!"

"Eren?"

"Yes Armin?"

"...Did the walls this loop get built this loop so the prudish noblemen don't have to see the improbably large number of Nudists currently living outside Wall Maria?"

"Apparently Armin, apparently".

"Damn, Annie has some good tanlines this loop" Sasha sulked next to them.

16.10

"..." Jean stared hard at the person who was standing in front of him. He glanced over at the other, identical person who was standing next to him. "...There are two Sashas."

Connie glanced from one Sasha to the next. "Should we... double up on the potatoes?"

"No!" the Sasha in front of Jean shouted.

"Sure," the Sasha next to Jean admitted.

Jean and Connie grabbed the Sasha on Jean's left. "Haha! Everyone knows the real Sasha hates potatoes! Who the hell are you?"

The Fake Sasha stared at Jean, Connie, and the real Sasha. Then she smiled, revealing row upon row of molars. "Take a wild guess."

Connie raised an eyebrow and seriously considered it. "Hmm... Molars. Teeth to grind vegetables with. Potatoes are vegetables... Wait... There was a loop where everyone was potatoes... And the TITANS WERE SASHA!" Connie turned to the fake Sasha, whom Jean had stabbed in the stomach. "Eren, is that you?"

Eren, otherwise known as a Sasha Shifter in disguise, glanced down at the sword sticking out of his stomach. The sword was wreathed in steam. "What was your first clue?"

16.11 Shimmer712

How is he different to you?

Eren trotted after Mikasa quietly, contemplating. His last loop had been fun. It had been an Avatar loop, although he wasn't in Korra's era but Aang's which was new since he normally wound up hanging out with the Water-Born Avatar and her friends in that branch. And he wasn't a firebender. Or any bender.

He had been replacing Momo, the flying lemur thingy.

Eren had enjoyed hanging out with the Gaang, as they were called in the Hub. But there were some things he didn't like. Those damn furballs in Ba Sing Se for one. Although that incident did become amusing when he got out of sight of any witnesses and if the cats were traumatized, they shouldn't have tried to eat him!

How is he different to you?

He watched Mikasa stalk Annie, the shifter terrified and frantically trying to identify what was following her. A heavy log and a boulder threw themselves at her for opposite directions. The shifter dove forward, the objects missing her, continued running, head snapping

around as Mikasa telekinetically shook branches around the shifter, giving the impression she was hunted by an hidden army.

Eren considered what had happened when they had been the self-proclaimed Freedom Fighter, Jet. A boy who had lost everything to the Fire Nation. A boy who wanted to make the monsters pay. A boy who was willing to drown a village of innocents to get at those he believed deserved death.

How is he different to you? Sokka's words echoed in his head as he watched his sister hunt Annie. Eren shook his head.

There were similarities, he would admit. But he, Armin and Mikasa going after the shifters wasn't the same as Jet trying to kill those villages to get at the Fire Nation. Annie, Reiner and Bertholt did cause the deaths of a lot of people. Those villagers hadn't.

Still, he could help but feel uneasy as he watched his sister chase Annie with lethal intentions.

16.1: I blame OP Warhammer dudes.

16.2: And I hate Issei.

16.3: And Fritz. And Rod.

16.4: Eren, Armin and Mikasa hate the Shifters though.

16.5: And everyone loves Hange!

16.6: But do Sasha and Connie love each other? To answer that question, know this: the first draft had them naked.

16.7: Don't eat lead. It isn't good for you.

16.8: I blame all the games!

16.9: They really have seen a lot… too much though.

16.10: Sasha Shifting. Remember that one loop where everyone was potatoes?

16.11: A crack in the veneer? Hmm…

Basking in the Sun: Part 7

Attack on Titan: The Infinite Loops

Chapter 17

A/N: It's been a long time coming, but here is chapter 17, of the AoT Loops!

17.1

"Christa? Christa?" Armin rolled his eyes. "Historia?"

"Armin, what have I asked you to do?"

Armin sighed and blushed. "Mom?"

Historia smiled at the boy who was often her son. She'd been feeling rather maternal for the last few loops (something about being both a queen and running her own orphanage), and had asked Armin to call her mom. "Yes Armin?"

Armin, still blushing, held up a pair of micro shorts. "So... You remember how Shadis showed up to the recruits inspection wearing only short shorts, and how Jean joked about them being the men's uniform?"

Historia's jaw dropped. "They are?"

Armin nodded. "Yeah. Can I... Borrow some of your clothes?"

Levi glared furiously at Erwin Smith. The Recon Corps (Scouting Legion, Scouting Regiment, it varied) leader sorted through the last

of his papers and smiled at his star soldier. "Levi, what do you need?"

Levi pointed at the only article of clothing he had on. "Why. In the name of God. Is the men's uniform short shorts?"

Erwin (also only wearing short shorts, just to increase the embarrassment on Levi's part) shrugged. "I needed a new way to save money. This is it."

"Where's that money going!?" Levi nearly shouted.

"New equipment, Hange's experiments, the dietary budget-"

"MEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAT!"

Erwin stopped for a moment as Sasha's joyous voice echoed throughout the training camp. "I knew couldn't skimp with the ladies clothes. Everyone would have called me a pervert!"

"...I am so done here," Levi decided.

"If we want to change anything we must be prepared to sacrifice many things Levi," Erwin declared stoically. He shivered a little. "Even if that means seeing Oluo in micro shorts."

"I hate you."

Eren stretched lightly in his ill-fitting but modest attire. "Thank you Mikasa."

"Don't mention it," Mikasa requested.

Hange finished sorting through her spreadsheets and smiled at her aid. "You ever wish you could cross dress easily?"

Hange's aid shivered in the cold. "Every day."

"No."

"At least take them so we don't need to look at your ugly butt every day."

Jean shoved Ymir aside. "I'd rather not be in your debt any more Ymir."

"Come on! I need just a few more dollars to afford a bribe to Hephaestus to Wake me up!"

"You told you you could bribe a god?"

"Marco."

Jean and Ymir looked over at the man who was slowly sneaking away. Marco grinned nervously. "Uh..."

Hence why Marco ran out of the camp not thirty seconds later.

17.2 Shimmer712

"Is that the first time you've used your Geass for that?" Eren asked as he stared at Annie'a corpse, her head removed by her own blade. It was kinda creepy, seeing Armin compel Annie into killing herself so casually. It unnerved the brown haired anchor.

"Nope," Armin shook his head. "I've done it before, although that time I threw up. It *was* pretty early in the loops."

For some reason, that statement made Armin's ease at what he had done creepier. The notion that he had no problem forcing people to commit suicide was more disturbing since he used to have problems with it.

I can't talk , Eren told himself. *I wanted to beat Reiner and Bertholt to death in a fit of temper when I found out the truth about them. I'm not any better* . He shook his head and turned to leave. "Didn't Mikasa have something planned for the other two?" he asked as he started to head back to camp.

"Oh, yes," Armin recalled. "She wants to see if she can stop them for kidnapping you after the incident at Castle Utgard by slicing off Reiner's legs since his titan form is faster than Bertholt's"

"Oh." Eren's stomach clenched but he ignored it. "Should I just go along like it's baseline in that case?"

"Yeah, that would probably be best," Armin nodded.

Eren nodded. "Okay." There wasn't anything to worry about. Armin and Mikasa had a better idea of what lines they shouldn't cross than him after all.

17.3

The ground swept fast beneath her, her horse racing to the best of her heart. Here, in the Titan occupied wild lands of Wall Maria's territory, Mikasa rode.

Not too far from her position, the 57th Recon expedition was under way, the men and women of the Scouting Legion riding towards Shiganshina from the eastern wall district of Karanese. The expedition was, ostensibly, to reach Shiganshina and recover whatever was inside of Eren's basement. It's secret secondary objective though was to locate the spy in the army of humanity.

A spy who, Mikasa knew, would be back right flank of the Scouting Legion. A spy, Mikasa knew, who would try to find and kidnap Eren. A spy, Mikasa knew, was masquerading as Annie Leonheart. Being a time traveler let Mikasa know many things.

She also knew she was going to put a blade through Annie's skull to stop her.

Already she could see what Annie was doing. In the distance, she could hear the cry of a Titan Shifter, the sound hypnotic to the normal Titans. In minutes, Annie would arrive with an army of Titans and slam into the flank of the formation. It would be a slaughter.

Mikasa pulled Van Black from her Subspace Pocket. Damn, it felt good to save lives.

The Titans were in a brisk run as they appeared from behind the hills, chasing after Annie. On the opposite side of Mikasa's vision, the soldiers were already sending up signal flares, ordering a hard left in the formation. It would be the only alert the formation got before Annie and her army slammed into them. That in mind, Mikasa flipped Van Black into the handle of her Three Dimensional Maneuver Gear, pulled another blade into the opposite handle, a third into her mouth, and leapt.

The air shot through her hair, whipping her scarf around, stinging her eyes. For the briefest moment, Mikasa felt more alive than ever.

Triggers clicked, the hooks to the 3DMG lashing out and attaching to a Titan immediately behind Annie. The second triggers launched Mikasa forward, closing the gap like lightning. Whipping her sword back, Mikasa just missed the Titan, her clearing with inches to spare. Either blade dug deep into the monster's nape, severing the central nervous system inside of it. The Titan fell.

Mikasa twisted her hips and legs, aiming another hook into the neck of another Titan. The change in velocity meant that instead of racing forward, she was now moving in a falling arc, one she would need to compensate for in a moment. The compressed gas from her canisters flooded the motor of her gear, dragging Mikasa towards the second Titan.

At the last minute, Mikasa jolted off course with a blast of compressed air for maneuvering, bouncing off another Titan's knee to reach the nape of her next target. Van Black and the bamboo iron sword dug deep into the skin of the Titan, and with a swing, the Titan's nape was removed from it's body.

Now, Annie noticed the soldier in her midst, slowing down to try and trap the adversary between the Titans and herself. Mikasa elected not to deal with that shit. She leapt off the falling Titan and fired both hooks straight at Annie's face.

Annie's hand shot up, blocking the wires. With a swing, she turned Mikasa from swinging soldier into a flail, angular and lateral momentum locking Mikasa into a collision course with the ground. Mikasa coughed and squeezed the triggers of her 3DMG again, the radius of her arc shrinking.

Despite Annie's trick, Mikasa cleared the ground with inches to spare. And now, she was going fast.

Mikasa let her wire unravel, yard upon yard of cord gaining from her apparatus. Annie hooked the metal line around her forearm and tried to reel Mikasa in. Then, without warning, Mikasa cut the wires.

For a moment, Annie stared at the still rising girl that had trained with her, now surely doomed to fall to her death. Then, suddenly, the Titans behind Annie caught her, slamming into her back. Annie realized it almost too late as the Titans began to devour her body. She'd been had.

Arcing gracefully, Mikasa gulped down hard breaths in her free moments. Cutting her wires had been a stupid idea: she had been practicing her baseline maneuvering. Now she'd need to use psychic powers to land.

Beneath her, Annie managed to use her 3DMG to leap away from her body and through the throng of Titans. The teenaged spy nearly laughed as she cleared the mutinous army, before clamping down on

her jubilation born of escape. She was deep in dangerous territory, outside of her Titan, and on flat terrain. She would need to re-Titanize as soon as poss-

The Mikasa slammed into her from above, sending both crashing into the earth. Annie pulled her cloak's hood as far forward as she could and raised her balaclava. It was the most secrecy she could manage. She stood up, and felt a blade lance straight through her neck.

"Hello Annie," Mikasa growled.

For several seconds, the pair of fifteen year olds stared at each other. Annie choked as her healing factor tried to seal her neck, thanking whatever god was listening that Mikasa hadn't severed her spinal cord. Mikasa herself tightened and loosened her grip on the blade. With just a slight nudge, she could pierce Annie's spinal cord. Any damage to her central nervous system would kill her permanently.

It was easy. It would also, probably, crash the world.

Mikasa yanked Van Black from Annie's neck and swung the blood off of it. Eren's teacher choked and coughed as her body finally sealed the hole in her neck. Panting, Annie turned a hard look at Mikasa. "That was a mistake Ackerman."

"It was my choice Leonheart." Mikasa pointed to the northwest: the direction of the Walls. "Now get running, before I do something we'll both regret."

"Regret? YOU'LL REGRET LETTING ME LIVE!" Annie lunged!

Mikasa didn't even flinch, swiping Van Black through Annie's skull and killing the spy instantly. Mikasa swung the blood and bits of gore off of her sword again, and waited.

A minute passed. Then two. Mikasa released a breath she hadn't known she had been holding. "Well Mikasa, looks like you haven't doo-"

"-med another loop. Seems like a... job... well..."

Mikasa looked around the school house she was in. She looked down at her ginormous breasts. She looked at the sheet of paper that decreed she had been drafted into the Eiken club. "Fucked."

17.4

"Come again?"

"It's the night before All Saints Day Connie. Haven't you ever been to America?"

"Well yeah, but what the hell is All Saints Day? I've never heard of it."

Marco set his crate full of candied dates on the ground and sat on it, Connie mimicking him. "All Saints Day is another name for All Hallows' Day. The day before-"

"Halloween!" Connie interrupted. "Why didn't you just say that first Marco?"

Marco face faulted off his crate. "Whatever Connie." Grabbing his crate and lugging it over his shoulder, Marco started off again towards the Yeager Residence. "At least we can have candy tonight."

Shiganshina was bustling with people moving treats like sweet rolls, candied fruits, toys and the like. Lanterns, paper and pumpkin, were strew across the streets and hung from clothes lines string above the roads. It was like walking into a city transformed. It helped that

Ganesha had given the loopers the go ahead to mess up the timeline as much as they could (he was testing a new sort of buffer system to see how the loop could handle stress). Hence why Shiganshina was saved.

The Yeager household was the gathering place for the loopers of the Walled World, with everyone from Hannes to Carla Awake in this iteration. Grisha had even given his blessing to the festivities as he had, again, been called into the interior at the most inopportune time.

Connie and Marco dropped the boxes as they cleared the door, making sure to avoid anyone's feet. The house was not meant to hold thirteen people and it showed. It was so bad that Levi had elected to climb into the rafters, and was boredly watching Sasha and Mikasa have an eating contest. Eren raised his glass to the new arrivals. "Marco and Connie are here!"

"Onnie!" Sasha spoke around the chicken leg in her mouth. Mikasa didn't stop eating though and started to make up her lost ground. "Elom ah!"

Connie grabbed a chicken leg and dug in himself as Sasha resumed her race with Mikasa. "Good to be back."

Marco stepped passed the chilling Ymir and Historia, and the wildly gesturing Hannes, to Jean, lounging in a corner. "Hey Jean."

"Hey Marco," Jean said around his drink. "Connie give you any trouble?"

"Nah, he was cool. I heard we got another expansion."

"Yup, those things are happening pretty fast now." Jean wiped his lips off on his forearm. "Now we're fighting an army of Titans. Don't you just love that?"

"No."

"Good."

Further conversation was interrupted when a loud bang shook the house. A moment later, Armin opened the down. He was covered in soot and wielding a blowtorch and a live cat on a stick. "Hey guys, come here. You gotta check this out."

Around the back of the building, the twelve loopers and dreamer stared at the otherwise unassuming door led into Grisha's basement. Armin rapped on the door. "Tada! I have successfully modified the door to

Grisha's basement, to act as a portal through which to view a man's most comical fears."

"..." The twelve others stared at the mad scientist. Eren scoffed after a moment. "My most comical fears? Really Armin?" Eren stepped forward as his brother stepped aside, grasping the door handle and turning it. Eren looked inside.

Marco cleaned his throat as "Here Comes the Bride" played behind him. "Do you, Eren Jaeger, take Armored Titan as your five hundredth and ninty seventh husband?"

"I do," the wedding gown wearing Eren declared.

"And do you, Armored Titan, take Eren to be your lawful wife? To have, to hold, and to share with his other five hundred and ninety six Titan husbands?"

"Hmm hmm!"

"Then I now pronounce you man and Titan! You may now kiss the bride!"

The Armored Titan kissed Eren.

The real Eren was outside, facing away from the door, in the fetal position. "There is a hell..."

Armin cocked an eyebrow. "Maybe a bit... on the nose... Alright, who's next?"

"Me!" Sasha cried.

The huntress bolted to the door and nearly ripped it off it's hinges, glancing inside. She squealed in joy though, as she saw a massive banquet. "How is this my greatest fear? It's a giant banquet with plenty of meat!"

Sasha tried to step inside. She tried a little harder. That's when she realized it. She was looking at the most delicious banquet she had ever seen... and she couldn't eat it.

Armin and Jean stared at the sobbing wreck that was Sasha. "Poor girl," Jean muttered, opening the door.

"Alright men, ready?" Erwin housed to the Recon Corp.

"AY!" the corps cried, their horses bouncing beneath them. Except they weren't horses.

They were Jean.

Armin watched as Jean proceeded to cower alongside Eren. "Okay... Levi?"

Levi opened the door a crack. A smell so foul emanated from inside. He slammed the door shut again. "Nope."

Hange opened the door, and walked inside. He was standing inside of a large laboratory, where another copy of himself (female) was staring into a microscope. "This doesn't seem so bad Armin."

"Yup, I've discovered everything about all of reality! Looks like I'm done, no more to do!" the other Hanji said.

Hange ran screaming from the room.

Hannes glanced over the door. "Alright... So, comedic fears. Let me see..."

The world Hannes opened to was... normal looking. Another Hannes was across the street, sipping from a bottle. Hannes Prime coughed into his hand. "So... is that a good year?"

The alternate Hannes stared at the prime Hannes. "Is it a good wine year?" Hannes clarified.

"...What's wine?"

"There is a hell," Hannes mumbled from his spot next to Eren and Jean five minutes later.

Historia slowly and hesitantly took the door knob. "I know... this isn't going to be good. Is it?"

Ymir gently ribbed Historia, taking the knob around her girlfriends hand. "Come on Hiss. It can't be that bad."

The door opened to... Ymir and Historia. Making out. With Reiner and Bertolt respectively.

They were straight in the door.

Ymir grabbed Historia and dragged her off. "Alright, anyone needs us we're gonna be watching lesbian porn."

Mikasa rolled her eyes and cracked the door open. The sounds of "Here Come the Bride" poured out again.

"Do you, Mikasa Ackerman, take Eren Jaeger to be your lawfully wedded-"

The door slammed shut.

Connie got shoved forward next. "Come on... why me?"

"Because if it's me, it'll just be Historia and Ymir going at it," Armin retorted. "Chop chop, open the door Connie."

Connie grumbled and opened the door to Grisha's basement. Inside, Connie was running around, dodging titanic legs. Specifically, Sasha's legs. Sasha was trying to stomp Connie. "Die roach! Die!"

Connie grumbled. "I don't need to be shorter."

Finally, Carla stepped forward, albeit reluctantly. The others surrounded her. "Why do I have to be last?"

"Because you're the youngest person here," Eren pointed out.

Carla rolled her eyes, opened the door, and promptly stared. So did everyone else. Sasha got a nose bleed.

Inside the door, Eren, Armin and Mikasa stared back. They were sporting open shirts (or no shirt in Armin's case), no pants, and rather disheveled looks. Carla stared for a few more seconds, and then she and everyone present slammed the door shut so hard it broke off of its hinges. "That didn't happen."

"No it didn't!" the others declared.

17.5 Crossoverpairinglover

"Tell me, why did you kill Connie Springer"

The Wall Cultist held his gaze at Armin, unflinching in his response "he desecrated the walls, therefore he was punished".

"I've got this, just give me a moment and I'll see what he really remembers" Sasha pulled out a conch shell from her subspace pocket. After all, Shen Gon Wu made any and all interrogations mostly pain-free and humane.

At least as long as you did not need to turn someone into sapphire. Then it got ugly.

"No, I have a better idea." Armin told Sasha darkly as he rolled the sleeves of his left hand up. As he did, the arm began to shimmer a bit. "A mind reading conch shell won't work on this fool. His mind is a toxic atmosphere of dogma and desperaton: you really need to remove some of the clutter first if you want to get a good answer out of him".

"Remove some of the clutter..." Sasha looked a little nervous as Armin placed his uncovered hand on the Cultist's head.

"What do you think you are doing you hea...AGGHHHH!"

The moment Armin's hand made contact with the cultist's head, he began to violently thrash and spasm. It looked like he was being torn apart from the inside, at least mentally.

"What are you doing to me...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME!?"

"Like I said" Armin stated darkly "I'm decluttering"

Sasha was taken so aback she dropped her conch shell, particularly when she noticed the cultists clothes.

The robes of the orders higher ups, the distinct mark of one who saw Maria, Rose, and Sina as sacred protectors, were flashing. Some parts of the clothes glowed solidly for a few moments, before the light crumbled off like rapidly rusting metal.

And where this happened, the cloth no longer resembled that of a cultists. The cloth was now mundane.

The poor Cultist continued to be exorcised of...

"No, no, stop! Stop! Save me Maria! Save me,,,,,Rose! Save me Si...Si..."

His faith itself.

Eventually, the cultist stopped struggling, and slumped in place. Armin removed his hand from him. It was eerily quiet in the room for a few moments. No one spoke: one couldn't, one didn't, and the last was horrified to muteness.

The one who didn't speak was the one to break the silence "So tell me again, why did you murder Connie Springer?"

"The boy witnessed one of the higher ups kicking a stray dog. The boy pummeled him because he saw this happen. I did as I was told" the cultist replied in a tone devoid of emotions. A tone so empty it made Rei seem like Haruhi in comparison.

"Now, was that so hard?" Armin asked in a very dark, sarcasticall tone, as he reached out to the unresponsive cultist with a hand as he made a waterbending gesture, straight out of the 'it's not bloodbending time but you want to do something unspeakably horrible with waterbending' encyclopedia.

Sasha's eyes went very wide when she recognized what he was about to do.

17.6

"Mikasa, this is an intervention."

Eren, Levi and everyone except Armin were standing in front of the biggest badass in their world, stern and disapproving. Mikasa, enshrouded with white and pastel stared at them heartbroken. "Wha... what? Why?"

Eren shook his head. "We know you love Top Gear. We all know your crush on Richard Hammond is the largest in the multiverse. In fact, I can understand this. It's a good show. That being said."

Levi pointed at Mikasa's husband to be. "You're a fucking dumbass for marrying a car."

"What?" Mikasa nearly wailed. She instantly hopped into the hood of her beloved. "No, it's not true. We have a real thing. I love Oliver!"

"I did not give my permission for you to be married, and neither did Grisha," Carla pointed out.

"And he smells!" Connie added to zero effect.

Jean stepped up and patted Mikasa's shoulders, even as they quaked with her sobs. "I'm sorry Mikasa. But it's just a phase. You're having a bad loop."

"You're making it a bad loop," Mikasa snarled through the tears.

"Mikasa, you summoned Ganesha from on high and invited the Multiverse!" Marco shouted, pointing at the massive crowd of loopers from across the whole of reality. Armin had been detached to shoo them away.

Mikasa stroked the rolled steel hood of Oliver. "I'm fine, I'm fine... he's mine... MINE YOU HEAR!" Mikasa grabbed her car and legged it. Eren groaned, grabbed Historia and Jean, and ran after his sister.

Meanwhile, Armin waved at the mass of immortal time travelers. "I'm sorry everyone. There's been a bit of a misunderstanding. Please return to your home world and... Never mention this again. Please."

"Worst. Marriage. Ever," Leman Russ grumbled.

"Of all time," Agent Washington added.

"Come on girls, let's go," Twilight Sparkle said, leading the pony contingent towards home.

"Eh... Later," Harry Potter muttered, vanishing in a flash of magic.

"Wait, does this mean I'm not going to be paid?" Phoenix Wright asked Armin.

Armin watched everyone lumber off, his hand massaging his forehead. "What an embarrassment... We'll be the laughing stock of Yggdrasil."

"Eh, it could be worse," Hannes pointed out.

"Oh yeah?"

"You could be Mikasa."

(One Loop Later)

"Kill me, please..." Mikasa muttered when she Woke up. A car cruised by. "Mercy... someone..."

17.7 Crossoverpairinglover

"Now Jean, what have we learned today" Zoe admonished the now armless scout.

"Hey, it seemed like a good idea at the time!"

"You tried to defeat the Titans, with a Shovel".

"Hey, all the cool people kill Titans with shovels"

"Oh really?" Zoe roes an eyebrow at this "Name me one person who fights Titans, with a shovel"

As the gender fluid looper asked this question, a blue armored warrior walked past the two of them, a shovel in one hand and a golden tooth that resembled one from Titan Annie in the other.

"Name me one *other* person who fights Titans with a shovel"

Sasha walked on by them as this question was asked, holding a bow and shovel.

"Did I miss a fad or something?"

At this point Connie flew on past them, flying on a shovel like a witch would a broomstick.

17.8

"Armin, pack your things, we're heading to the ocean."

It was a quiet, lonely loop for the Anchors of the Walled World. The three of them, palling around, scraping by on the food they had in their subspace pockets. Barely two years in: in a few months, they would join up in the cadet corps.

Hence why Eren's sudden return to their apartment and proclamation brought Armin and Mikasa up short. "The ocean?" Armin turned from the game of Risk he and Mikasa were engrossed in. "You want to go to the ocean."

Eren nodded, shifting his weight on his feet. "Yeah, I do. And I think you should come with me." Stepping into the room proper, Eren kneeled next to Armin. "I've got enough money for some fast horses. We have our pockets for supplies. We'll head out and follow the river, you know the one that runs through Trost and Shiganshina? We'll follow that to the ocean."

Eren awkwardly pursed his lips. "So what do you say. Wanna come?"

"...Sure," Armin said after a moment. "It sounds great. We'll pack our things and head out with you Eren. Just give me a few minutes."

"It'll be you and Eren alone," Mikasa iterated then. Armin's raised eyebrow was his only response. "Eren wants me to stay here."

Eren shrugged even more awkwardly. "You know Armin... guys trip. Just the two of us to the sea. What do you say?"

Armin glanced between Eren and Mikasa, before nodding once. "Alright Eren. I guess... it'll be us."

There are a million ways to open the gates to the Walls. Telekinesis, bribery, Earthbending, a really big foot. You can also ask the Garrison politely.

Seeing two young men dressed in the customary cloak of the Recon Corp did raise a few warning flags with the soldiers, but a few pints of high quality wine and a bit of Jedi mind trickery went a long way. Before too long, the stone gate to the outside was lifting. As it creaked upward, Eren flashed a winning smile at Armin. "So, I was thinking we'd stop at my house on the way out, see what was in the basement this time. Good idea?"

"Whatever you say," Armin said with a non-committal shrug.

"Alright, so no stop and straight to the sea then," Eren decided.

"I didn't say I wanted that," Armin pointed out.

"But you do."

"...We'll stop by your place then."

"Hey, if you don't want to see what's in the basement-"

"Shut up and kiss already!" a belligerent Garrison member shouted at them. The two om horseback immediately flipped him off, and once the gate was up, rode out.

The change was stark. Beyond Wall Rose, the land had already begun it's siege of man's works. Houses overgrown with moss, the road's paving stones eroded and weathered, rotten wood everywhere. The giant naked people were little more than a neat and oddly Freudian touch.

Approaching one such Titan, Armin waved it off with The Force. The Titan turned around as blundered into a building, thinking a whole platoon was inside. Eren chuckled at the sight, an act that brought a smile to Armin.

In moments, the two had cleared the outlying neighborhoods of Trost and entered the open country. Here, unlike their first ill fated expedition beyond the walls, the road was a clear track leading south. It would be over one hundred miles to cover, and no horse could ride that distance full out, even two so unencumbered as these were. It was unlikely they would reach Shiganshina at any time earlier than evening.

That said, the horses were bred for speed and endurance. They could make the one hundred mile trek in a day. No, the only real problem was the silence.

Armin, naturally, broke it. "So Eren, why isn't Mikasa coming?"

Eren shrugged. "You know... It's just been a while since we've done any sort of stuff just between us. Just the two of us."

"But Mikasa-"

"I love Mikasa as much as you do Armin," Eren stated. "I just figured we could give it a go by ourselves."

Armin was silent for the next few minutes, his horse galloping along. Another Titan came after him and Eren, but a minor psychic application sent it wandering off again. When Armin did speak... "Does it have anything to do with the new expansions?"

"Hmm?" Eren asked.

"Don't be coy with me Eren," Armin warned. "Everything that's happened... Well, I would want to make this time count to."

"What? No, I don't think you're going to die Armin. Hell, I'm the guy who's probably in the most danger, and they need me for the Coordinate," Eren countered. "Trust me I don't think you'll die."

"Eren, be realistic," Armin grumbled. "The loop has reached the point where we've sealed Shiganshina. We've won. No more Titans will ever enter the Walls, so long as we stand ready to fight. But now we have to deal with the Beast Titan, and his army of Titan Shifters."

"They aren't Titan Shifters Armin," Eren tried to say.

"I wouldn't be surprised if they were," Armin muttered, too low for his brother to hear.

Eren didn't look Armin in the eye for several minutes, staring at the passing barns and windmills. "Armin... These last few expansions have been unlike anything we've had for so long. It's been peaceful: Historia's been crowned queen. Levi's made peace with his demons, and with Kenny. We've finally learned more about my father. We've retaken Shiganshina. You even got a field promotion, and you were right that Reiner was hiding inside the wall."

"It got a man killed."

"And you can fix that Armin." Eren rode his horse close to Armin's. "We all make mistakes. We have the loops to help us undo them."

Armin did not say much for the remainder of the ride to Shiganshina.

The door's frame had long since warped enough to pinch the basement door. Even using the key only succeeded in undoing one

lock. The other was undone by a heavy kick courtesy Eren. "And this loop, the secret prize is..."

A coffin. With a ceiling practically made of bats. Eren rolled his eyes, even while Armin sighed behind him. "Vampires... why the hell am I not surprised?"

"Because it's the loops?" Armin postulated. "So what, it's funny."

Eren slammed the door shut. "You know, with the Recon Corp in Shiganshina, I'm betting we sent Hange to here, to see what's going on."

"You think that baseline Hange knows what's in the basement? I can believe that."

Climbing up the stairs leading into the basement, Eren was left with an unclear thought. "Armin... What do you think is in the basement?"

Armin shrugged. "Probably a sort of... Library. Everything that Grisha's learned after his research into Shifters and his own condition. Something along those lines."

"I would have imagined that Grisha succeeded in producing the Titanization serum. He managed to get on working on me after all," Eren suggested.

Armin saddled up into his horse, Eren doing the same. "I guess we'll find out soon. Speaking of finding things out, have you and Hange made any headway with the Titan Formula?"

"Yeah, no." Eren grumbled. "We get close, it changed every loop, we start over again: it's like how the Pairing Blades used to be?"

"Used to be? They stabilized?"

Eren pulled a blade from his multi-shealth. "See these fault lines? They used to be a stylistic choice, or a way to let the blade break

before it dulled to much. Now it's those notches you see in bamboo stalks. These swords are bamboo."

"..." Armin stared. "And I thought our loop couldn't get any weirder."

"Yeah, me too," Eren muttered. He glanced to the sky, the sun having long since fallen behind Wall Maria. "We can set camp on the Wall and turn in for the night."

"Agreed."

The sea was something Armin loved, for one single reason. For as long as he could remember, the sea was the most amazing, fantastical thing he could conceive of. To see something so massive, so all encompassing, so alien, was his dream. The sea was a stepping stone to all that Armin did not understand. Despite Yggdrasil, and despite the Loops, the sea still held that magical hold over him.

Even now.

Armin watched the crabs rolling with the waves around the reefs, the fish curiously approaching his fingers. A guppy nibbled a stub playfully. A school of fish slipped between his arms. For another impossible moment, Armin was free.

His lungs burned and the young man surfaced again, grabbing a breath and diving. The warm waters of the Mediterranean accepted him again, the fish returning to the strange and enticing intruder. Armin swam and was happy.

Back on the beach, reclining and watching his friend swim about, Eren contemplated his book. The Fall of Reach wasn't quite as expansive into John's life as it could be, but for the one-time Sanghelli, it was a captivating read. It didn't quite capture the size of the Covenant, but that could simply be chalked up to a lack of

knowledge from the Writer. He really need to track down a copy written by Cortana.

"Eren, what are you doing?"

Eren lowered his book and raised an eyebrow at Armin. He also raised the book up a little. "What's wrong?"

"Well you're not swimming," Armin pointed out bluntly. Armin hopped down next to his brother-in-arms. "Eren, is it really that boring."

Eren set his book aside. "Well, I didn't exactly bring swim clothing."

"So what if your pants get wet? Besides, it's the Med. It's warm enough." Armin smiled at Eren. "Come on. It's not that bad. You can swim by the way."

Eren pulled off his shirt. "Alright, you win. I'll go swimming." Setting his book down, Eren stretched... and took off running. "Can't catch me!"

"You're on!"

"Eren?"

"Yeah?"

"Why did you come here?"

"...Because I needed to."

High above Eren and Armin, laid out as they were on the beach, the stars and the Milky Way turned about the Earth's great axis. Staring up into the only realm that approached the same sort of infinity Eren and Armin were trapped in, a sense of melancholy had overcome the blonde. "What does that mean."

Eren sighed. The jig was up. "Alright. You caught me. This isn't just your average, everyday ride to the sea."

Armin rolled over and looked at Eren, disconcerted. "Yeah?"

"I did it because I, I needed to remind myself that we're friends."

"...What?"

"Armin..." Eren looked at his oldest friend. "After everything. After all the loops, every monstrous act we've committed, every life we've saved and healed, all of our friends, all of our lives, I thought, for a moment, that we would never be anything but brothers. The expansions say different though."

Armin shrugged. "I know. We've been... through so much, on our own, together. Could we have believed, in any way, that we would be unchanged by everything we had lived through? No. You were idealistic once. Now? You're different. I'm different. We're changed and we can't change back."

"Yeah."

The stars whirled around Eren and Armin. They didn't watch the stars though. Eren smiled. "That's why I went in this trip. To remind myself that we are brothers. To show you that despite our changes we are still Eren Jaeger and Armin Arlert. We'll going to change. In ways that will surprise us. The greatest surprise though, it already happened. And I could never see myself as anything different because of it."

Armin's confidence had wavered. "What... what changed?"

Eren beamed. "We became brothers. We're family Armin. That's the greatest change I have ever experienced, and it's the one I love the most."

Armin, after a moment, smiled. It grew from a simple grin to a smile that rivaled Eren's. "You know what Eren? I can live with that change."

The stars spun on, and the brothers rested, and in the morning they returned to the world that never changed and always did, and lived and laughed and were happy.

17.9

"How often do we fight?"

Historia Reiss (alias Christa Lenz per the earliness of the loop) started violently when Ymir's voice hit her. She flipped around from the dishes, blushing when she recognized her girlfriend. Ymir's rather... Dour gaze didn't help. "Heheh, what do you mean?"

Ymir straightened up. "Historia, I may not remember every loop perfectly like you do, but I do remember you screaming at me. Specifically..." Ymir's gaze drifted off. "I don't care that you don't like me being a princess. I'm doing what's right."

Ymir's gaze hardened. "Or maybe it was something along the lines of 'If you can't accept that I'm trying to help these people, then how can I accept you?'" Ymir glared at Historia.

Historia sagged. The jig was up. "Ymir, I-"

"Didn't think I would remember?" Ymir looked down at Historia. "I am a dreamer. I may not remember all of the loops, but I have a better memory then you would expect." Ymir didn't stop though. "Why?"

Historia gulped. Ymir wasn't really tall for most girls her age, but she stood a solid head above her. The Princess tried to rally. "I couldn't abandon these people. The people inside of the Walls-"

"Can. Be. Fucked. For all I care," Ymir growled. "I'm not asking why you sided with those assholes. I can't even begin to guess why! What I'm asking is why you even... Why you treated me like I didn't know anything!"

Historia flinched back. "Ymir, I-"

"What!?" Ymir screamed.

The seconds dragged on for far too long. Ymir was gasping in anger, breath heaving from her chest. Historia stood there, still and silent. Ymir finally stepped back and just tried, tried her hardest, to give Historia a moment.

"Ymir... I can't hand... You're the most lovely, understanding, thoughtful girl I know." Historia said gently. "You're dangerous. You're crazy. And you love me because I'm an idiot who's trying to do what she thinks will make people love her and because you see yourself in me." Historia sagged. "And despite... Everything I am, I am not able to... to treat you like you are... you."

Silence reigned, in the stead of Historia. "When you're not here, you're not the woman I love. It's hard to see you as the Ymir who risked her life to save me hundreds of times."

Ymir stared at Historia. "Then... then why-"

"Because we're horrible," was Historia's answer. "We don't fight because we're afraid. We don't fight because we're afraid of what would happen if we did."

"We are not normal. You're a Titan-shifter who hid her identity and joined the army to try and run away from the people who would hurt her for being a Titan Shifter. You wanted to use me to secure your safety. I was a bastard princess who thought that no one could ever love her again, so she pretended to be the older sister everyone adored. Historia Reiss hid from the world because if she did, Christa Lenz had a chance for love."

"..." Ymir looked at the ground. "Historia... You told me that the people of this world meant more to you then me. Was that true?"

"No. Yes. I don't know." Historia felt like collapsing; she had never lived through something so emotionally exhausting. "I thought that you weren't you. I thought I couldn't hurt you."

"You thought wrong," Ymir said. "I have feelings as much as any other person."

"But are you Ymir?" Historia asked. "Are you the girl who pulled me from a vat of molten steel? The girl who destroyed an army because they captured me? The girl who scaled a mountain with no gear and a semi-crazy reindeer and a really crazy ice farmer to stop me from freezing a city?"

"Yes," Ymir affirmed, some of her angry beginning to resurface.

"Am I the girl who loved you every day of her life when I'm not Awake?"

The hour ticked by slowly after that. Ymir left the room and Historia resigned herself to finish the dishes. It was evening by the time Historia was able to fly back up to the Carla, electing to avoid the woman's barracks for her own room. She didn't want to see Ymir just yet.

Her fears came right to the forefront though when she walked into her room. Sitting, neatly on her bed, was Ymir. "Hey."

Historia stared for who knew how long before shaking herself out of her shock. "Ymir... what are you doing?"

Ymir shrugged. "Hey, we need to talk. I know that you would come here instead of your room."

"Get off my bed. And... and then we'll..." Historia stopped herself and looked down at her feet. 'I guess this is on me.' She sighed. "I'm sorry Ymir."

Ymir got off Historia bed. "I need to say I'm sorry Historia. I've been thinking about it and... look, you shouldn't need to treat me the same way when I can't remember anything."

"No, I should, I-"

"Historia, stop." Ymir put her hand on Historia's mouth. "Historia, no one can see a Looper who's not Awake and think of them as being their friend, or their lover, or their sibling. It's... this cruel, horrible thing. And you're right about us. We're not good people."

Ymir's hand dropped off of Historia's mouth. "We're just two selfish kids who thought they could be happy together."

Historia looked up at the girl she thought she could be happy with. "Ymir, why don't we just... talk. Talk about each other, and just trust one another." Historia sighed. "We want each other. Now we need to trust each other."

Ymir gently wrapped her arms around Historia. "You're... you're too selfless for your own good."

"At least take this seriously Ymir,"

Historia said softly. "You never take things seriously."

"You think... You try too hard to be perfect Historia. You should set your own standards to live up to."

"You're insensitive and untrustworthy."

"And you're a liar and bitch."

Ymir and Historia stood there, holding each other. "I'm sorry," the both blurted out. They both jerked in surprise, Ymir recomposing

herself first. "No, I'm sorry, that was out of line."

"No, I-" Historia caught herself when she realized where that train of thought led. Ymir caught on as well, and after a moment Historia led her girlfriend back to her bed. "Ymir, if this is... We rushed into this. I mean, we saw each other. We kissed. We were together. And now I can see that-"

"We shouldn't have been so fast," Ymir summarized. She sagged. "Look Historia, when I saw you, and I remembered your name, I knew, from the very beginning, that you were this beautiful, amazing woman. I was beyond happiness when you kissed me."

"I know. You were the person who understood me. You loved me even though you could see that I wasn't really Christa Lenz." Historia shook her head. "There is nothing that I wouldn't have traded your love for. You inspired me. I live for you."

"That's not healthy."

"No, it isn't." Historia shrugged. "I guess, all things considered, it's the best bad choice I could make." Historia leaned closer into Ymir, cuddling her. "I never regretted it though."

Ymir gently ran a hand through Historia's hair. "I'm glad... that after seventy years in a living nightmare, after seventy years as a Titan, I finally got to dream of you, Historia Reiss."

The night went on, and on, and on, and it held not but sweet dreams for the outcasts named Historia and Ymir.

17.1: Yes, men have modesty as well.

17.2: Something is wrong here...

17.3: Death solves little.

17.4: Fear... is rife with potential for comedy!

17.5: Armin... what are you doing?

17.6: A bad loop? For the local goddess of awesome and win? IMPOSSIBLE!

17.7: Shovels

17.8: Just kiss already!

17.9: Just kiss- Oh wait, you are. Carry on.